THE ALL-AMERICA SWING BAND

SELECTED BY

PAUL WHITEMAN

September 10, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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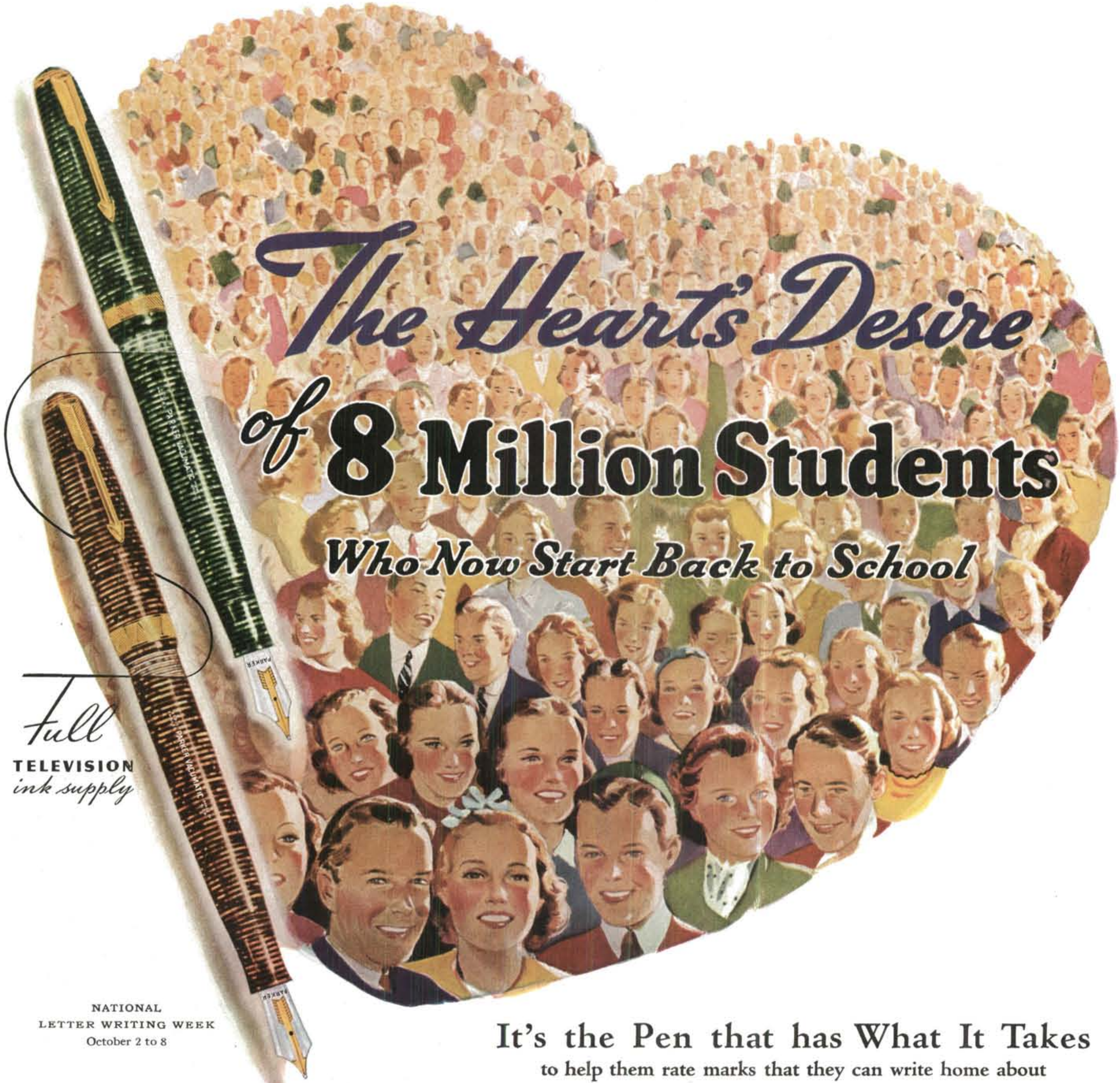


NATIONAL
LETTER WRITING WEEK
October 2 to 8

It's the Pen that has What It Takes

to help them rate marks that they can write home about

—to start your Boy or Girl on Even Terms with any other student!

A slenderized style in circlets of shimmery Pearl and Jet—one can SEE its copious ink reserve at all times—also see when to refill, so it won't run dry in classes or exams

Largest enrollment this fall in the history of American Schools and Colleges, reports the U. S. Department of the Interior, Office of Education—nearly 8 million students, not counting millions more in elementary grades. Soon now these fresh-eyed legions will be gayly on the march.

If you have boys or girls in this eager throng, don't let their blithe spirits be troubled by inferior tools for hand and brain. *Give them the Pen that will start them off on even terms with any other student*—the revolutionary Parker VACUMATIC.

A Pen that won't let them down by running dry unexpectedly in classes, tests or exams. And the smartest, the most original and exclusive style on the campus.

Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and 14-K Gold is tipped with Osmiridium, twice as costly as ordinary iridium, and the smoothest thing ever put on a pen point.

Recently, when 73 unbiased college newspapers asked students to name their first choice pen, almost as many voted "PARKER" as named all other pens combined.

So be sure to get your son or daughter the pen that rates No. 1 at school—it will help them rate as no other pen you can give.

Go today to any good pen counter and look for the smart ARROW clip—this identifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic.

COPR. 1938, THE PARKER PEN CO.

PENS $5 $7.50 $8.75 $10

Pencils to match: $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5

Ask also for Parker Quink, the new pen-cleaning writing ink that ends pen-clogging. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

1888 SEMI-CENTENNIAL 1938

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T. M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

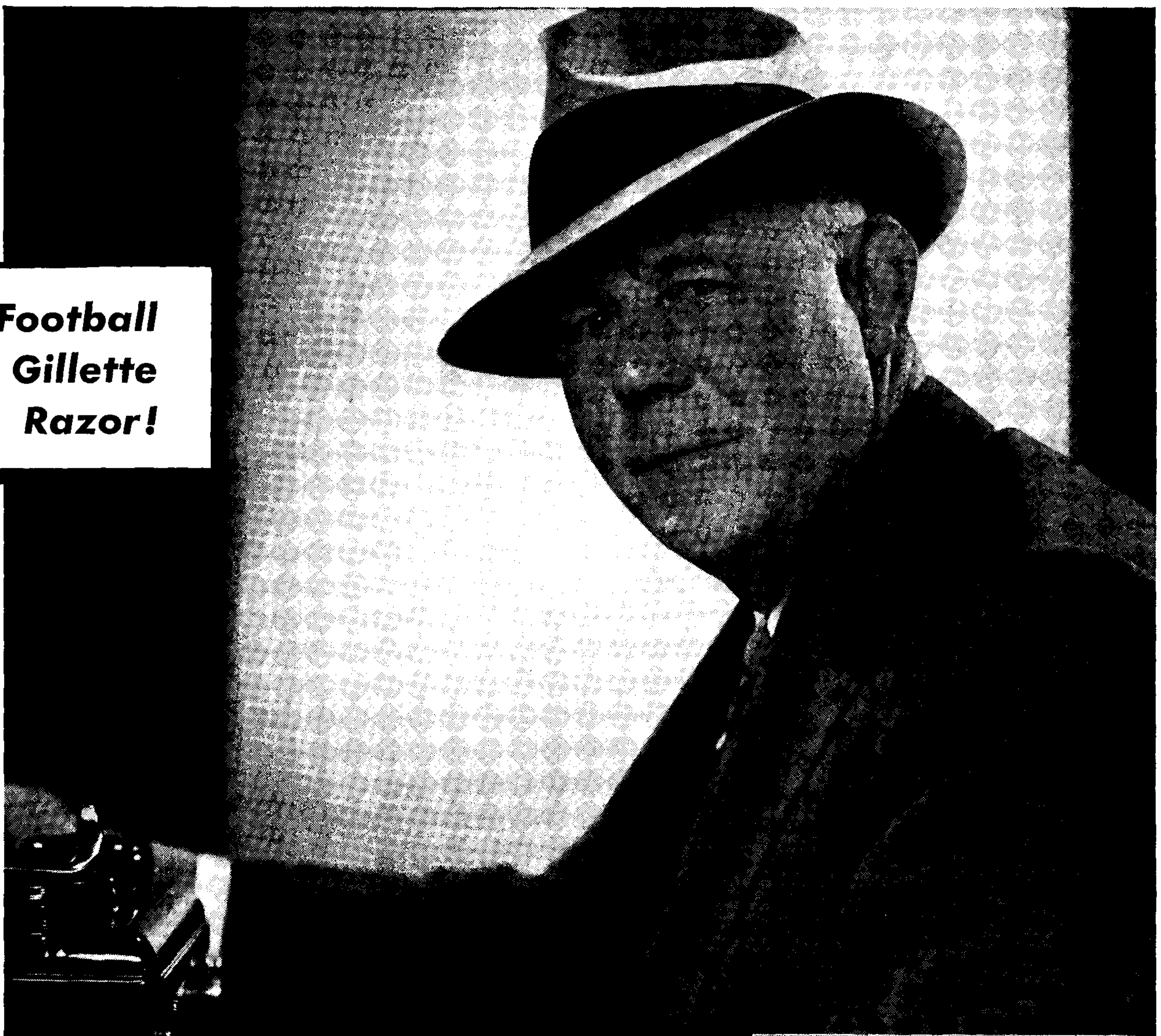
The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Canada

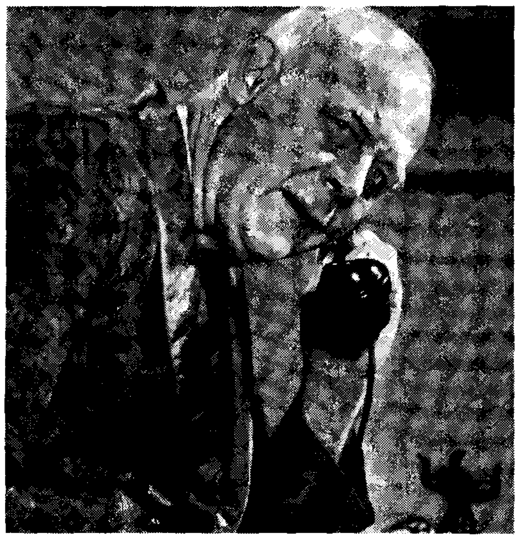
MY ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICAN TEAM!

BY

GRANTLAND RICE

Why America's No. 1 Football Expert Shaves with a Gillette Blade in the Gillette Razor!





HIS MORNING CALL ends a night's sleep for Grantland Rice—but it takes a bracing Gillette shave to put him "on his toes". . . Refreshing cream and the keen edge of a Gillette Blade gliding across the face erase the sleepy look—give you a grand "lift" that starts the day right.

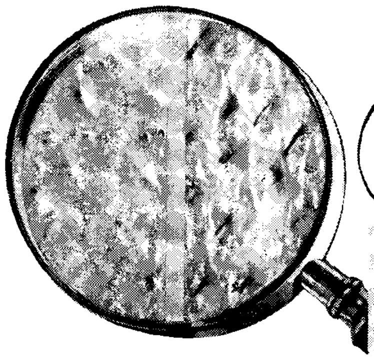
ANYBODY CAN SEE that a big helmet on a little boy is a misfit. A misfit razor blade isn't as obvious, however. You may not see it when edges protrude too far from your razor—or not far enough—but you *feel* the difference, instantly! It's easy to avoid misfit blades and poor shaves! Just demand Gillette Blades, precision-made by exclusive process to fit your Gillette Razor exactly.

Try Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream, made with peanut oil. It softens tough wiry whiskers, speeds shaving, soothes and tones the skin. You'll like it! Big tube, 25¢.

"WHEN it comes to picking an all-time, all-American *shaving* team," says Grantland Rice, famous sportsman and football expert, "I'll cast my vote for a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor every time! This pair gets my nomination for top honors because it gives me smooth, close, exhilarating shaves that just can't be duplicated any other way. Substitute blades and other shaving methods are 'out' with me." Take this tip from Grantland Rice. Try the Gillette Blade, precision-made to fit your razor exactly. You'll agree this combination gives the easiest, cleanest shaves money can buy!

I SAID GILLETTE

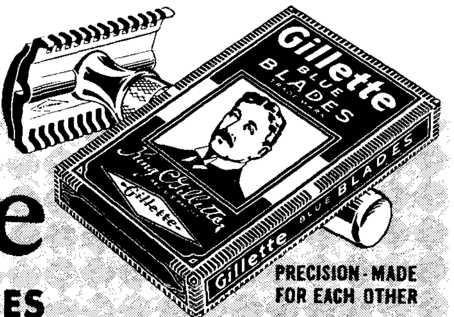
WHEN GRANTLAND RICE ASKS for Gillette Blades — he gets them! Substitutes are *out!* Why make *your* face a proving ground for shaving experiments? Insist on Gillette Blades and get more shaving comfort for every cent you pay—that's positively guaranteed. Remember — reputable merchants always give you what you ask for!



GILLETTE METHOD: This microphoto shows how cleanly a Gillette Blade removes your beard right at skin line—giving you smooth, comfortable shaves.

OTHER METHOD: The ragged half-mown stubble left by another method of shaving will appear full-grown and unsightly in a few short hours.

"MILLION-DOLLAR" SHAVES FOR LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY



Gillette

RAZORS AND BLADES

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

September 10, 1938

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WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

Next Week

ASK any Englishman if there's going to be a war in Europe and he'll say "No." And he'll be pretty calm about it, too, for talking about war is "war-mongering" and isn't considered a very nice thing to do. Meanwhile, there's no harm in a little preparation against the day when the bombers come roaring overhead. All in a calm British way, of course. Gas masks, bombproof homes and first-aid instruction are the new commonplaces of life. Under the elaborate Air Raid Precaution plan the nation stands ready to spring to its posts in the unthinkable emergency. Martha Gellhorn gives you a vivid picture of a nation hoping that "The Lord Will Provide—for England" but grimly and unostentatiously preparing for the worst.

PHYLLIDA had been visiting the Hiltons for a week before she realized that Jane Hilton was the woman her husband loved. Before that, though, she had come to admire Jane more than any other woman she had ever met. That left Phyllida loving and hating Jane at the same time—with the materials of tragedy heaped up on every side.

Phyllida knew that any way out of the situation meant loss. She had read all about it in books. But it turned out there were some things the books didn't know. In "Some Women are Wise," Kathleen Norris shows you a transaction in which everyone won.

HENRY wasn't so very much older, when you came down to it, and he had such nice eyes and could say the most divine things about a girl. He was a pretty good poet, too. It was this combination that led to Virginia's being packed off to her Aunt Lizzie's to forget. She arrived, determined on a first-class job of languishing. How it happened that she never quite got around to it is the subject of an amusing short story by Stanley Paul.

THAT things are seldom as simple as they seem is dramatically demonstrated by science's newest weapon in the fight for knowledge—the high-speed camera. Its job is to reveal, in incredibly swift motion, the secrets nature hides away, and it's doing it well. "Don't Trust Your Eyes," says Carl Norcross, as he takes you along to capture the fleeting instant.

THE Short Short Story is by Frederick Skerry. John August, John Hawkins, O. B. Keeler, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Freling Foster and others contribute fiction and articles. It's a warm-weather treat.

This Week

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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
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●

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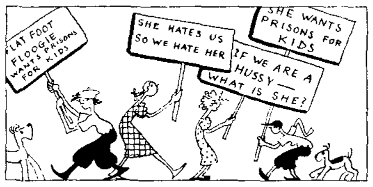
COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

WE GOT to St. Paul, Minnesota, just in time to lend our applause to a bit of picketing that we would have joined were we a bit younger. Ordinarily we are not fascinated by pickets, such scenes having become somewhat commonplace. But here a dozen children were picketing a lady's house. They had banners, too, reading: Mrs. —— Hates Kids. . . . She Hates Us So We Hate Her. . . . If We Are a Hussy, What is She? . . . Flat-Foot Floogie Wants Prison for Kids. . . . We spoke to the leader of the pickets. She told us that the lady was forever calling the cops when the kids played in the street and demanded that they be "sent away" for making noise. "Are you a radical—a red radical?" we asked the leader. "No, sir," said she, "eight of us are Farmer-Labor, two are Republican and the rest Democrats." We would have learned more if the cops hadn't arrived, confiscated the banners and shooed the kids off to the park. The lady refused to talk to us—said we were as much a nuisance as the kids.

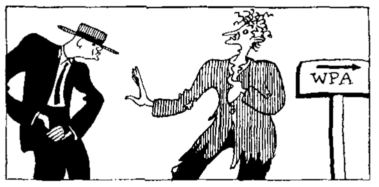

FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE WANTS PRISONS FOR KIDS
SHE HATES US SO WE HATE HER
SHE WANTS PRISONS FOR KIDS
IF WE ARE A HUSSY— WHAT IS SHE?

BUT Miss Ellen Johns of Los Angeles, California, had something quite different on her mind. She said that she'd just finished a short story in a magazine—not Collier's—in which the following paragraph appeared: "Her hair was red gold. She had a laugh like four or five silver bells and ripples in her eyes like a breeze ruffling green wheat." Miss Johns was quite perturbed. She was, she said, on her way to an oculist, having devoted a couple of hours to trying unsuccessfully to ripple her eyes. What she wanted to know was what had happened to the author of that paragraph—heat or just a few after-breakfast reefers.

WHICH reminds us—as if we could forget—that we picked marijuana in the streets of a Midwest city. We have the weed to prove it—a neat little sprig we wore in our lapel while discussing the nasty situation with a couple of fellows from the Federal Narcotics Bureau. We thought we were pretty smart fooling them like that. But as we were departing one of the federal lads said: "So we're having the stuff destroyed. There are a hundred and fifty acres of it growing wild in this county. Just keep that stuff in your buttonhole and don't try smoking it or you'll be screwier than ever."

WE PROMISED not to mention the name of the city. Anyway, we'd much rather tell you that Giles Arnold has departed for the Green Pastures. Mr. Allison Moultrie Adger of Shreveport, Louisiana, sends us the news. Giles Arnold was fifty-three years old—the Bossier Parish Negro immortalized, as they say, by Roark Bradford. He was buried in the shade of the farmhouse in which he was born and at the funeral were his wife, Betsy, their adopted daughter, Penny, the Widow Duck, little Abeline, Albert, Black Jack, Prince the horse and the rest of the Little Bee Bend community with whom you Collier's readers are fortunate to be familiar. The night before Giles was buried was spent in spiritual singing and hallelujah praying. When the preachers had finished committing him to the keeping of Gabriel, the Widow Duck summed it all up. "De Lawd," said she, "gives some and teks some. Ev'thing come out about even."

A SOMEWHAT distressed-looking gentleman stopped us in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The fellow could have done with a new pair of pants. He asked us for a small donation, explaining that he could find no work, that he hadn't eaten since the night before and that he had a wife and seven children. We asked him why he didn't go on relief or seek WPA employment. Of course, it was none of our business and we deserved to be put in our place. We were. "Go on relief!" he cried with searing scorn. "Never. Not while there is breath in this body. I am not an object of charity."



WE HAVE somewhat dismal news from Mr. Delphin S. Fern of Hollywood, California. Mr. Fern is the Southern California organizer of The Futileers, a once exclusive society of which we, after a peculiarly inept piece of work, once won the title of National Grand Trivial. When he held that important office the vast majority of the population was unfit for membership in The Futileers, being supercharged with purpose and reeking with efficiency and accomplishment. But Mr. Fern says that the society has lost its character and with it its old charm. He can't account for it. But we can.

TOO many eligibles.

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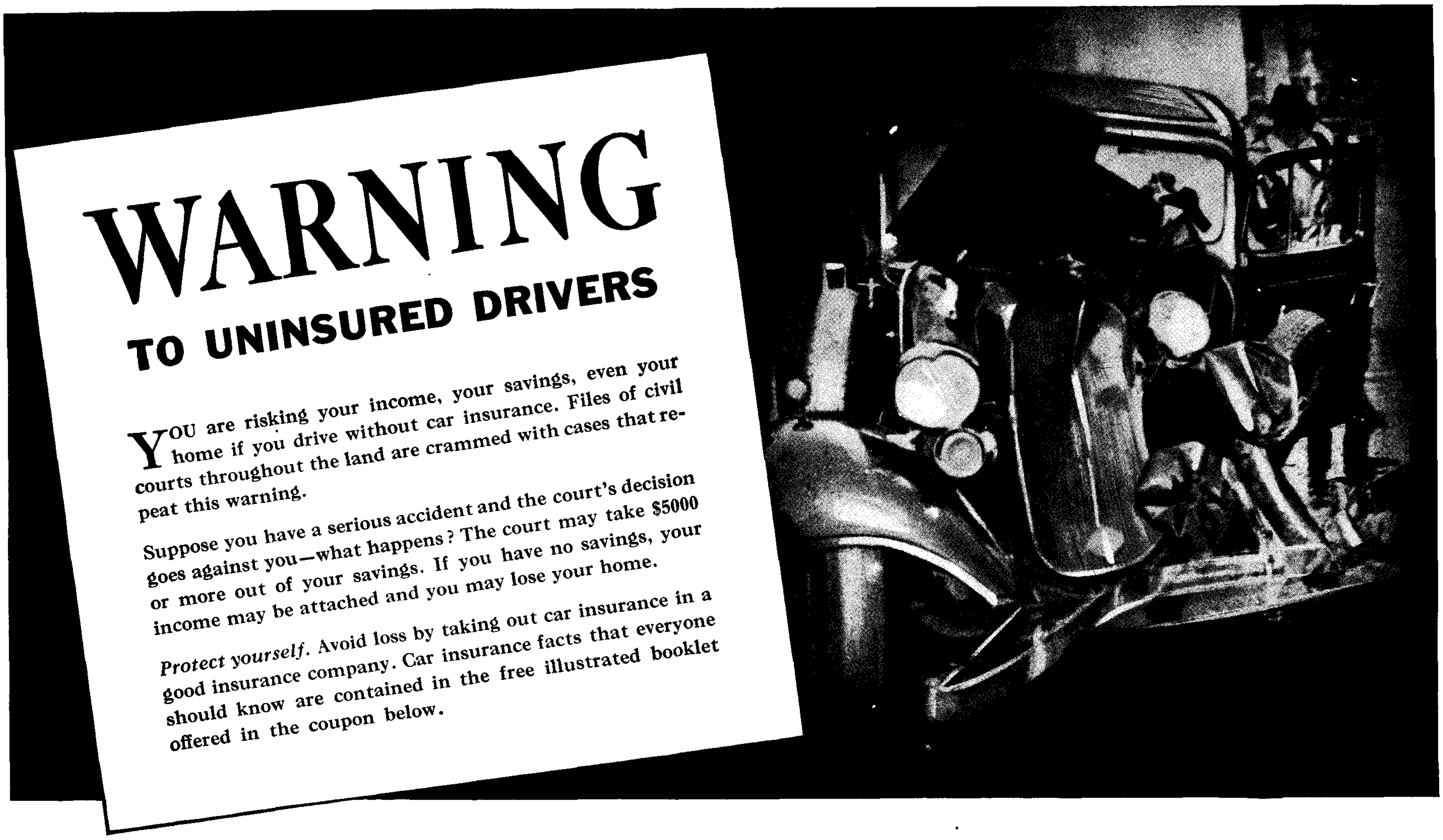

WARNING
TO UNINSURED DRIVERS

YOU are risking your income, your savings, even your home if you drive without car insurance. Files of civil courts throughout the land are crammed with cases that repeat this warning.

Suppose you have a serious accident and the court's decision goes against you—what happens? The court may take $5000 or more out of your savings. If you have no savings, your income may be attached and you may lose your home.

Protect yourself. Avoid loss by taking out car insurance in a good insurance company. Car insurance facts that everyone should know are contained in the free illustrated booklet offered in the coupon below.

How 160,000 careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost

IF YOU ARE A CAREFUL DRIVER, you can get car insurance at lower cost through the Liberty Mutual Plan. Here's how it works:

We select policyholders with great care. Careful drivers have fewer accidents. Fewer accidents mean fewer losses to pay. The saving is given back to you in cash dividends which reduce the cost of your insurance.

Your Protection

In addition to saving money, you will receive unquestionable protection. Liberty Mutual is the largest, strongest company of its kind in America. Assets, $62,099,202; Liabilities, $47,623,538; Special Reserves, $5,594,000; and Surplus, $8,881,664. (June 30, 1938.)

You will receive prompt, skilled claims service in case of accident. This service is available to you any time you need it anywhere in the United States through 73 branch offices and more than 500 investigators and adjusters. These men will protect you from loss and defend you against damage suits. They will keep you out of court and out of trouble.

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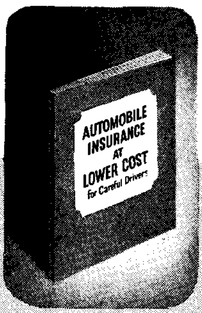
Mail the coupon below for this important 20-page illustrated booklet which explains the Liberty Mutual Plan. This booklet shows how 160,000 careful drivers are saving money, explains how you can qualify, describes our easy partial payment plan. With your copy we will send an estimate of the exact saving you may make by insuring your car with Liberty Mutual. No obligation. Send the coupon *today* — *now*.



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C.9-10

Name..
Business Address..
Town where Car is kept..................................
Make of Car.......................... No. of Cyls....................
Body Type.................Model No.............. Year.............

Man! HOW THAT LUSTER-FOAM ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$) GETS AFTER TOBACCO STAINED TEETH!

Energizing agent in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste an amazing cleanser . . . sweeps away surface stains and accumulations unbelievably fast . . . freshens entire mouth

If you are troubled with dull, dingy, or tobacco stained teeth, don't fool around another minute. Start with the new Listerine Tooth Paste with amazing Luster-Foam, the dental discovery of the century.

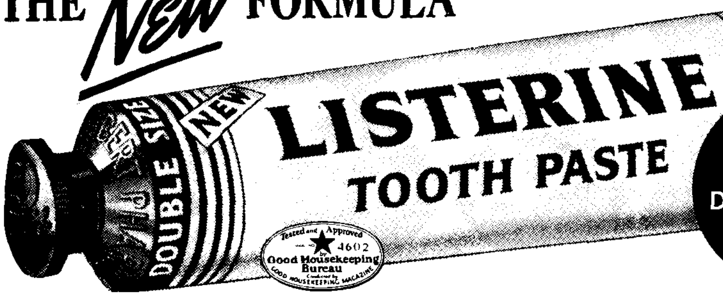
Luster-Foam detergent has remarkable penetrating power, hence cleans teeth so much better. The first touch of saliva and brush energizes it into a fragrant, lively foam which surges into tiny cracks and pits on tooth enamel that ordinary dentifrices may never reach. Actually performs four benefits:

1. Sweeps away food deposits. **2.** Obliterates dull, stained film. **3.** Combats dangerous acid ferments. **4.** Reduces the number of decay germs.

And while it is performing a miracle of cleansing, Luster-Foam detergent gives the mouth a feeling of freshness that will simply delight you. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. In two sizes: Regular 25¢ size, and big, double-size, extra-economy tube at 40¢. At all drug counters—now!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE *New* FORMULA



REGULAR SIZE 25¢ DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The hottest product of nature is lava. When ejected from a volcano or a fissure of the earth's surface, its temperature is estimated to be between 2,200 and 3,000 degrees F. This molten rock is sometimes so hot, after cooling for a year, that a steak can be fried on it.—*By F. J. Norris, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Despite contradictory reports, frogs have not lived for long periods embedded in solid rock without food, water or air; giraffes do have a voice, as they are able to make a lowing sound; and horses' legs do grow after birth, sometimes for more than four years.

The three pious monkey statuettes of Japan that "speak no evil, see no evil and hear no evil" are not good advocates of such a fine threefold moral. These animals are macaques, which are among the most quarrelsome, thievish and untrustworthy of all primates.

The Albanian language, which is supposed to be descended from the ancient Illyrian and employs a large number of Latin, Greek, Italian and Slavic words, still exists today, despite the fact that, owing to its complexity, many forces have tried to destroy it. Once even the clergy taught that the Albanian language was useless in prayer because neither God nor Allah could understand it. —*By Daniel Kern, Brooklyn, New York.*

Sleds are used daily in some countries that never have ice or snow. Examples are the bullock-drawn sleds that are the taxicabs on the island of Madeira in the North Atlantic and the horse-drawn sleds that are the chief means of transportation on Lord Howe Island in the South Pacific.

The tomb of Abélard and Héloïse, now in the cemetery of Père la Chaise in Paris, still is, after 700 years, a place of sentimental pilgrimage. Since their tragic romance, this grave is believed to have been more widely known, to have had more visitors and to have been the subject of more stories and songs than any other in Christendom, with the exception of that of the Savior.—*By Arthur Schutzer, New York City.*

Many large American companies, as late as the Civil War, had sets of rules for employees that forbade them, for example, to attend theatrical performances, dances and other forms of amusement, to drink, smoke cigars and to stay out after ten o'clock at night. Two other evils, frowned upon by one firm, were to associate with actors and to be shaved in a barbershop.—*By Ellis Lapin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

"Dry ice," solidified carbon-dioxide gas, has a temperature of 109° below zero, and one ton is equivalent, as a refrigerant, to two tons of water ice. During recent years, its cost has dropped from $150 a ton to $50 a ton, owing to its numerous uses, one of which is the disposal of animals, through suffocation, by the S. P. C. A. in New York City.—*By Virginia Chesney, Lake Kushaequa, New York.*

Sky-blue is the color of mourning employed by the Syrians and Armenians because it symbolically expresses their hope that the deceased has gone to heaven.

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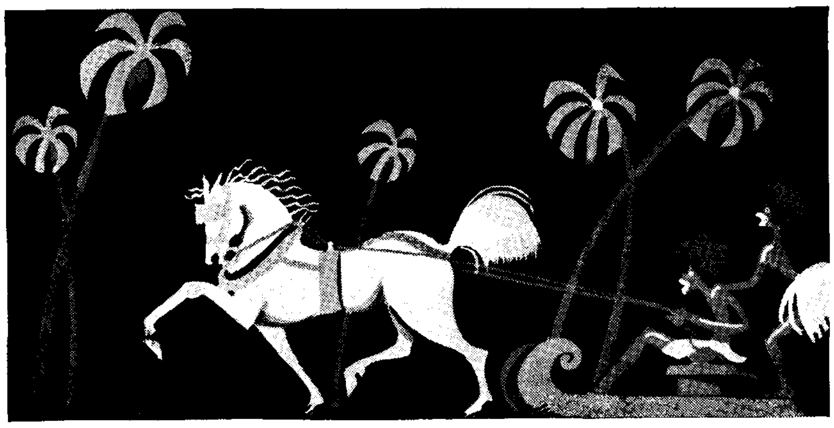

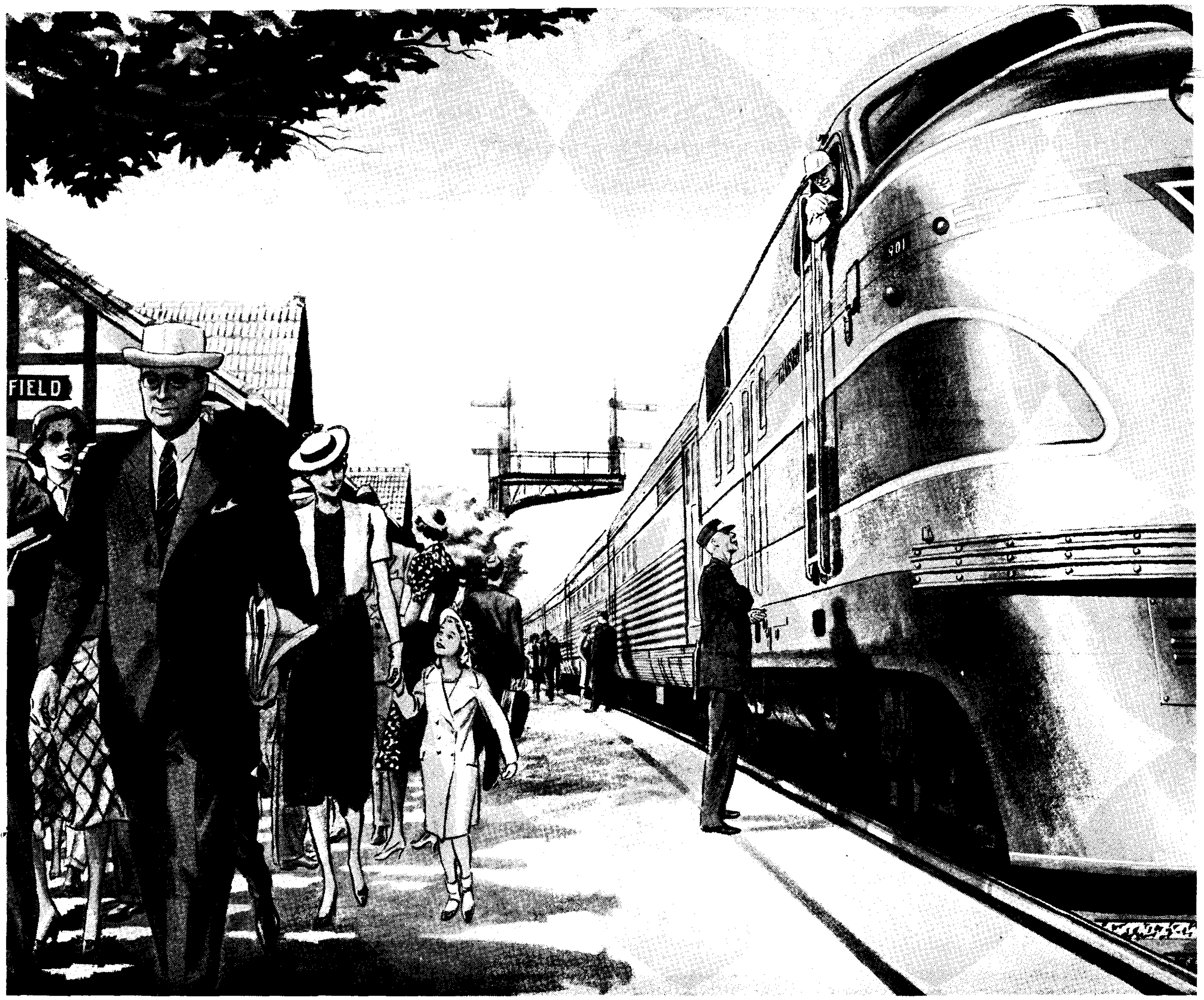

THE NEW TRAINS PAY

This month, flashing along the rails of America, Budd-built trains of stainless steel are completing 8,000,000 miles of safe, economical transportation. Meanwhile, they have proved several points. Among the most important is this: *They pay.*

They pay the traveling public . . . for these swift, smooth-riding trains provide greater comfort in roomier interiors that are perfectly air-conditioned and insulated, finely appointed and decorated.

They pay the railroads . . . for these light-weight trains attract more passengers and cost less to haul.

They pay the country at large . . . for anything that benefits the railroads also benefits agriculture and industry in all parts of the Union.

Because the railroads are a vital part of America's progress and prosperity . . . because they are striving heroically under trying conditions to serve the public well . . . the railroads need and deserve the intelligent support of the whole nation.

As the pioneer in truly light-weight rail equipment, the Budd Company has special reason for rejoicing at the remarkable success of the modern stainless-steel train. But, more important, it is a contribution to the national welfare that these handsome streamliners . . . in addition to their many other advantages . . . enable the railroads of America to operate them *at a profit.*

Originator of ALL STEEL automobile bodies, Budd has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of many steel products. The Budd developments in stainless steel include railway cars, marine and bridge structures, airplanes, tanks, bus, truck and trailer bodies and equipment for the chemical and rayon industries.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO., PHILADELPHIA, DETROIT **BUDD** **METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT**

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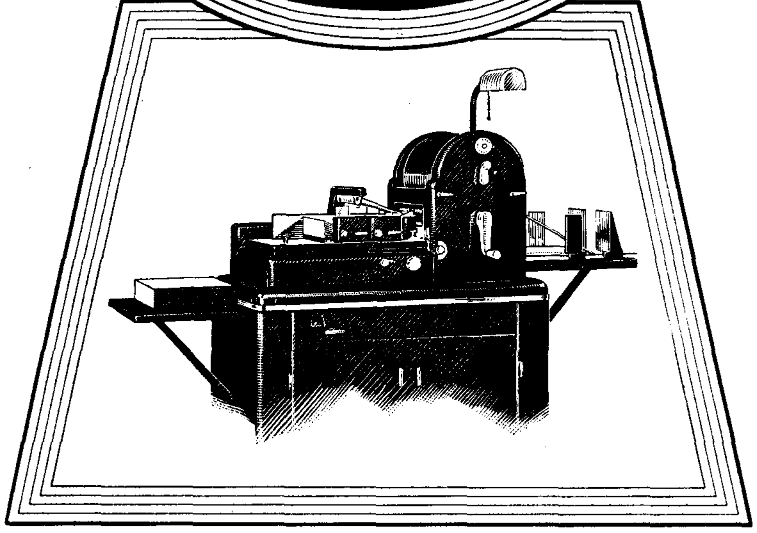
★ a family of products for transmitting privately to paper, in multiple, at a high rate of speed and low cost—in words, charts or drawings—the facts, thoughts and figures of any business, profession or institution.

THE MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE



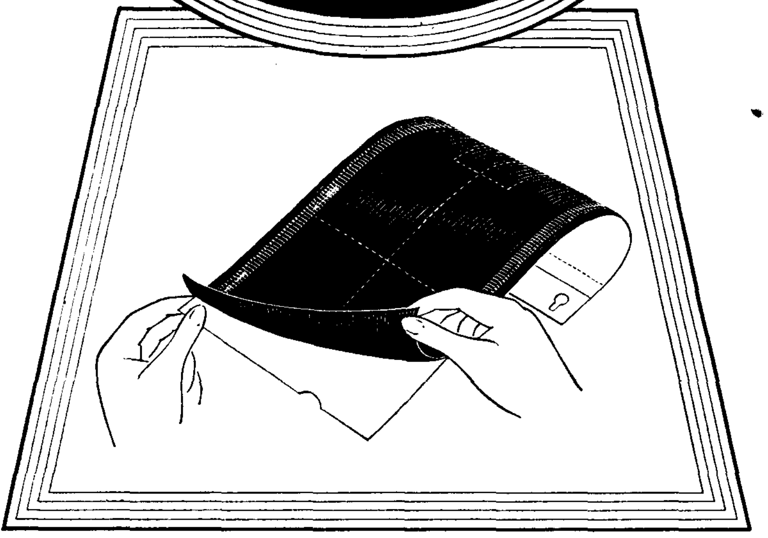
Handsome is and handsome does—these new Mimeograph machines!

The feel of a jeweled reel and the tirelessness of a turbine.

It's a pretty dull person who doesn't love to run one—no matter how prosaic the job

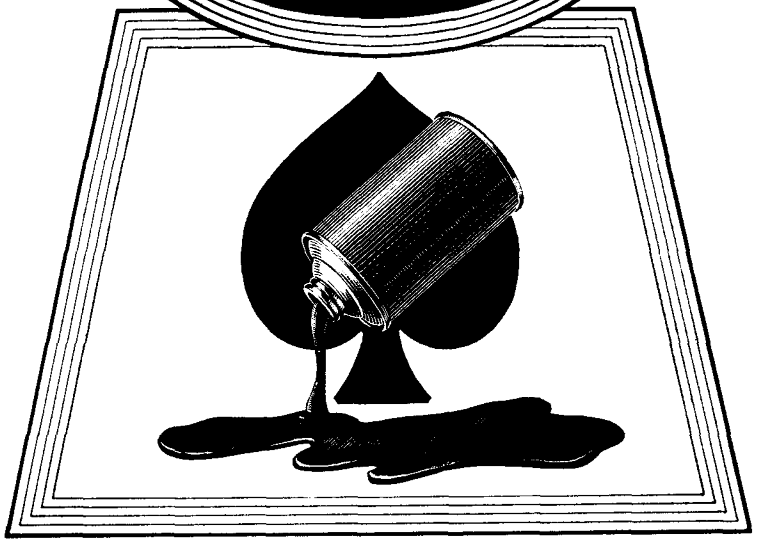
—just to hear the quiet song of plain paper going through efficient mechanism and coming out dressed in its bright new message.

THE MIMEOGRAPH STENCIL SHEET



A new dollar bill, the page of a fine book, a beautiful calling card —it doesn't take an expert to love the feel of fine paper. Mimeograph stencil sheets have a fine feel too. Suave as doe-skin — trim as a Schiaparelli ensemble. You just know you're going to have a crisp, clear, clean stencil, down to the last comma. And when you hear the "un-sealing" of the stencil pulling up from its back, you're glad *your* boss appreciates the quality of Mimeograph Brand stencil sheets.

THE MIMEOGRAPH INK



Black as the Ace of Spades—not for just a week or a month, but for generations!

The richest black in the business—that black of Mimeograph inks.

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The All-America[illegible] Ba[illegible]

B[illegible] Paul Whi[illegible]

From his own band, Paul Whiteman selects, from left to right, Al Duffy, violin; Charlie Teagarden, trumpet, and Jackson Teagarden, trombone. Solid senders all

Guitar	Carl Kress
Alto Sax	Jimmy Dorsey
Alto Sax	Benny Carter
Tenor Sax	Chu Berry
Tenor Sax	Ed Miller
C Melody Sax	Frankie Trumbauer
Trumpet	Mannie Klein
Trumpet	Charlie Teagarden
Trumpet	Roy Eldridge
Trumpet	Louis Armstrong
Trombone	Tommy Dorsey
Trombone	Jackson Teagarden
Trombone	Jack Jenney
Piano	Art Tatum
Piano	Bob Zurke
Accordion	Tito
Violin	Joe Venuti
Violin	Al Duffy
Violin	Matt Malneck
Violin	Eddie South
Bass Violin	Bobby Haggart
Clarinet	Benny Goodman
Clarinet	Artie Shaw
Vibraharp	Adrian Rollini
Drums	Gene Krupa
Drums	Ray Bauduc

SOMETI[illegible] a man goes [illegible] [illegible] a couple of [illegible] heavyw[illegible] champ of the [illegible] stick out for [illegible]s and I'm a con[illegible] weight chum[illegible] the world. I'm don[illegible] of having p[illegible] ask me, "Wh[illegible] player today? Who can swing a 'trom[illegible] W[illegible] the best man o[illegible] those drums?"

I am going to pick the All Am[illegible] colossal swing band of all time. Every swing fan in the country has definite ideas on the subject. Every musician has his opinion as to the best of them all. Yes, sir, I'm going to pick the best band in the world and then I'll put on a steel vest and try to duck the shots that will come at me. I'm going to catch it from all sides, but what of it? We're all jitterbugs at heart and we all have our personal preferences. Mine are no better than yours—but I'll fight for my selections.

First of all I want to correct one erroneous impression that has sprung up about swing music. A great many people think that a swing musician has to fight his way through a fog of marijuana smoke before he can play a hot lick. They think that if a man can blow a horn louder than the next man and go through a few more hysterical antics, why, he's a swing musician. That's strictly the bunkeroo and every real dyed-in-the-wool swing fan knows it. A reefer man or a man whose technique comes out of a bottle couldn't last two nights with one of our first-rate swing bands.

One more thing before we go into our dance: A good swing man is a good musician. I have nothing but contempt for the so-called highbrow music lovers who look at swing with contempt. First of all, swing is music—and music is the greatest thing in the world. This would be a pretty grim world without music. Swing music has made life gayer for millions of people. That's enough for me. There is a technique connected with swing music just as there is with any kind of music. Every man I'm picking on my All-America team, except one, is a fine reader of

Gene Krupa, drums. His showmanship and technical ability guarantee him a place in anyone's all-star list

LAWRENCE MUNSHAT

Ray Bauduc, drums. A scintillating sender of the country's foremost Dixieland band, Bob Crosby's Bob Cats

VALENTINO SARRA

[illegible] RA

Bob Haggart, bass violin. A great arranger, he knows harmony, melody and swing

WILL CONNELL

Mannie Klein, trumpet, and Frankie Trumbauer, saxophone. They have built around their own distinctive styles one of the finest swing bands in the country. With them is Deane Janis, vocalist

music, a man who has mastered the fundamentals of music and who has gone beyond that technique to add something of his own. I am not only presenting the greatest swing band in the country; I am presenting a group of the best musicians in the country. I said that one of my selections can't read music. I'll explain that when I come to it.

Here they are, folks. I'm going way out on a limb; I'm ready to take the punches you are going to throw at me—and let the chins fall where they may. Hold your hats, 'gators, here we come.

Let's begin with the guitar. Right at the start I'm going to get into trouble. Most swing fans think that Django Reinhardt, the Gypsy Frenchman, is the greatest living guitar player. I'll admit that he is good. He's a great exhibition guitarist. There isn't a trick that he can't do; there isn't anything he can't play on his guitar. But I'm not going to pick him. I'm selecting Carl Kress, and before you start after me listen to my reasons.

Carl Kress is a musician's musician, just as Charley Gehringer is a ballplayer's ballplayer. He isn't flashy or sensational—he's only terrific. He's a great rhythm man and that's what a guitar player should be. He's a great man for a band; by that I mean he can play with any band, adapting himself to the others, blending in with them. After the drum, the guitar is the greatest rhythm instrument we have in a swing band. Carl is a good team player and this is a team.

Now let's talk about our saxophone players. I am going to pick two alto saxes, two tenor saxes and one C melody sax. My No. 1 alto sax player is, of course, Jimmy Dorsey, and anyone who disagrees with me is crazy. Some might disagree on the ground that Jimmy is even a greater clarinet player. As a matter of fact, I'll admit that he's one of the three best swing clarinet players in the country. But on my team he's the No. 1 alto sax. You just can't leave him off.

Benny Carter is also great on that alto sax. He belongs even in company as fast as any that includes Dorsey. He is a fine arranger and a fine all-round swing man who can also swing a trumpet.

Now we come to the tenor sax players. Chu Berry of Cab Calloway's band gets on without a struggle. Many will ask "What about Coleman Hawkins?" Now it happens that Hawkins is my absolute favorite of all tenor sax players. *He has really* taught *all* swing tenor saxophonists how to blow that horn. They're all indebted to him, but, unfortunately, Hawkins has been spending nearly all of his time in late years playing in Europe so we haven't had a chance to hear him lately.

Ed Miller of Bob Crosby's band gets the other post. I know we're going to get into a fight here. There are those *who will prefer Dave Harris of the* Raymond Scott Quintette, an original creator on the sax and a player with a great

Jimmy Dorsey, alto saxophone, shown here with the Andrews sisters. Tops in saxes

IFOR THOMAS

Carl Kress, guitar. A musician's musician. Not flashy but terrific

IFOR THOMAS

Jack Jenney, trombone. A fine swing musician, his clear upper register makes him right at home in fast company

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

WILL CONNELL

Joe Venuti, violin. From jazz to swing, and still way out in front

VALENTINO SARR

Ed Miller, tenor saxophone. A solid pusher who doesn't get too far off the melody, and who can cut a wide groove

Tommy Dorsey, trombone. Some swing bands make swing rougher, but Tommy's slush pump tops them all

bite. But Ed Miller is a solid pusher who doesn't get too far away from the melody and who can cut a wide groove.

Frankie Trumbauer is going to play the C melody sax on my team and you know that there's no one in the country within a mile of Frankie. Did you ever hear him play Singin' the Blues as a solo? Man, you ain't heard nothin' if you ain't heard Frankie give that one out.

Now we come to the trumpet, and when you mention the word trumpet you think of Bix Beiderbecke. Bix was the Beau Geste of the trumpet; he was supreme at his style. I have seen swing fans shake their heads in admiration after hearing a trumpet play a chorus and have heard them say, "That guy is so great that he never plays a chorus twice the same way." That's another fallacy about swing I'd like to nail. Any time Bix played a chorus it was almost a complete composition in itself. And when he got it right he kept it in unless he could improve it.

Once I heard Bix shake his head sadly after hearing a trumpet player and say, "He plays so many notes and they mean so little."

Bix was a note miser. He never played an unnecessary note or an accidental one. The sheer beauty of some of his passages rings in my ear as I write this. It's too bad that Bix had to go.

Mannie Klein is my first selection on the trumpet. I will say without qualification that Mannie Klein is the greatest all-round trumpet player alive today. That takes in a lot of territory but not *too much for Mannie to cover.*

Which brings us to young Charlie Teagarden of my band. My band is a big one and it limits a swing man somewhat; it is difficult for one musician to stand out, for we get our results by coordination. However, Little Gate, as the boys call Charlie, is so good that you have to notice him. I've never heard him play an unpretty note.

Roy Eldridge is my third trumpet player. He can get all over the horn. He has a great show sense and he can really go. He is *a fine all-round* musician.

I know that Rex Stewart of Duke Ellington's band is terrific and I know some think Bunny Berigan could chase them all out of town, but right now I come to picking a trumpet player about whom there will be no argument. If anyone objects to my putting Louis Armstrong on our All-America band, I will swing a viola around his neck. Louis started the present style of swinging a trumpet and he has popularized it and thousands are now copying Ol' Satchmo' Armstrong. If I ever took an All-America swing band to Europe without Armstrong, those British swing fans would toss me right out. Satchmo' can do a great many things. You haven't lived until you've heard him sing Jonah in the Belly of the Whale; and you haven't heard real swing if you haven't heard Armstrong on that trumpet. Now, if

Art Tatum, piano. A blind genius with a sensitive ear

Benny Goodman, clarinet, and Benny Carter, alto saxophone. Two of the finest

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Artie Shaw, clarinet. The blues virtuoso. Girl, Billie Holliday

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Tito, accordion. Unique is the word for Tito's ability

IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

WILL CONNELL

Bob Zurke, piano, top. An ex-coal miner, Bob now shovels it out exclusively for jitterbugs. Bottom, Chu Berry, *tenor saxophone,* and Cab Calloway's aide

Top, Adrian Rollini, vibraharp, extreme left. With his trio, he has achieved *nationwide recognition.* Below, Matt Malneck, *violin.* A Whiteman alumnus

Armstrong couldn't play a note, I'd still want him around. He's the greatest ad lib. entertainer I know, a cheerful, happy-go-lucky son of a gun.

Tommy Dorsey will play the first trombone in this dream band. Tommy has always been good but he never realized it until recently. Once when he was working in my band he was very unhappy.

"Paul," he said in disgust, "I'll never be any good. There are three trombone players around now so much better than I that I feel like taking my slush pump and winding it around a hydrant."

"Listen," I told him; "you're the best trombone player in America, Tommy. Someday you'll realize it and so will everyone else."

Today everyone does realize it. Some swing harder and rougher but Tommy has the most beautiful upper register I ever heard on a trombone.

Jackson Teagarden, one of my boys, is another trombone player I'm mighty high on. Mr. T. never played an ugly note in his life. He wouldn't know how to. Technically he is brilliant. I am convinced that swing, which is at its peak now, is gradually going to be replaced by the blues. When that happens, Mr. T. will drive the alligators crazy. Swing is fast, high-riding rhythm. Blue music is sweet. Mr. T. can drop sweet notes out of that horn. He's organizing his own band now. If the men he collects are only half as good as he is, it will be a band worth hearing.

Jack Jenney is my other trombonist. Jenney has an upper register that almost matches that of Tommy Dorsey. He's a nice swing musician and he belongs in this select company without a doubt. What greater treat can a swing fan hope for than to hear Dorsey and Jenney playing duets? That would be something to hear.

Now we come to the most remarkable man in our dream band. His name is Art Tatum and he played the piano at the Three Deuces in Chicago. He is the only man in the band who can't read music. He doesn't have to read music. When I say that Tatum is a genius I realize that I am tossing a big word around. Tatum plays a full piano. He has four fingers and a thumb on each hand. He has the most sensitive ear of any man in music and an amazing sense of coordination between that ear and his hands. He can hear an arrangement twice and then play it completely through without going astray once. He can do everything but read music. He can't read music because he is blind.

I am going to pick a second piano. This is a tough one to hurdle. Teddy Wilson of Benny Goodman's organization is great and so is Walter Gross. I'd like to have Fats Waller on my band too, because he's a great entertainer as well as a fine pianist, but after all votes were in I consulted a secondhand crystal and came up with the name of Bob Zurke, who plays in Bob Crosby's band.

(Continued on page 63)

Eddie South, violin. There's no style of music that he can't read and play

COURTESY DOWN BEAT

Roy Eldridge, trumpet. He has a great show sense and is a fine all-around musician

Louis Armstrong, trumpet. Thousands are now copying Ol' Satchmo's trumpet swing

IFOR THOMAS

A Man Needs an Answer

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

Why Clark Nesbitt married a girl he did not love

AFTER twelve hours of steady riding through the high range, Clark Nesbitt returned to the ranch late in the afternoon, stiff-jointed and weary. Yet he had not been in the big house's living room ten minutes when its silence filled again with the long-gone echoes of his father's laughter and his mother's gentle presence and the brawling of his brothers and sisters who had since grown up and departed; and with the soft voice of Ellen who had been his wife for a year and was now dead.

All these memories stirred the unrest that controlled him more and more, and he stood in the room, a long-limbed man with his black head bowed and his features sharper than they needed to be, and knew he couldn't stay. Impulse moved him out to his car in the yard. Mrs. Carter came at once from the kitchen and shaded her eyes against the late sunlight. "Will you be here for supper?"

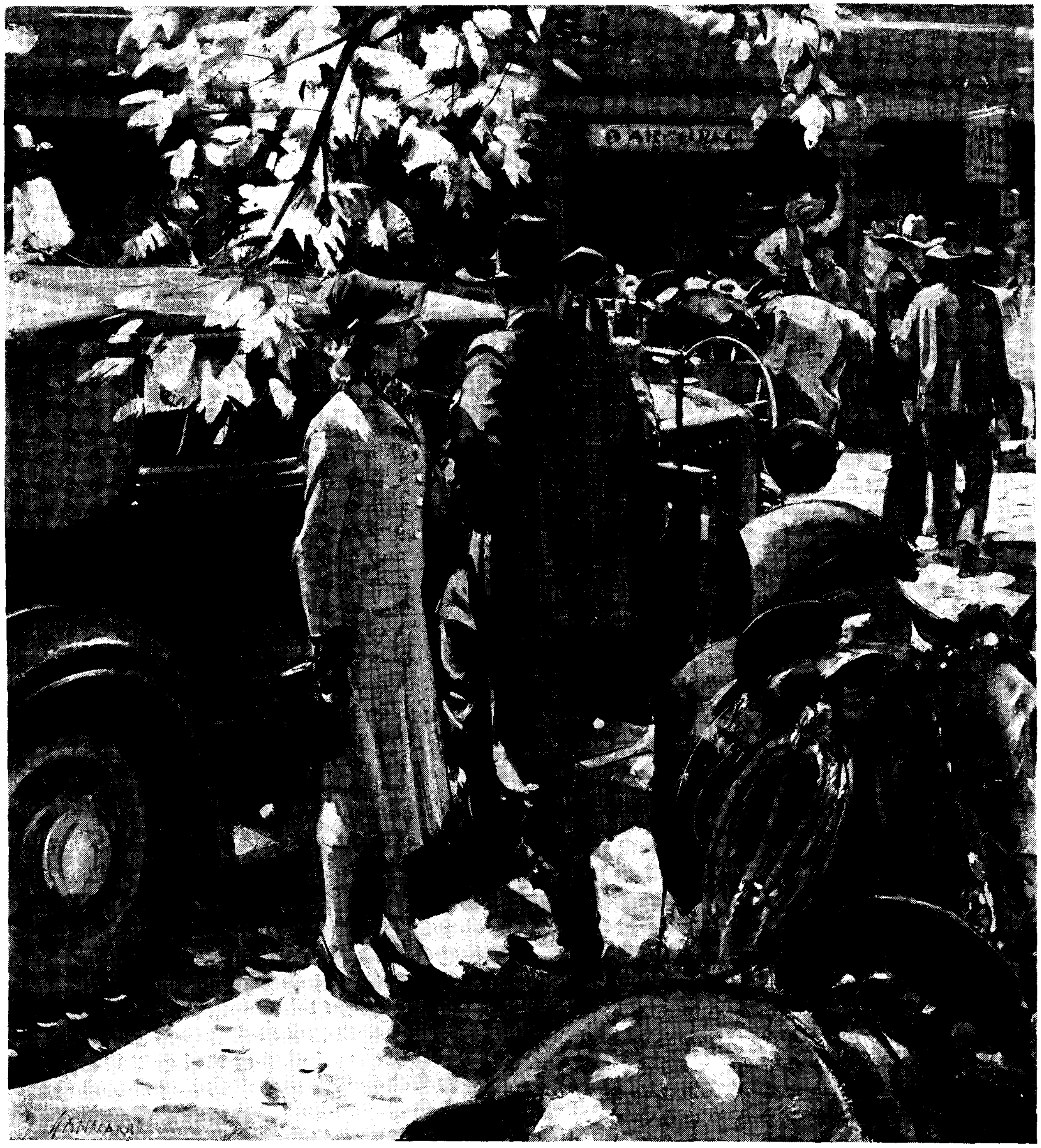
Part of the crew rode into the back corral with a fresh bunch of saddle stock for the morning. The house sprawled low and long within its perfect square of poplars, and the drowse of late Indian summer turned the land dry and brown and aromatic, though the smell of coming rain was quite distinct in the air. He said, "I guess not," and drove away.

Fern and wild rose banked the gray fence rails beside the road. Cowbirds swarmed cloudily toward the sky. The valley meadows ran away into the haze, with the John Day's willows meandering along its middle and the grazing beeves making a white and brown scatter down its distance. The high pine hills lifted in steep pitches from the valley's western edge toward summits that would presently be deep under snow. These were realities that his senses grasped. This was the outward world that he loved and understood. Beyond that there was for Clark Nesbitt nothing solid or permanent, nothing to break the feeling of being completely adrift.

Four miles down the road he turned into Grass Valley's single street. Locusts spread their gaunt arms over the dust, and the big rawboned buildings, built in another age when men loved size, stood shoulder to shoulder, faded out by the years and settled at the corners, as though weary of waiting for grand dreams that had never come. A few cars stood by the curb and a few horses rested three-footed here and there. Half a dozen men idled on the walks. Over everything lay the deep, dreaming quiet of cattle country.

He parked in front of a stone building whose doorway keystone held the sculptured head of a longhorn steer, ancient symbol of this land. Al Jennis stood by the doorway, his sixty years shrinking him down but his eyes as blackly direct as ever. Clark Nesbitt went into the store and bought a can of tobacco and came out to fill his pipe. Across the way a store's front still showed the dim inscription: "J. L. Nesbitt, General Mercantile." It was a reminder that his father had helped create this town and had profited from it. He stood there—Clark Nesbitt—knowing how much of the latent power of the Nesbitt name remained for him to exercise; knowing it and ignoring it. He swung open the door of his parked car.

Al Jennis spoke to him: "About Ray. The kid needs a job and I want you should give it to him."



Jennis hurried after his son and caught his arm. A woman's voice said, "You have made yourself trouble, Clark"

CLARK NESBITT had the pipe between his teeth. He nursed its fire with a steady patience. Sun bronzed his skin, and the restless way of his life showed itself in the whipped-down length of his flank muscles. His hair, below the hatbrim, had a coal-black brilliance and his eyes were a distinct powder-gray. He made no answer, but Al Jennis swung and called across the street: "Ray, come here."

Ray Jennis moved over without haste; and other men loitering in the shade turned to consider this scene curiously. Ray Jennis was small and thin in the manner of his father, and possessed the same dark eyes. But there was a difference, for while Al Jennis stared directly at Clark Nesbitt his son took one quick look and dropped his glance, a cigarette's smoke trailing along the sulky flat of his cheek.

Al Jennis said: "You hired Ray once, and then you got sore and fired him. No other outfit will take him, 'cause you fired him. I worked for your dad over twenty years. I saw him sore lots of times and I was fired by him lots of times. All Nesbitts got that temper. But your dad was fair enough to forget. I want you should take Ray back again."

IT WAS a way all old cattle hands had. They worked for an outfit until they had a sense of belonging to it. Al Jennis was asking for something he thought within his rights. There was a job on the Nesbitt ranch and it belonged to the Jennis family.

Clark Nesbitt said: "I guess Ray never told you why I fired him. I caught him throwing one of my cows, butchered, into a truck over on the forest reserve road. Your son is a crook, Al."

Al Jennis' small shoulders moved back. Mortal affront was a brilliant glitter in his eyes and he whipped his head toward his son, waiting for the only answer a man could properly make to talk like that. Ray Jennis lifted his chin and a moment's wildness drew blood from his face until it showed a pale, cruel resentment. Clark Nesbitt remained motionless and alert; there was this hard streak in him, this directness when faced with trouble. Ray Jennis suddenly shook his shoulders and

(Continued on page 40)

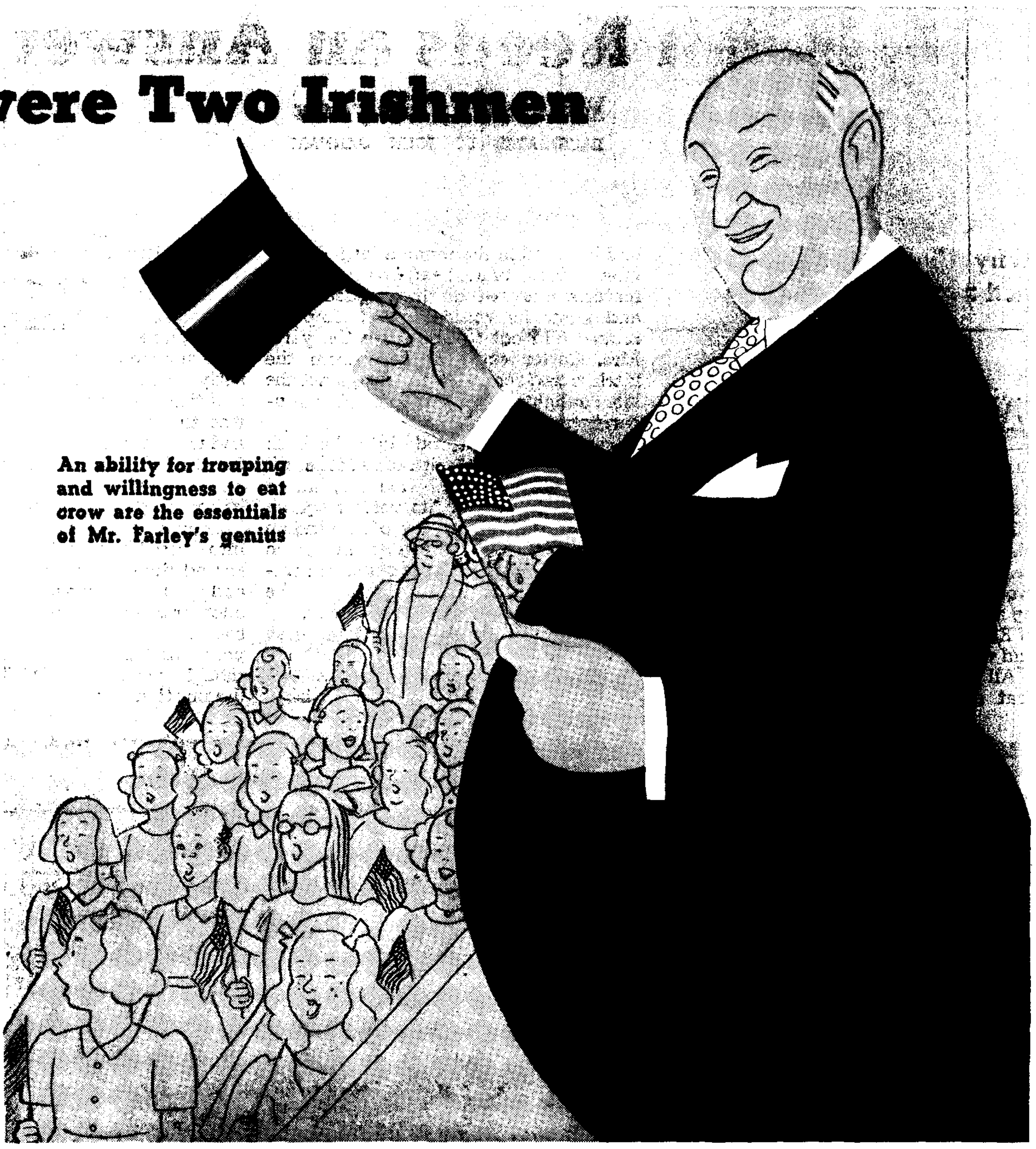
It Seems there were Two Irishmen

By Walter Davenport

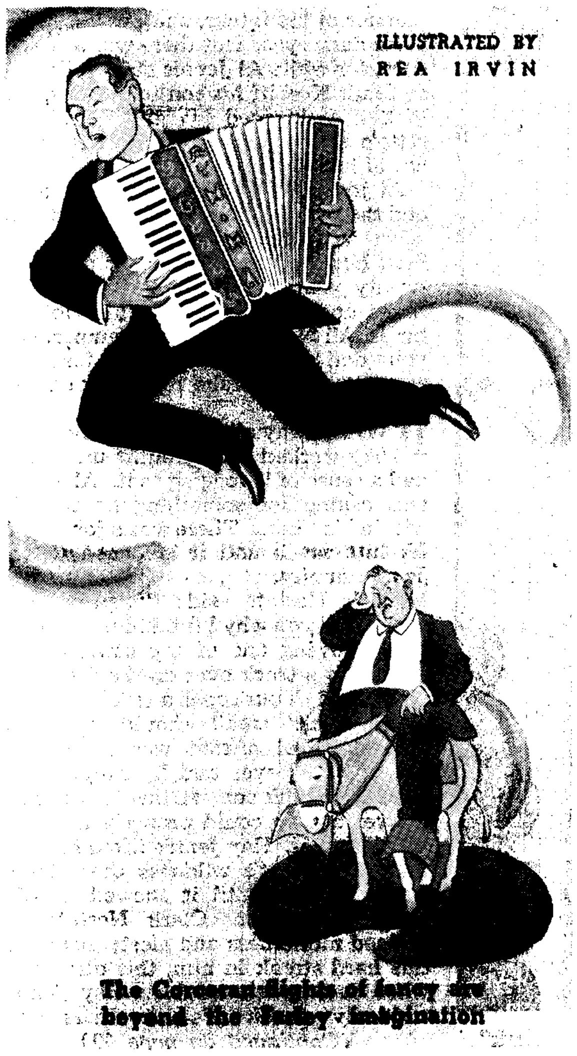
The attempt to streamline the political philosophy of Jim Farley looks like one of the most monumental flops so far engineered by Mr. Roosevelt's helper, Glamor Boy Tommy Corcoran. Mr. Farley still prefers oil to monkey wrenches

IT STARTED early in 1935. It might have begun earlier but in the natural confusion of the first months of the first Brain Trust there wasn't much progress. A great deal of the time was consumed in precedent disputation, in authority weighing, personal programs and, in general, argument as to who actually was closest to the presidential ear. There was but one common agreement in those first months: that the revolution was on and that it should be promoted and seen through with as little noise as possible.

Therefore the various and sterile attempts to make a Liberal of the Honorable James A. Farley did not get under way at once. And unhappily for those who will write history, no attempt was made to keep a log of the various efforts to landscape the honest but mundane mind of our Postmaster General and chairman of the Democratic National Committee and beatify his earthly soul. Probably no fullback in all our political history has resisted so successfully the ministrations of so noble a faculty. And presently the project was abandoned when it became apparent to all that Mr. Farley's highest ideal in government was an overwhelming Democratic majority.



An ability for trouping and willingness to eat crow are the essentials of Mr. Farley's genius



ILLUSTRATED BY
REA IRVIN

The Corcoran flights of fancy are beyond the Farley imagination

It should have been obvious from the start. Mr. Farley possessed none of the mental habits nor spiritual garnishments of his strange new colleagues. It is said of him, and certainly not to his discredit, that before turning to president-making for a living the most erudite person he had ever come into more than passing contact with was Mr. Gene Tunney. But he understood Mr. Tunney's aims and gestures and sympathized with them. Being neither a drinker nor a smoker and possessing no quip talk, he was never wholly comfortable in the drawing rooms and gardens of the Georgetown revolutionaries. And while he had not infrequently heard the name of Marx, he was wont for a long time to associate it exclusively with the movies or with a Mr. Needlenose Marx, a Democrat who professed to own a piece of Ole Har' Wills, the capable Negro pugilist who was shushed into senility while fruitlessly seeking a fight with the current champion, Jack Dempsey.

Jim Just Won't Be Elevated

At that time Mr. Farley was devoting his fine talents to the chairmanship of the New York State Boxing Commission. This is, of course, no place to write about the headaches Mr. Needlenose Marx, who ran a book, caused Mr. Farley; yet it is but fair to say that ever since that era the name of Marx has not been music in his ears. It is remotely possible, too, that this antipathy to the name has contributed something to the failure of many burnished minds to free the wings of the Farley ideals.

From the early New Deal team of Messrs. Moley and Tugwell to the current White House herald, Mr. Thomas Gardiner Corcoran, patient but necessarily decreasing efforts have been made to elevate the thoughts of Mr. Farley above the level of the latest intelligence from Hanghackle County ("Things ain't lookin' none too good, Jim") to a more fashionable Phi Beta Kappa plane. And with that fine uncomplicated consistency that is Mr. Farley's, all were rewarded with no success. When history writes her final lasting estimate of the Honorable Jim it will be far from unflattering—an upright man with a simple singleness of purpose, more than somewhat scornful of political formulas and philosophies that do not add up to crushing majorities for the moment's Peerless Leader and Friend of the People—the Democratic candidate. For to Mr. Farley a Democrat is a Democrat whatever his batting average in the New Deal League and the hell with the color of his shirt, whether his name be Glass, Wheeler, Guffey, Hague or Pendergast. If Mr. Farley had his way—and a very good way it is if it's votes you're after—there'd be no party purging.

But although he is his party's executive officer, theoretically accountable to but one superior, the President, Mr. Farley has been having his way in organization affairs with diminishing frequency. At the moment, because of his pride in what he had helped so expertly to build and because of his great devotion to the man he still calls Governor, he is exerting all his gift of friendship, all his cunning and all his vast energy to mending the Democratic fences and herding up the somewhat bewildered and frequently outraged voters. For the bewildered and outraged he has understanding and sympathy. A man of quick intelligence, he has never doubted that the New Deal is here to stay, in one form or another, under somebody's management. But being a practical fellow, frequently thereby causing members of Mr. Roosevelt's general staff considerable mental anguish, he knows too that while the hopes, fears and appetite of the voter are prone to change, the nature of that animal is pretty constant. The electorate has ideas but few ideals. Up to a certain point they vote for him who promises most.

From time to time and in particular since Congress rebelled against that gland-grafting operation on the Supreme Court, Mr. Farley has gone to bed wondering gloomily what his national Democratic organization would look like by morning. Applying his natural noncorrosive methods to his own personal human relations, he is not wont to *(Continued on page 76)*

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNA BRADFORD, daughter of the president of Morrison University, returns home after two years of travel. She discovers that her father, President Bradford, a brilliant educator and administrator, is the victim of a scurrilous attack launched by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner has political ambitions.

As hostess at various university functions, Susanna meets Professor Carl Gilson, a prepossessing young man, whose reputation as a sociologist is equaled only by his renown as a philanderer. To her dismay, she also encounters Alec Cornish, who has been assigned to the university on a government research project. Six years before, Susanna, an undergraduate at Smith College, had secretly married Alec, then a student at M. I. T. Their marriage had been as brief as it was unhappy, and a quiet divorce followed. Susanna has never revealed her marriage to anyone, nor, in the last six years, has she met Alec. Susanna, realizing that any gossip about herself will be ammunition for her father's enemies, attempts to maintain a pose of casual acquaintanceship with Alec. Soon after her meeting with Alec, she receives a threatening anonymous letter, which seems to refer to knowledge and exposure of her marriage.

Later, Susanna and Alec, wishing to come to some agreement about concealing their former relationship, are at the Tetlow Inn, a popular but somewhat mysterious student rendezvous. A fight takes place in the bar. Fleeing the inn because of their fear of publicity, they meet Emery Smith, brilliant young editor of the college paper, and Betty Stevens, popular young coed, who suspect that Maxie Blotz, the Tetlow Inn proprietor, is a petty racketeer, working for Zimmerman. Alec and Susanna, with Betty, go to Alec's cottage near the campus. Susanna has narrowly escaped being caught in an unsavory raid! And she knows now that someone is watching her every move with suspicion and enmity!

II

YOU might never suspect how clever the Tau Omegas were unless you brought a black eye into the house. It made every one of them a wit and Emery patiently endured them through lunch, waiting round for a chance to speak to Perry Henderson. But Perry had to lose a dollar in the practically continuous bridge game before it was time for his two-o'clock class and Emery could walk to the campus with him. This was one of Perry's sunny days. Everything was just wonderful. It was always that way after he'd had a date with Julie.

It proved that last night had been wonderful. "You ought to have stuck around," Perry said. "After the brawl Maxie was so mortified that nobody had to pay his check."

Emery grunted. That was what he wanted to hear about. "What happened?" he asked. "What was it all about?"

"Aw, just a brawl," Perry said. "Julie and I were dancing and there was this noise in the bar and the lights went out. When they went on again some of the customers had cleared out. Why did you high-tail? Why should a fight scare you?"

"But what happened? Who brawled? What did Maxie do?"

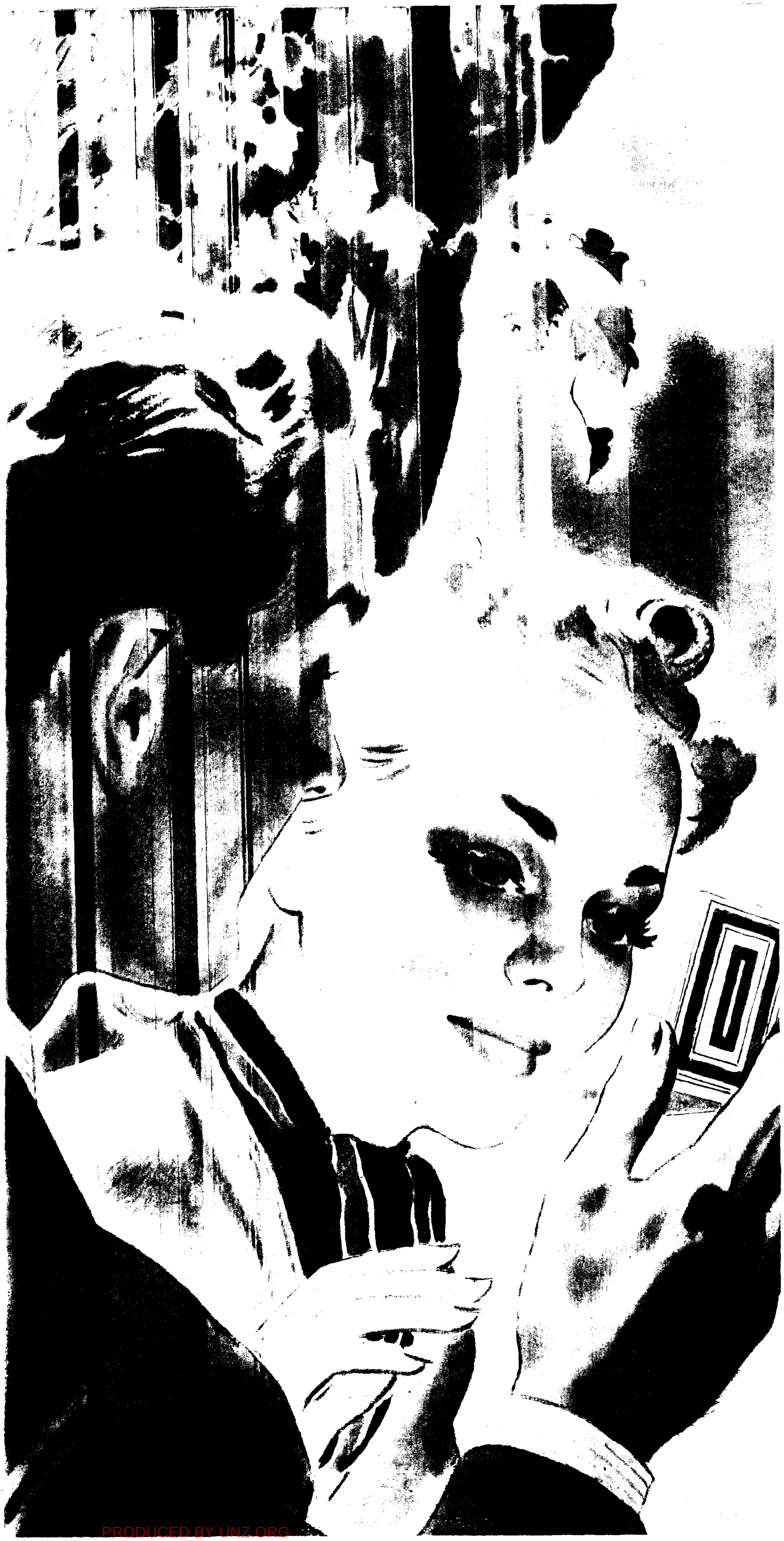
"Must have given them the bum's rush. I didn't see it. Maxie got so apologetic it was funny. He said it was a couple of bruisers that dropped in and pretty soon they were socking each other. It makes him sore to have that sort of thing happen. You can see how it is. He tries to attract the college trade and then a couple of drunks start fighting."

"Must break his heart," Emery agreed. "Catering to us refined people and some lowlifes mistake it for a joint. Too bad. Didn't you see anything at all?"

"There wasn't anything to see—a brawl is just a brawl. What do you care?"

Here was American youth for you, the hope of the future! If Maxie cared to stage the whole thing again he could sell Perry a ticket to it. Emery looked distastefully at that bland and sunny face, the carefully careless clothes—here was

(Continued on page 67)



She gave the mirror to him and he held it up, saying, "Look!" A small leaf had lodged in her hair

FINISHED

By John R. Tunis

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Umberto di Teubner fights for his country. A memorable tennis match with life and love hanging on the outcome

RISING slightly in her seat in the press box, Mary could see them enter the rear of the marquee. Rodney was ahead; his tanned face was drawn and it was easy to guess how little sleep he had had the night before. Behind was the count. Tall, thicker-set, older than Rod, his arms, too, were full of rackets.

Momentarily they were lost in the swarm of figures crowding about them. Even at that distance Rodney seemed to be in a daze, responding mechanically to the good wishes coming from every side. Then Pop bustled up. Pop looked old and tired. Wiping his forehead he addressed the two players, gesticulating with the umpire's card in his hand.

Suddenly someone out in the stands caught sight of the two men in white flannels under the tent. There was a ripple of applause. It grew as Pop marshaled his linesmen and sent them onto court. At that second Mary caught a flash of Rodney's face; all the agony of those last minutes of tension and inaction communicated itself to her. So much depended on him and he so boyish.

The noise from the stands grew insistent. Pop started down the brick steps. He turned and motioned to the Italian captain, dark, short, swarthy, black hair glistening in the summer sunshine. Beside him was the American captain in a white blazer. Now the applause became a roar. Louder and louder as Rod and the count, preceded by their captains, stepped onto the turf.

Pop climbed slowly into his high chair. Linesmen there? Net judge? Footfaults? From her place Mary could see his concentrated glance, see also Rod's gesture as he leaned over to cover his spare bats with his sweater to protect them from the hot sun. A battalion of cameramen assaulted them as they stood shaking hands at the net, then they separated.

The older man was on her side below where she sat. He was blue-eyed and freckled; probably once he had been as blond as Rod. Now he was thirty-eight, forty maybe; old for a game like this. But with age had come experience and an easy confidence evident in his assured movements. Nothing wasted. No unnecessary action. No straining. You'd never call him a typical Italian. Across the net Rod was taut and alert, as the balls came toward him. Despite his exterior the count was also tense. A practice shot from his racket flew across, almost hitting a linesman. The crowd laughed but the count's expression did not vary; so great was his concentration he had not seen the incident.

THE gallery was still coming after the intermission following the first match. An official chased the cameramen off court. Rod stood waiting. He looked at the ground. Then at the sky. Then he tapped a ball with his bat. Pop's voice cut the silence of the stadium. "Final match of the Davis Cup, Challenge Round. . . ." Rod squatted on his upturned bat. The count sat hugging his knees. "Rodney D. Carr, United States, against Count Umberto di Teubner, Italy. The score is now two matches all." Pop paused a second as if daring someone to contradict him. He wiped his forehead. "Linesmen ready . . . players ready . . ."

From the radio box over at Mary's side came a strange foreign voice. ". . . North America versus the Empire of Italy . . . two matches apiece . . ." Pop shoved his straw hat on and shouted into the microphone at his elbow.

"Play. . . ."

Rod tossed his bat up, caught it and went to the base line to serve. He was so frail beside the cool veteran across the net that her heart went out to him. ". . . radio fans, is the last match of the Challenge Round . . . the award of the cup depends on this contest between young Rod Carr and the Count Umberto di Teubner who alone has brought his team through the strongly contested early rounds. . . ."

Rod threw up the ball. That gesture was the release of all his inhibitions, the opening of the floodgates of his energy. Action at last. Below Mary the count lunged at the ball and missed. The gallery roared with delight. A service ace to start! Ah, this was what they'd come for.

"Fifteen love." Pop's voice was dry and cracking. Mary twisted in her seat. To think that to everyone in the stands this was a match of tennis. A match of tennis and nothing more.

THE sound of a car starting in the courtyard below woke him. Then he'd actually slept! Not much, though, because he'd seen dawn rise over the low hills of Long Island.

How could one sleep? When all that he loved and all that love could bring him depended on this match? As he lay through the cool night listening to the surf pounding on the beach, he was a boy of fourteen again. A lad in short trousers with his family in Paris. Through the open windows of his room came the odor of chestnut blossoms in the Parc de St. Cloud where he'd played his first tournament. The Parisians were fair. They admired the little Austrian lad who swept through one Frenchman after another, until he met Gobert the mighty, Gobert the champion of France. He'd played hundreds of matches since then but that one would always stand out.

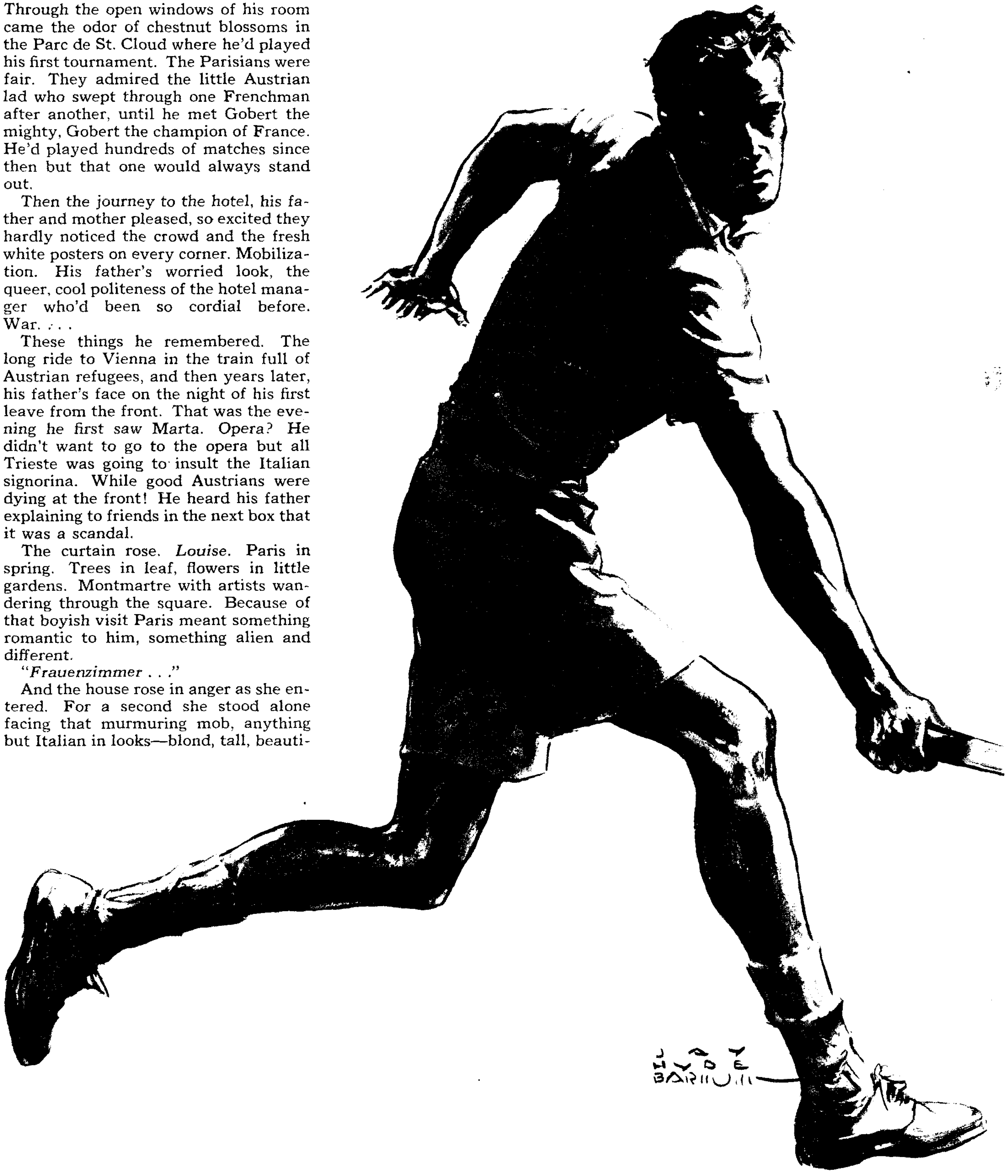
Then the journey to the hotel, his father and mother pleased, so excited they hardly noticed the crowd and the fresh white posters on every corner. Mobilization. His father's worried look, the queer, cool politeness of the hotel manager who'd been so cordial before. War. . . .

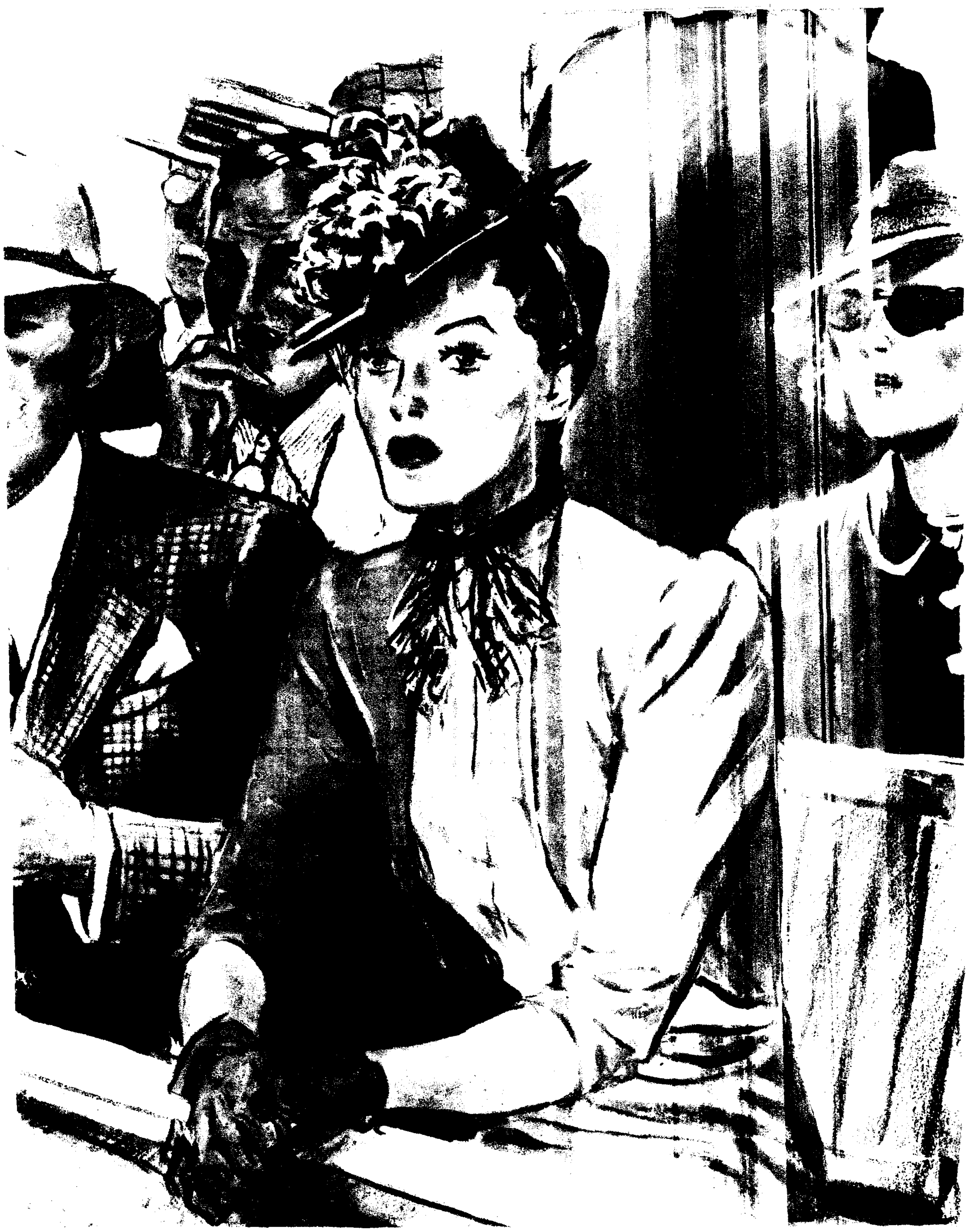
These things he remembered. The long ride to Vienna in the train full of Austrian refugees, and then years later, his father's face on the night of his first leave from the front. That was the evening he first saw Marta. Opera? He didn't want to go to the opera but all Trieste was going to insult the Italian signorina. While good Austrians were dying at the front! He heard his father explaining to friends in the next box that it was a scandal.

The curtain rose. *Louise*. Paris in spring. Trees in leaf, flowers in little gardens. Montmartre with artists wandering through the square. Because of that boyish visit Paris meant something romantic to him, something alien and different.

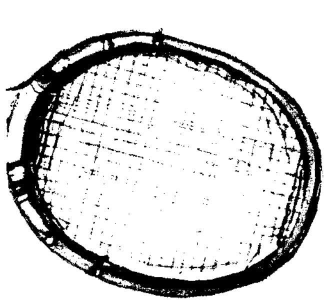
"*Frauenzimmer* . . ."

And the house rose in anger as she entered. For a second she stood alone facing that murmuring mob, anything but Italian in looks—blond, tall, beauti-





Mary caught a flash of Rodney's face; all the agony of those last minutes communicated itself to her



Now this Italian is playing tennis. Boy, oh, boy, is he playing tennis! He's racing Rod up and down the court . . . from side to side . . . up and down . . . back and forth

ful in her plain clothes. But she was a foreigner. An alien. A cursed Italian. She tried to sing but her voice was lost in the tumult.

"*Pfui! Pfui! Nieder mit die Italienerin.*" From the family box close to the stage he watched her struggle, one against thousands. The orchestra raised the pitch of the aria but her voice remained scarcely heard. What fairness in this? Slowly the courageous girl was losing to that mounting chorus of jeers and hisses. It angered him. He rose and, leaning over the box, clapped.

She turned. A friend. Someone who understood, who cared. She came down stage, hands out, her lips moving though no sound could be heard. The house looked up, seeing in the darkness only an officer in uniform. The hissing wavered. Her voice strengthened. Encouraged, she poured herself out in the beauties of the music.

Now she was singing, now her voice swung, high and pure above the noise. She was singing to him alone. The lovely melody was almost audible through the diminishing cries. She was a woman thanking an unexpected rescuer.

Vainly his mother yanked at his belt, uselessly his father tugged at his coat sleeve. Even the audience quieted, for one could hardly sneer at a defender of the country. Who was this officer, this man who made her sing like that? Because now she was his, she was a girl on Montmartre and he was her lover. Reluctantly quiet, the audience remained watching the drama between the singer on the stage and the soldier in the box.

SHE finished in a burst of song, the house completely subdued. The lights went up with every eye on the man in uniform, and a storm swept over them. A cry, a shout, a hundred, a thousand voices together.

"*Von Teubner, von Teubner, von Teubner* . . ."

It was he, their hero. *Von Teubner*, the Austrian ace of aces, the daring fighter of the Western front, who had been transferred from the Italian front at his own request to see more action, who had brought down Michel Royat and Boutreau and all those other enemy aces. The man whose victories were chalked up daily on slates in little inns back country, in every newspaper. *Von Teubner, von Teubner . . . hoch . . . hoch . . . hoch.* The house rocked with joy. Who but Trieste's own Hubert could have done such a thing.

The curtain rose. She stood alone. Slowly she came downstage toward the box and held out her hand. They were wild. Louder rose the cries. Without realizing what he was doing he jumped the low rail of the box and was at her feet on the stage; her hand was at his lips. Delirium in the house. Ecstasy.

Bong . . . bong . . . bong . . . bong . . . From below came the sound of a clock. It was as if he'd been dreaming. He could see the stage below, smell the perfume of her hand, the same perfume she used today. This day. The day. Four o'clock now. And he had had no sleep with his trial ahead.

At last the day had come. What did these Americans call it; the pay-off? Yes, the pay-off. But he'd been paying ever since the Armistice. Trieste, his birthplace, had become Italian. To stay he had to change his allegiance and adopt Italian citizenship. The Graf Hubert von Teubner became Count Umberto di Teubner. In some ways it was less difficult for him because he was married to an Italian, a celebrity, the great singer Marta Cantavalle whose father, the baron, was a member of the Grand Council, and a millionaire. But after all, as the enemy ace of aces he was an alien and rather an important alien, too. Which was why they confiscated the family estate in Trieste, why they made it hard for him to find work. So he turned to sport, the only thing he knew besides flying.

ITALY had never had a great tennis star but his greatness was certain. Steadily he advanced, first as the best youngster on the Italian team, then as the leading star, until within a few years he was a player feared in every land. But he was not fully accepted despite all this. There had been disturbing incidents—his standing back of his doubles partner, Nicolini, when the youngster had gone on a bender, and, out of condition, allowed an obvious victory to become defeat.

Then there was his supporting the English team's demand for another umpire when palpably unfair decisions in Rome threatened their chances in the European final of the Davis Cup. Last was his refusal to go through with an exhibition match in Berlin against the German champion, Brennecke, late in the season. Doctor's certificates showing he had been ill with a fever and couldn't have taken the court counted for nothing when the Grand Council of the Party summoned him that fall and considered taking disciplinary steps. Had he not insulted a friendly nation; Italy's best friend?

The advocate for the Party was bitter in his denunciation of this "foreigner" who had received so much and was so disloyal. It was several hours later that the count discovered he was to have one more chance to wipe out his mistakes. The words he heard from the president of the council were plain enough.

"Serious as an example to the nation . . . a figure of prominence who must . . . one more opportunity . . . win the Davis Cup . . . for the nation . . . discipline . . . this summer . . . the Davis Cup, or . . ."

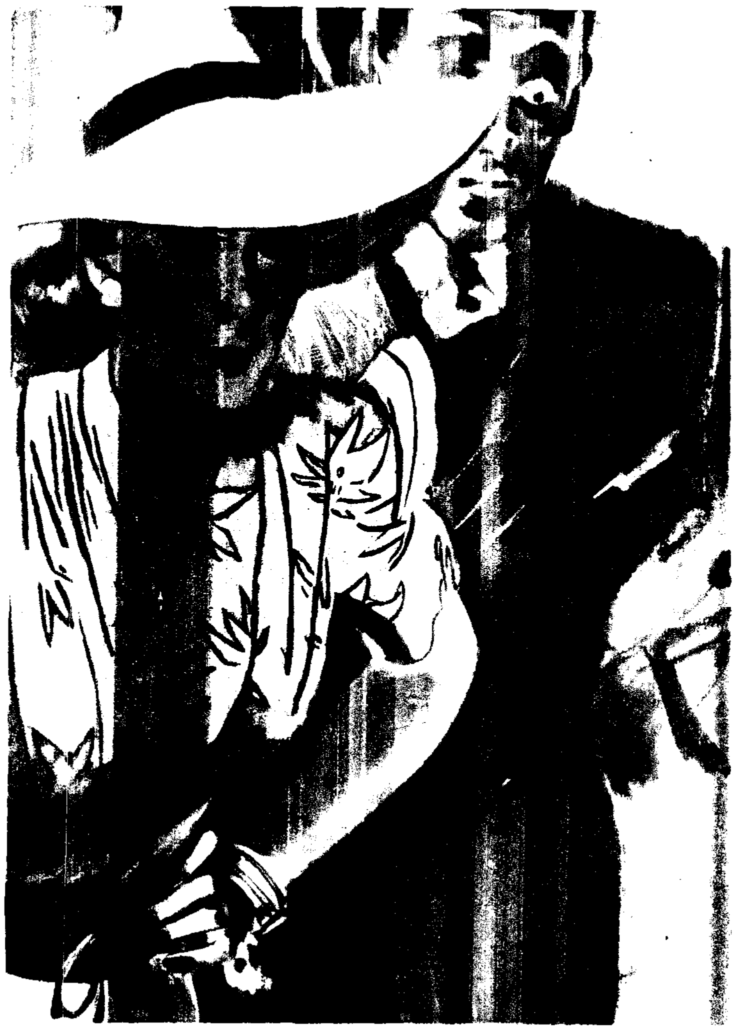
Umberto realized that only the influence of his father-in-law had saved him.

Now he was free. He was outside Italy. They couldn't touch him. He

(Continued on page 58)

Stir-Crazy

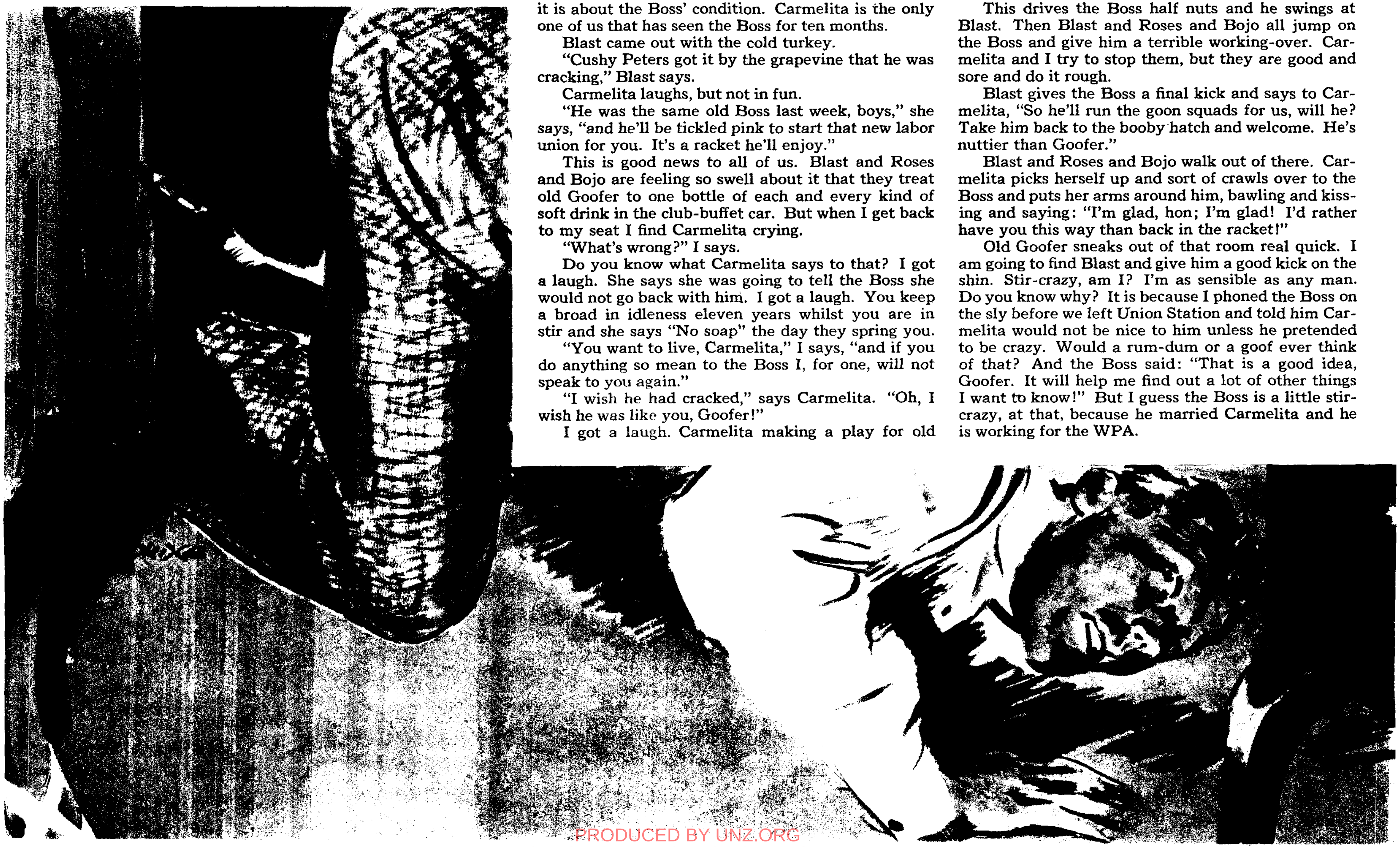
By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Yeah, the same old Boss," says Blast. "So you turn me down for this dingbat!"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. ELDRIDGE



THE boys all call me Goofer and say I am stir-crazy, but they are just kidding. Blast and Roses and Bojo know I could do two ten-spots like that one in Leavenworth standing on my head. But still I am glad when word comes they are springing the Boss out of that place because the Boss can testify I am strictly no rum-dum or goof. He was there all the time I was there, see?

"Tuesday is the happy day," says Carmelita. "He wants us all to meet him at the old hotel in Kansas City."

We are all happy about the Boss getting out. Do you know why? It is because there is a new racket we want to try and it takes more brains than even Blast and Roses have got. So we have got to have the Boss in there thinking for us.

"Carmelita, you do not sound so happy," Blast says.

"I am happy enough," Carmelita says.

She fooled Blast and Roses and Bojo, but she did not fool me. I will tell you something strictly deep down. Carmelita was not glad the Boss was getting out of that place. Do you know why I know that? It is because Blast got drunk one night in St. Louis and talked too much to old Goofer, thinking it did not count.

"That broad would quit on the Boss if we didn't hold the pistols on her," Blast said to me. "She wants to go back to Sunday school." I got a laugh. It was so funny thinking of a big girl like Carmelita in a Sunday school.

That was eleven years ago, before I was a loser for a ten-spot and got put in that place with the Boss, which proves my memory is good. Blast had better not get tough with me because I know something else. Blast would like Carmelita to be his girl, only he is afraid of the Boss, and Carmelita does not like him.

"Your color ain't good, Carmelita," Blast says.

"It suits me fine," Carmelita says.

"Lay off her, Blast," Roses says; "she won't be a widow after Tuesday."

Going to Kansas City on the streamliner, Carmelita and Blast have another argument. This time it is about the Boss' condition. Carmelita is the only one of us that has seen the Boss for ten months.

Blast came out with the cold turkey.

"Cushy Peters got it by the grapevine that he was cracking," Blast says.

Carmelita laughs, but not in fun.

"He was the same old Boss last week, boys," she says, "and he'll be tickled pink to start that new labor union for you. It's a racket he'll enjoy."

This is good news to all of us. Blast and Roses and Bojo are feeling so swell about it that they treat old Goofer to one bottle of each and every kind of soft drink in the club-buffet car. But when I get back to my seat I find Carmelita crying.

"What's wrong?" I says.

Do you know what Carmelita says to that? I got a laugh. She says she was going to tell the Boss she would not go back with him. I got a laugh. You keep a broad in idleness eleven years whilst you are in stir and she says "No soap" the day they spring you.

"You want to live, Carmelita," I says, "and if you do anything so mean to the Boss I, for one, will not speak to you again."

"I wish he had cracked," says Carmelita. "Oh, I wish he was like you, Goofer!"

I got a laugh. Carmelita making a play for old Goofer. But pretty soon I do not laugh any more. I am worried. I am thinking all the rest of the way to K. C. how the Boss will feel if he finds out Carmelita is off of him.

We finally get out to the big hotel and go up to the Boss' room.

Carmelita knocks and the Boss says: "Is it the Nigger? Come in."

We walked in and there is the Boss down on his hands and knees looking for something under the bureau. He is very skinny and very pale.

"Hi-yah, Boss!" Blast says. "You're a sight for sore eyes."

The Boss does not jump and do the office with that glad hand. Instead, he stays on his hands and knees looking. He says: "It's my collar button. Made of solid platinum and shines in the dark. The Nigger saw it shining and scared me and it popped out and rolled under here. Find the Nigger! Find the Nigger! He hopped under here after it!"

Like that he says it in a hoarse voice. Then he scrambled around and chased something that was not there and got the shivers and shakes.

"Gee, Boss," Blast says, "what they been doing to you in that stir? Don't you know Blast and Roses and Bojo?"

"YES, old pal, old pal, old pal," the Boss says. "Did you bring the popcorn? I expressly wanted you to bring that popcorn—"

Blast turned on Carmelita, who was gandering like her eyes would drop out.

"Yeah, the same old Boss," says Blast. "You dirty little liar. So you turn me down for this dingbat!"

The Boss stood up and stared at Blast.

"Nice way to talk about me," yells the Boss. "Bozo and Flowers, you take this boy out and work him over! I know who he is—he's the Nigger!"

Carmelita stammers: "Dick, hon, what happened? What did they do to you?"

Blast says, "Agh, you little so-and-so, bringin' us to K. C. for nothing!" And he slaps Carmelita and knocks her over the bed.

This drives the Boss half nuts and he swings at Blast. Then Blast and Roses and Bojo all jump on the Boss and give him a terrible working-over. Carmelita and I try to stop them, but they are good and sore and do it rough.

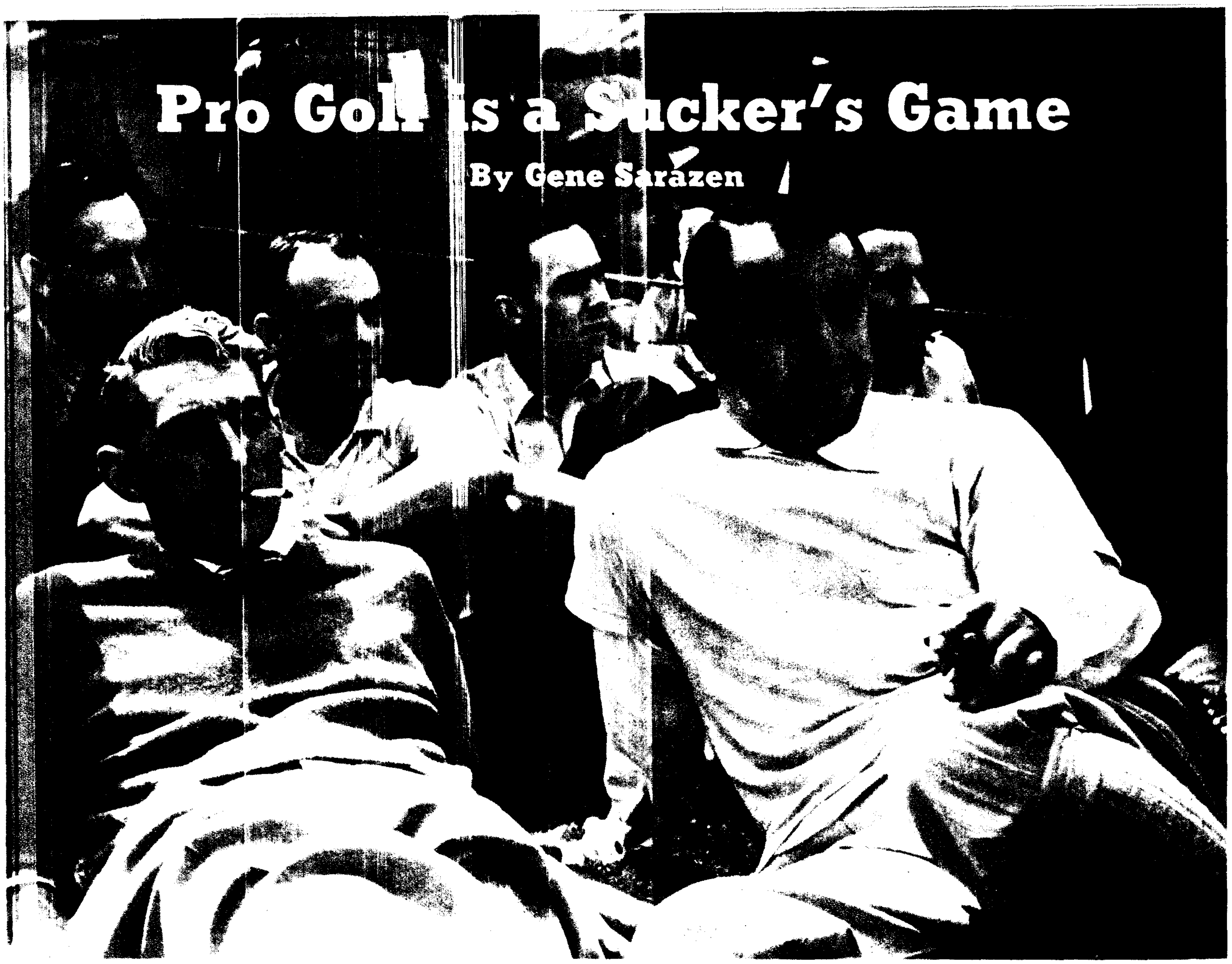
Blast gives the Boss a final kick and says to Carmelita, "So he'll run the goon squads for us, will he? Take him back to the booby hatch and welcome. He's nuttier than Goofer."

Blast and Roses and Bojo walk out of there. Carmelita picks herself up and sort of crawls over to the Boss and puts her arms around him, bawling and kissing and saying: "I'm glad, hon; I'm glad! I'd rather have you this way than back in the racket!"

Old Goofer sneaks out of that room real quick. I am going to find Blast and give him a good kick on the shin. Stir-crazy, am I? I'm as sensible as any man. Do you know why? It is because I phoned the Boss on the sly before we left Union Station and told him Carmelita would not be nice to him unless he pretended to be crazy. Would a rum-dum or a goof ever think of that? And the Boss said: "That is a good idea, Goofer. It will help me find out a lot of other things I want to know!" But I guess the Boss is a little stir-crazy, at that, because he married Carmelita and he is working for the WPA.

Pro Golf Is a Sucker's Game

By Gene Sarazen



Tommy Armour (left) and Gene Sarazen who make a living at golf. This photograph was taken by Pro Harry Cooper at Inverness, June, 1938

Not one of our top-ranking pro golfers entered the British Open this year. Why? They couldn't afford to spend $2,000 competing for a $500 prize. Gentleman Gene, who has won plenty of titles himself, knows what is wrong with professional golf and offers a solution

WE WERE sitting around the locker room during a recent tournament and the talk eventually veered around to the remarkable record Ralph Guldahl has compiled during the past two years. Several sports writers were present and a half-dozen professional golfers.

"That's one of the greatest feats ever accomplished in the world of sports," one golfer said, "winning two consecutive Open championships. To win his title last year Ralph had to defeat 170 of the world's best golfers. He had to defend his title this year, not against one man as Joe Louis had to do, but against the whole group at once. Yes, sir, Ralph's feat ranks with what Bobby Jones did a few years ago when he made his grand slam. It's as impressive as Carl Hubbell's twenty-four straight victories a year or so ago. Joe Louis has a cinch compared to Ralph."

"Joe Louis," a sports writer said dryly, "makes about two hundred thousand dollars every time he defends his title. Ralph gets one thousand for defending his. Louis gets his money, win, lose, or draw. The golf champion gets his only when he wins."

"Yeah," another sports writer said, "and when Joe Louis defends his title the gate receipts are divided between him, his opponent and the promoter. When Ralph or any other golf champion defends his title in the Open, the gate receipts are divided between the club that holds the tournament and the United States Golf Association, and a good piece of the money goes toward defraying the expenses of sending the Walker Cup team, a group of amateurs, to England. After all, what do the amateurs ever do for you professionals? Yes, you pros are suckers. There are about 130 competing in this Open championship. For what? For peanuts, that's what. The total prize money amounts to six thousand dollars."

"Yes, but if you win the Open you make a lot of money playing exhibitions," another sports writer said.

Several of the professional golfers present made rude noises. One of them said, "Last year Guldahl made exactly $7,500 after he won the Open, most of which came from golf manufacturers. All Tony Manero got for winning it was a pretty good job at Boston. Sam Parks made $6,000 out of winning the title in 1935." Then he turned to me. "What did you make out of winning the Open, Gene?"

"I did all right," I told them. "I made exactly $25,000 back in 1932 when I copped the title. Of course I won the British Open that year, too, which helped."

"You guys are crazy," a sports writer said. "Why don't you organize or do something? In any other professional sport the champion has the right to dictate financial terms."

The sports writer gave us all food for considerable thought and after he left, several of us discussed the situation frankly. We came to the conclusion that professional golf is a sucker's game. Only two men have made real money out of professional golf: Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen. Bobby made at least half a million and a steady income of $40,000 per year (I hope he made three times that) out of the by-products of golf: writing, radio, moving pictures, promotion.

What Makes Tournaments?

Hagen made a million, but today he is cheerfully broke. No one else ever made more than a fair living at golf. I myself have no great complaint. I was lucky to be hot during the golden days of the twenties and when I made it I salted it away. I've got a farm, a cow, and a field of corn up in Connecticut, so if I never hit another ball I wouldn't have to worry too much. I'm making my squawk on behalf of my fellow professionals who haven't been so fortunate and who are being so shamelessly exploited today.

Who makes the National Open? The professional golfers, of course. Since Bobby Jones withdrew from active participation in tournaments, the amateurs have played very little part in the national golfing picture. It is the professional who makes tournaments successful and he gets nothing out of it except the privilege of taking part in a golfing lottery with a very faint chance of winning. And he has to make his living out of this game called golf.

The 130 professionals who competed at Denver spent an approximate aggregate of $50,000 to travel to the tournament. Even during the actual play they paid their own caddies, they paid their own hotel bills and meal bills. I finished tenth in the Open and I felt pretty good about it. My prize money was $150. My expenses were about six hundred dollars.

The gate receipts at a National Open are considerable. To begin with, there is an admission charge of $1.10 to watch the practice rounds. This is raised to $2.20 during the course of the tournament and $3.30 on the final day. It all came to just under $30,000 this year at Denver. Of that the United States Golf Association got about $14,000. The Cherry Hills Country Club got about the same. A proud member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce told me that close to half a million dollars came into the city during the week of the tournament. Everybody made money—except the professional golfers.

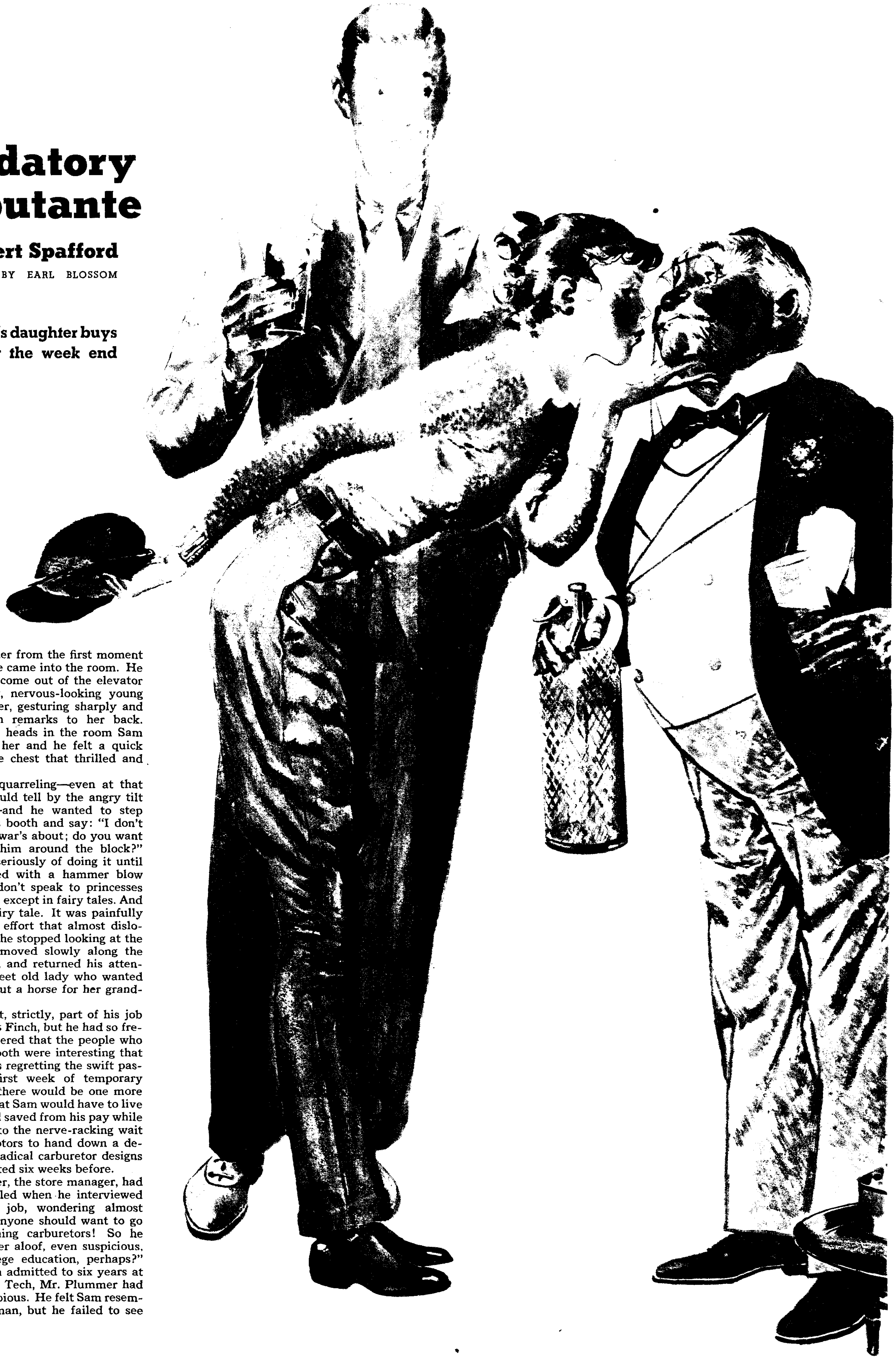
(Continued on page 74)

Predatory Debutante

By Robert Spafford

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Mr. Borden's daughter buys a guest for the week end



HE SAW her from the first moment when she came into the room. He saw her come out of the elevator with the dark, nervous-looking young man behind her, gesturing sharply and framing sullen remarks to her back. Over all those heads in the room Sam Marbury saw her and he felt a quick swelling in the chest that thrilled and stifled him.

They were quarreling—even at that distance he could tell by the angry tilt of her head—and he wanted to step down from his booth and say: "I don't care what the war's about; do you want me to spank him around the block?" Sam thought seriously of doing it until he remembered with a hammer blow that paupers don't speak to princesses on equal terms except in fairy tales. And this was no fairy tale. It was painfully real. With an effort that almost dislocated his eyes he stopped looking at the princess who moved slowly along the line of booths, and returned his attention to the sweet old lady who wanted his advice about a horse for her grandson.

This was not, strictly, part of his job at Ablewhite & Finch, but he had so frequently discovered that the people who came to his booth were interesting that already he was regretting the swift passage of his first week of temporary employment; there would be one more week. After that Sam would have to live on what he had saved from his pay while he went back to the nerve-racking wait for United Motors to hand down a decision on the radical carburetor designs he had submitted six weeks before.

Mr. Plummer, the store manager, had appeared puzzled when he interviewed Sam for the job, wondering almost audibly why anyone should want to go around designing carburetors! So he had been rather aloof, even suspicious, saying: "College education, perhaps?" But when Sam admitted to six years at Massachusetts Tech, Mr. Plummer had still looked dubious. He felt Sam resembled a gentleman, but he failed to see what automotive engineering had to do with being a model in a sporting-goods shop. Sam told him.

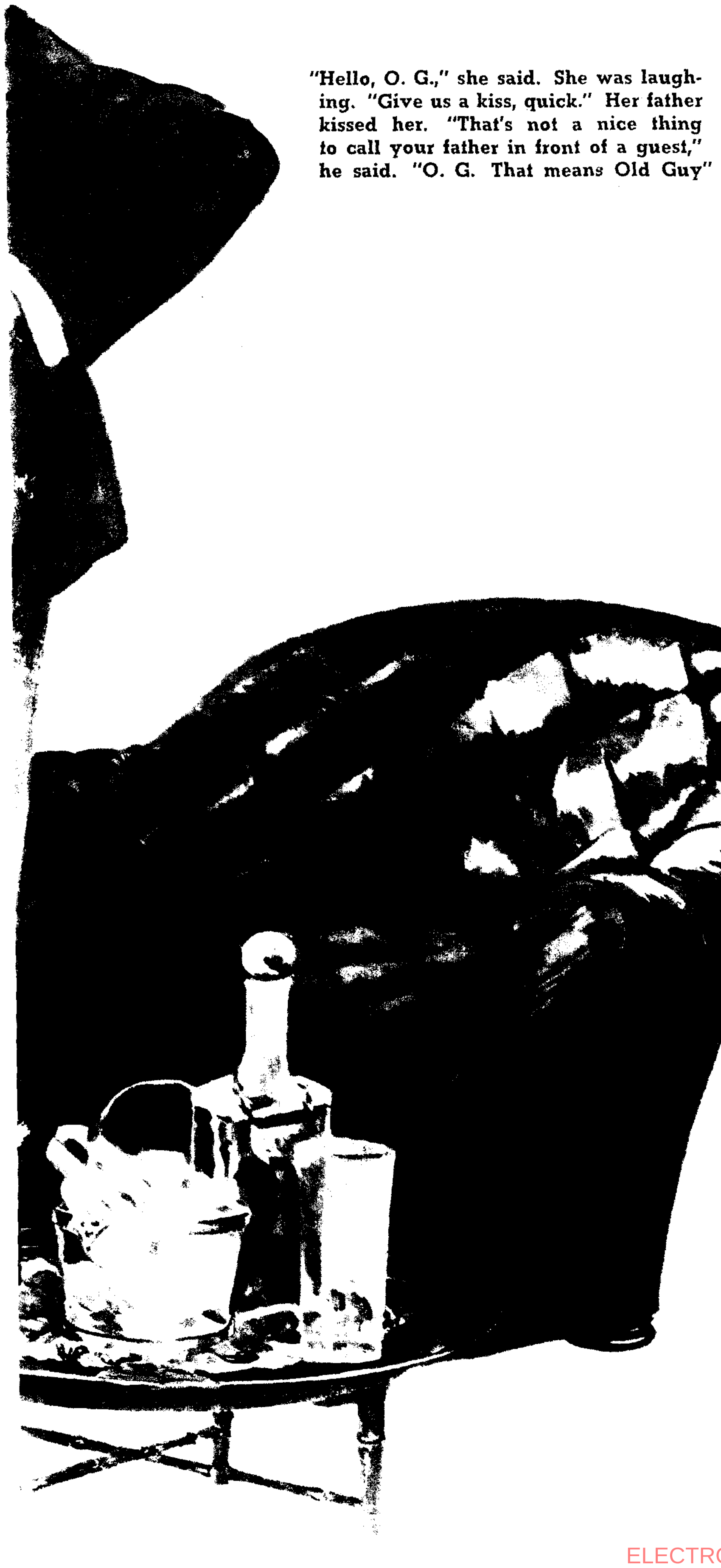
"Look here, Mr. Plummer, I need this job and I can handle it all right. Before my father—before he died, I used to do a lot of riding; all kinds, fox hunting and race meets. . . ."

That interested Mr. Plummer, who drew from Sam enough reluctant scraps of information to piece together an impressive picture of the banking business, the estate in Chestnut Hills, the horses and hounds and motorcars . . . that it had all been swept away bothered the manager not at all; what concerned Mr. Plummer was that Sam came of the landed gentry. And that was how Sam got the job, which he liked far better than some of the odd jobs that had kept him going since he left college; perhaps he was becoming more grateful, for he had been going hungry until Ablewhite & Finch took him on.

It had been a stroke of genius, this *salon*, emphasizing the firm's by-line: "Sporting Outfitters to Gentlemen." Twelve young men were hired—they had to be red-blooded Americans with good teeth and a clear eye—and each was established in one of the dozen booths on the third floor. Each cubicle was exclusively devoted to a single sport and the red-blooded young American had to know something about it.

ABOVE Sam's head hung an enlargement of the sporting print, Gent in Ratcatcher, and Sam, in brown bowler, tweed jacket and top hunting boots typified the fox hunter who believes in informal riding clothes, or, as the legend on the print dryly states: "I 'as my groom clean my 'oss, not my breeches!"

"Thank you, young man," said the sweet old lady and went off. At first it had embarrassed Sam to find that he drew more than his share of the sweet old ladies and he was still disturbed by the shameless way they discussed him within hearing: "Look, Mary, doesn't he remind you of Gary Cooper in that Bengal Lancer picture?" "Cousin Elsie, how nice that boy looks in boots—"



"Hello, O. G.," she said. She was laughing. "Give us a kiss, quick." Her father kissed her. "That's not a nice thing to call your father in front of a guest," he said. "O. G. That means Old Guy"

Sam's eyes went straight to the girl. He suddenly rejected his false humility, knowing it made no difference what station in life was indicated by his job. Damn the station! He would speak to her if he got the chance—abruptly he felt excitement growing in him, for she had turned to face her companion between Sam's booth and the next and she was fighting mad. He heard her say: "I'm really pretty tired of your excuses, Sherman. At least, invent some new ones."

Sherman said roughly, "For Pete's sake, Rachel, drop it, will you? I told you I couldn't help it!"

Rachel.

Inexorably she pointed out: "Three times you've kept me waiting this week. When you do arrive you've been drinking too much and that never helps your disposition."

He was heavily caustic. "You know I have to jump whenever June calls. She knows I want the divorce—"

"Do you?" quietly. "Is that why you so gaily dine in public with her? And hold hands? And quite conspicuously kiss her?" She had spoken as to an unruly child and now she turned and came to Sam's booth. Sam looked sharply and with dislike at Sherman, who stood apart, sardonic and unpleasant.

But when he looked down at her he forgot about Sherman in a poignant vision of his former life and the girls he had known, the cotillions and hunts and the beauty and music and laughter. . . . He looked down at her, seeing only clear green eyes and hair coppery in long waves.

"That's a quaint getup," she said, and smiled.

He opened his mouth to say, "The store doesn't encourage it, but I think I'm falling in love with a customer." What he said was, inanely, "Yes, isn't it?"

"I see you have a forward-seat saddle there. I've never used one."

Sherman came up then, his voice very sure. "Just a fad, Rachel," he coolly declared, but she stared back at him and said flatly: "Have *you* ever tried one?" He looked quickly at her, surprised that she should question him. "I don't need to. I know."

SAM was reflecting that Sherman had the sort of jaw that would feel good against a fist, when Rachel spoke to him: "Mr. French is a little prejudiced, but I'm interested. What do you think of them?"

"Oh, Rachel," Sherman cut in, annoyed. "What do you expect him to know about it? After all, he's only a—"

Rachel interrupted him. "Try not to be such a bore, Sherman. I wasn't talking to you. . . . Please excuse him," she asked of Sam. It had just the wrong effect on Sherman, who retorted too loudly, "I don't think it's necessary to apologize for me to a—"

"A *what?*" Sam demanded. Rachel clutched Sherman's arm, but he answered clearly, "A pretty model."

Rachel let go and stepped back. Her face was flushed. "I don't think I could bear you this week end, so please don't come out."

He swung on her. "You're acting like June now!"

"You've said enough."

Sam let out a long breath. He didn't mean to say it, but it slipped out: "Atta girl!"

Fiercely Sherman said, "Shut up, you!"

Mr. Plummer was beaming his way toward them from across the floor; he was hip-weaving and side-stepping like a broken-field runner. Quietly Sam suggested: "I think you should take your unfortunate disposition somewhere else. You're making this young lady conspicuous."

"One more remark from you and I'll be forced to clip you!"

"Help yourself," Sam offered, but Rachel's face was white with anger, her voice slow and almost inaudible as she said: "I won't stand for this—Sherman, how *dare* you!" Abruptly Sherman turned and was gone in the crowd as Mr. Plummer came up and deferentially bowed, an all-encompassing smile on his long pink face.

Rachel was frankly staring at Sam, holding his eyes. Then the wrinkle in her forehead slowly gave way to a smile that trembled about her mouth.

"Mr. Plummer," she turned, "we're having a Gay 'Nineties hunt this week end. I'd like a couple of these forward-seat saddles sent out. It would be a good time to try them. . . . Can he ride? Well, I mean?" She looked back at Sam, irresolutely pausing.

"Well enough," Sam said.

"All right, then," she smiled with relief at Mr. Plummer, "will you send him out with the saddles? I'm short a guest anyway. Father will pay his expenses."

"Wait a minute! What is this?"

Mr. Plummer was equally baffled. "You mean you want to—ah—"

IMPATIENTLY she said, "I'm perfectly willing to pay whatever it costs. I want to hire him—or *buy* him—or whatever I have to do. I need another man, a presentable one who can ride as well as sit at dinner."

Sam's immediate impulse was to protest this casual barter of his person, but the manager suavely assured her: "I'm sure that you and your father will find Ablewhite & Finch always eager to cooperate," and escorted her off like visiting royalty. Sam relaxed. "This," he reflected in pleasant anticipation, "is likely to be the most unusual eager cooperation you've ever purchased, my high-handed Rachel!"

Twenty-four hours later it was Saturday evening and the station wagon had brought him from the train to a vast Georgian house in Westchester. With an eerie feeling of reversing the years, Sam walked down the long central hall behind the butler and footman who carried his four (provided by Mr. Plummer) pigskin cases, two of which were special traveling cases for the saddles, and the two smaller ones containing Sam's ratcatcher and evening clothes. The butler tapped gently on the library door. A short, rotund man with a mild weather-beaten face looked out in inquiry.

"Mr. Borden? Your daughter arranged for me to come out this week end—"

"Come in, come in. That's just fine." His eyes fell on the four large traveling cases. "Ah, how long? The week end, did you say? I mean—ah, what was it? Oh, yes, that's fine. Just fine. Glad to have you. Come in and have a drink."

The little man mixed two stiff ones in the library and said without preamble: "Not one of these married fellows, are you?" At Sam's smiling negative he went ambiguously: "Ah, fine, fine. Can't be too careful. Girls have no discrimination these days. A father never knows. . . . Never saw you before. I mean, like your looks. Rachel should've brought you 'round before this."

Sam liked him at once. He wanted to get it all straight right now. "Mr. Borden, my name's Sam Marbury. I'm working at Ablewhite & Finch and your daughter hired me to demonstrate some saddles." Mr. Borden looked interested and Sam took a deep breath and went

(Continued on page 80)

The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

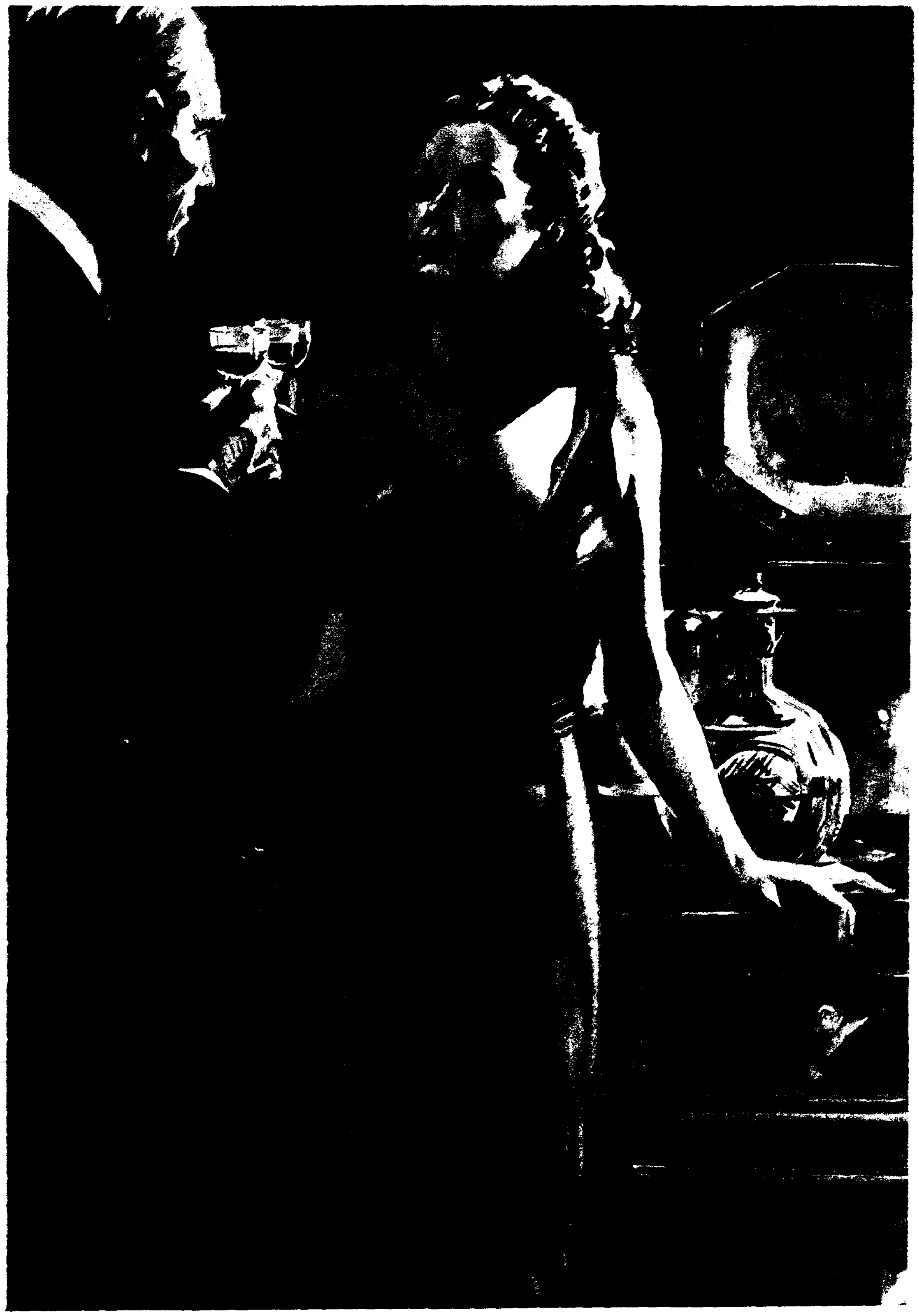
THE peace of Europe is in a precarious state. War seems a matter of hours, of days at best. London swarms with spies, and sinister rumors spread on every hand. Secretary of Foreign Affairs Malcolm Dunkerley reports to the Prime Minister that peace negotiations with two great foreign powers are breaking down, that these powers want colonies, open markets and concessions—and will fight for them.

Standing in the breach, holding the key to the situation in his hand, is Admiral Guy Cheshire, secret head of the British Intelligence Section for the navy. Co-operating closely with Admiral Cheshire in his counterespionage activity is General Lord Robert Mallinson. The admiral is shocked to discover that his trusted aide, Captain Geoffrey Rawson, has been flagrantly involved in an alien plot and that Commander Ronald Hincks is implicated. Rawson commits suicide. Hincks, more fool than traitor, is placed on probation.

Learning from Hincks that the Henry Copeland to whom Rawson has been transmitting naval plans and specifications is in reality a man named Florestan, Cheshire discovers further that duplicates of the documents were sent to Sabine, Princess Pelucchi, beautiful young Italian wife of his good friend, Henry D. Prestley, the powerful American banker. Cheshire confronts Sabine with his knowledge of her guilty secret and forces her promise to continue sending papers to her former country, but he will now provide falsified plans and specifications. However, when Countess Elida, Sabine's lovely young sister, appeals to Cheshire to let her take her beloved sister's place in the dangerous intrigue, he allows himself to be persuaded.

Prestley discloses that he has been approached by an emissary of a foreign power for an immediate loan of staggering proportions. The American financier has refused consideration of such a proposal from a government obviously preparing for war. Cheshire casually reminds Prestley that Sabine and the emissary in question are compatriots. Prestley is left uneasy.

In the meantime, the mysterious Horace Florestan sits at dinner with his family in the West Kensington district of London. The telephone rings and he goes to answer it. When dinner is almost over, his family discover the dining-room door is locked, that Florestan and the car are gone. His wife tells the police that Florestan works for a shipping firm, has no enemies, expected no call. "I was just wondering why he locked the door on his way to the telephone," the inspector remarks.



"Shall we drink to his safe return?" she asked. "Naturally," Cheshire said

IV

ADMIRAL CHESHIRE was fortunately an early riser and he was already breakfasting when an important visitor arrived.

"Sir Herbert Melville, sir," Greyes, his excellent and devoted servant, announced.

"Show him in, of course."

The valet opened the door a little wider. The deputy commissioner entered. Greyes departed, closing the door behind him.

"Something up?" Cheshire asked, rising to his feet.

The deputy commissioner nodded. He drew off his overcoat and threw it over a chair.

"I don't know whether you will want to come into this, Cheshire," he said. "It isn't strictly in your department but it might lead anywhere. I have come straight to you because I know you are interested in the man. You asked me if I had his dossier."

"Right. Go ahead," Cheshire invited.

"The man's name is Florestan."

Cheshire whistled softly.

"I should say I am interested in him," he muttered. "Have a cup of coffee while you talk?"

Melville shook his head.

"Not for the moment. I was up at six o'clock and had some breakfast of a sort. I may take a cup of coffee later. I want to get this off my chest. Early this morning they rang me up from the Yard. It seems that at about midnight a car was discovered, with the engine still running, drawn up close to the curb opposite the entrance to St. George's Hospital. A solitary passenger was in the seat next the driver's but there was no sign of the driver. The passenger was apparently a dying man. He had been shot through the chest. He was carried into the hospital. Everything was done for him that was possible. He is lying now between life and death. They didn't ring me up at the moment. Suddenly one of the doctors recognized him. Do you know who he is? Meldicott."

"Not Meldicott the motor man?" Cheshire exclaimed. "Not Sir Theodore Meldicott?"

"It is he all right."

"I sincerely hope they keep him alive," Cheshire said. "He is doing more than any other man breathing to put us in good shape. He has the contract for the whole of our tanks and all the bombers he can turn out. Been living at the works—his own foreman. If this is true, it is bad news."

"I WAS afraid you would find it so," the deputy commissioner said gravely.

"And Florestan—where does Florestan come in?"

"I was coming to that," Melville went on. "The police examined the car and found false number plates. There was one underneath, beaten nearly out of shape, but they traced it. There is a false name on the registration card but the original number was the registration number of Horace Florestan."

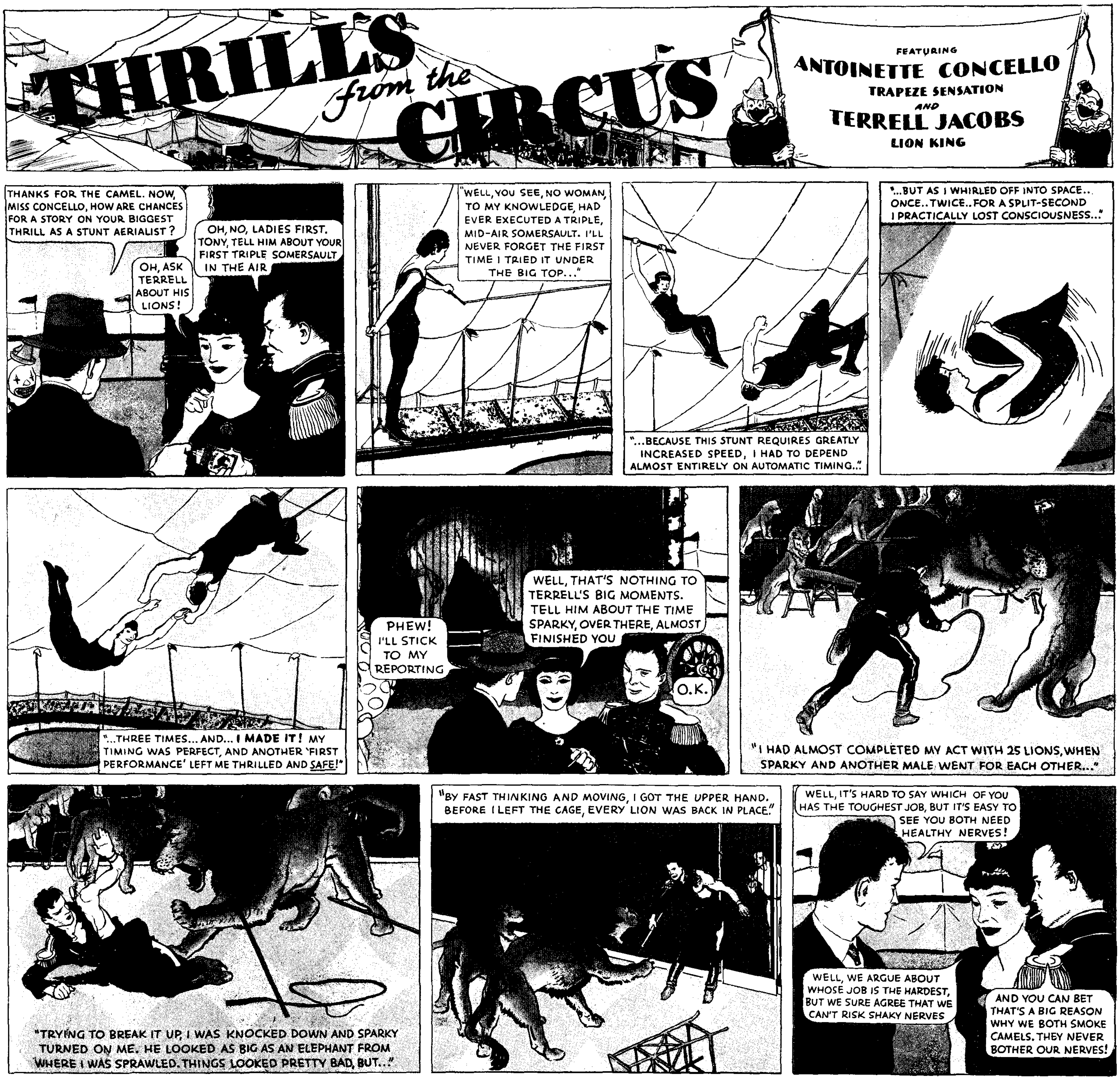
"I'm glad you let me into this," Cheshire declared. "I want that man, Melville."

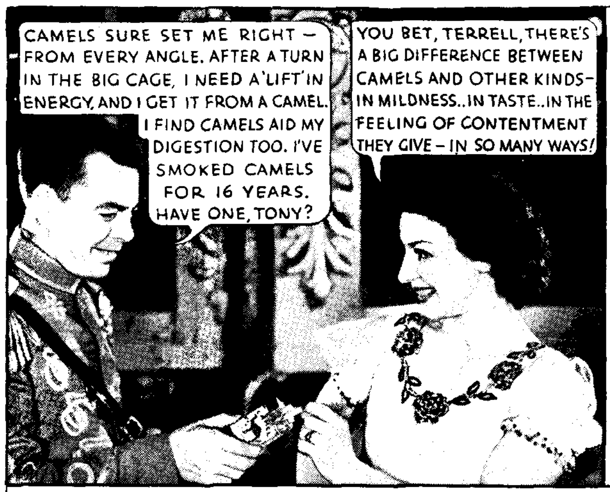
"Well, you have a chance of getting him."

"Anything been done?"

"Nothing outside the ordinary procedure," the deputy commissioner replied. "It's rather puzzling. Mrs. Florestan rang up herself about her husband's disappearance and the car having been stolen from the garage. Of course, he took it himself. It seems that he lives in a small house in Colville Terrace, West Kensington. He was rung up while the family were at supper, left the room to answer the summons and never returned. When they went to look for him he had gone, the car had gone

(Continued on page 46)


THRILLS from the CIRCUS
FEATURING ANTOINETTE CONCELLO TRAPEZE SENSATION AND TERRELL JACOBS LION KING
THANKS FOR THE CAMEL. NOW, MISS CONCELLO, HOW ARE CHANCES FOR A STORY ON YOUR BIGGEST THRILL AS A STUNT AERIALIST?
OH, ASK TERRELL ABOUT HIS LIONS!
OH, NO, LADIES FIRST. TONY, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR FIRST TRIPLE SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR
"WELL, YOU SEE, NO WOMAN, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, HAD EVER EXECUTED A TRIPLE, MID-AIR SOMERSAULT. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I TRIED IT UNDER THE BIG TOP..."
"...BECAUSE THIS STUNT REQUIRES GREATLY INCREASED SPEED, I HAD TO DEPEND ALMOST ENTIRELY ON AUTOMATIC TIMING.."
"...BUT AS I WHIRLED OFF INTO SPACE.. ONCE..TWICE..FOR A SPLIT-SECOND I PRACTICALLY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS..."
"..THREE TIMES... AND... I MADE IT! MY TIMING WAS PERFECT, AND ANOTHER 'FIRST PERFORMANCE' LEFT ME THRILLED AND SAFE!"
PHEW! I'LL STICK TO MY REPORTING
WELL, THAT'S NOTHING TO TERRELL'S BIG MOMENTS. TELL HIM ABOUT THE TIME SPARKY, OVER THERE, ALMOST FINISHED YOU
O.K.
"I HAD ALMOST COMPLETED MY ACT WITH 25 LIONS, WHEN SPARKY AND ANOTHER MALE WENT FOR EACH OTHER..."
"TRYING TO BREAK IT UP, I WAS KNOCKED DOWN AND SPARKY TURNED ON ME. HE LOOKED AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT FROM WHERE I WAS SPRAWLED. THINGS LOOKED PRETTY BAD, BUT..."
"BY FAST THINKING AND MOVING, I GOT THE UPPER HAND. BEFORE I LEFT THE CAGE, EVERY LION WAS BACK IN PLACE."
WELL, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHICH OF YOU HAS THE TOUGHEST JOB, BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU BOTH NEED HEALTHY NERVES!
WELL, WE ARGUE ABOUT WHOSE JOB IS THE HARDEST, BUT WE SURE AGREE THAT WE CAN'T RISK SHAKY NERVES
AND YOU CAN BET THAT'S A BIG REASON WHY WE BOTH SMOKE CAMELS. THEY NEVER BOTHER OUR NERVES!


CAMELS SURE SET ME RIGHT — FROM EVERY ANGLE. AFTER A TURN IN THE BIG CAGE, I NEED A 'LIFT' IN ENERGY, AND I GET IT FROM A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS AID MY DIGESTION TOO. I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 16 YEARS. HAVE ONE, TONY?
YOU BET, TERRELL, THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CAMELS AND OTHER KINDS—IN MILDNESS..IN TASTE..IN THE FEELING OF CONTENTMENT THEY GIVE — IN SO MANY WAYS!

"WE KNOW TOBACCO BECAUSE WE GROW IT — WE SMOKE CAMELS BECAUSE WE KNOW TOBACCO" — TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

You have to *know* tobacco to raise the fine grades planter Joe Brewer grows every crop. He says: "Last year my best lots went to Camel. I smoke Camels. Most planters I know do. They know the finer tobaccos that go into Camels."

Calvin Wiggins, experienced planter, specializing in raising quality tobaccos, says: "The best of my last crop was taken by Camel. They paid top prices. Most growers smoke Camels — we know they're made of costlier tobaccos."

"For a better cigarette, I always say smoke finer tobaccos," says Lee Mason, who grows the finer grades he speaks of — he's grown them for years. "I've seen the choicer tobaccos go to Camel many times. That's why I smoke Camels."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

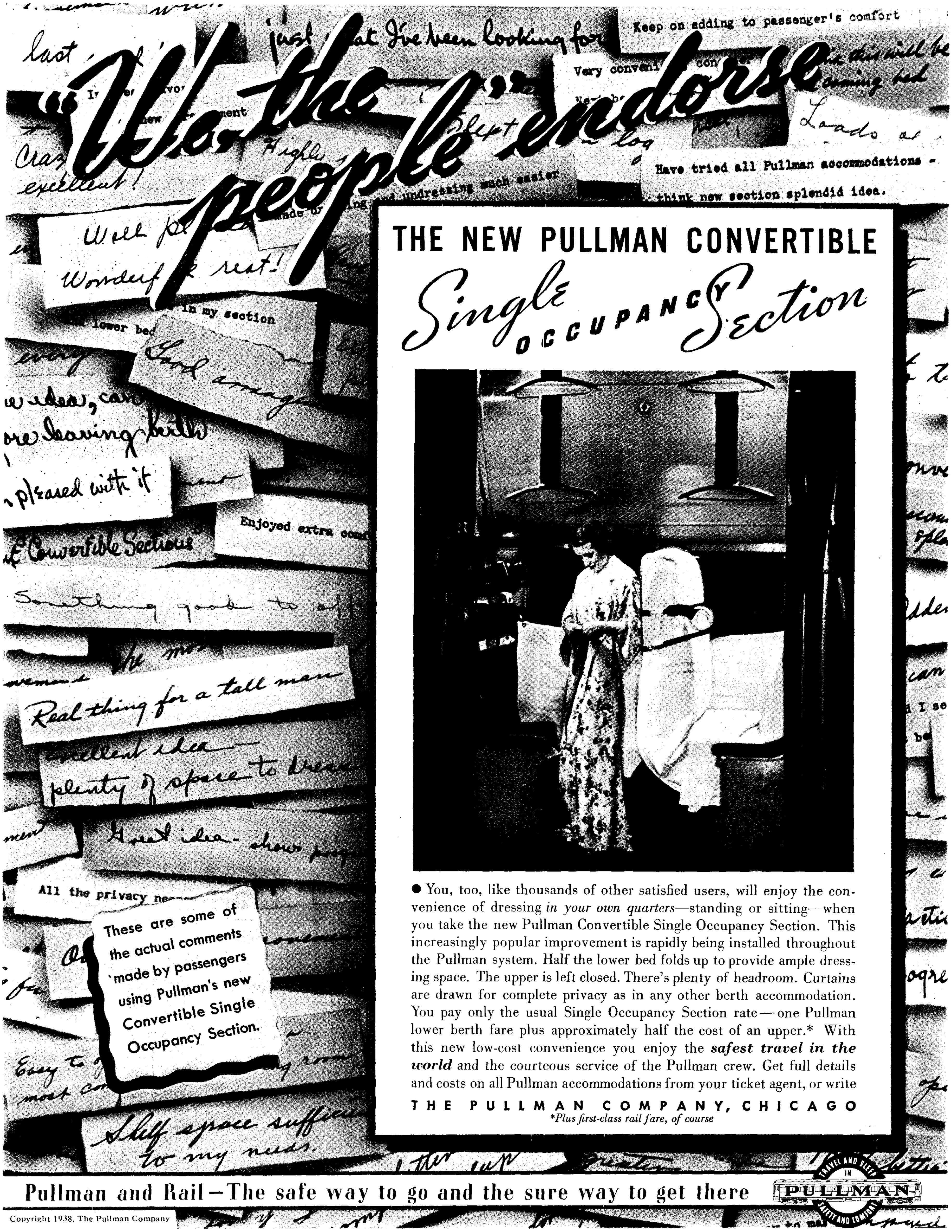
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF **FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE** TOBACCOS—TURKISH & DOMESTIC
(SIGNED) R.J.REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

One Smoker tells another..."**CAMELS AGREE WITH ME**"



"We, the people" endorse

Keep on adding to passenger's comfort

just what I've been looking for

Very conveni

Have tried all Pullman accommodations - think new section splendid idea.

undressing much easier

excellent!

Wonderful rest!

in my section

Good arrange

pleased with it

Convertible Sections

Enjoyed extra com

Something good to off

Real thing for a tall man

excellent idea — plenty of space to dress

Great idea - show prog

All the privacy ne

Shelf space sufficient to my needs.

These are some of the actual comments made by passengers using Pullman's new Convertible Single Occupancy Section.

THE NEW PULLMAN CONVERTIBLE

Single Occupancy Section

● You, too, like thousands of other satisfied users, will enjoy the convenience of dressing *in your own quarters*—standing or sitting—when you take the new Pullman Convertible Single Occupancy Section. This increasingly popular improvement is rapidly being installed throughout the Pullman system. Half the lower bed folds up to provide ample dressing space. The upper is left closed. There's plenty of headroom. Curtains are drawn for complete privacy as in any other berth accommodation. You pay only the usual Single Occupancy Section rate — one Pullman lower berth fare plus approximately half the cost of an upper.* With this new low-cost convenience you enjoy the ***safest travel in the world*** and the courteous service of the Pullman crew. Get full details and costs on all Pullman accommodations from your ticket agent, or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Plus first-class rail fare, of course

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1938, The Pullman Company

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO AARONS

Mr. John of John-Frederics demonstrating the minute hair-braid bandeau which he advises in the cause of keeping hats on and hair up. He will also tuck under the edge of your hat a few extra curls, to make sure hat meets hair gracefully

It's All Up

By Ruth Carson

THE season for hat trouble is here again, and the battle cries are on—it's up . . . it's down . . . back on your head . . . plunk over your eye . . . you can't do that . . . anything goes . . . crazier and crazier. The populace is having its jokes, and husbands their gibes. But that doesn't daunt the girls. What makes them back off and skirmish around is what the new hats are expecting of their hair.

The fact is, against predictions of what women would never, never do, against convenience, against gravity, hair has been gradually heading upward. Now suddenly, this fall, it looks messy to see a lot of hair cluttering the neckline. Always was, of course, but now we're driven to admitting it, for small hats, pitched forward, require something trimmer. They need a high coiffure. But don't be alarmed. There are all degrees of up.

"It's that clean look at the side that's the important thing," says Sally Victor, explosive and popular New York milliner who gets fighting mad at all the to-do about sprightly new styles and the timid souls who think they can't wear this and wouldn't do that. "You don't even have to show your ears if you're so modest. Just brush your hair back smooth and get all that goulash off your neck.

"Of course no one is going to play golf with her hair in an elaborate evening coiffure. That would look mighty silly. But she'd look mighty smart with her hair done up neat and trim in a snood, like this." And she demonstrated her own hair-do, smooth from the face, and caught into a mesh at the back: a neat, workmanlike job that somehow was very fresh and appealing.

It's Up to You—and Your Mirror

So get out your mirror and your comb and do a little experimenting before you say die. Maybe that very young and very easy arrangement of drawing the front hair up from the ears and the face into a smooth pompadour, anchored with combs, and letting the back hair hang straight, ending in soft curls or a roll à la Ginger Rogers, will be the thing for you. Or maybe a version of the still-popular angel roll. Some women are having their back hair cut quite short and swirled or done in little baby curls, and with a few curls or a push of the wave they give a lift to the front of the fixings. The Duchess of Windsor is simply brushing her shining, loosely waved hair up from her ears and backward, instead of down and back.

A stack of unmanageable hair on the top of your head is not the idea, though if you are one of those lucky girls with a lovely hairline and a queenly head you can very well go all the way up with your locks. It's up to you and your mirror what you do with your hair. And there's every reason why you should do it half a dozen different ways for half a dozen different times. But keep it under control—no more flying, bushy-at-the-end locks but a trim arrangement that makes a complete picture with your hat.

That it's a picture worth striving for, the audience at a recent New York fashion show seemed to think. They stopped the show not with applause for the very applause-worthy clothes but with questions about the hats and hair. How do you keep those hats on? (Perched over one eye, assorted relatives of that diminutive storm-in-a-hatbox, the size of a doll's hat, sprung on us a few months ago.) How is the hair done? How do you keep it smooth? How do you keep it up?

Well, the milliners have all the answers. John of John-Frederics, those two original young men who have be-

Male, but-

Don Herold Says:

He drives 300 yards, but uses MUM

There's nothing lah-de-dah or dahlia in the instinct to be pleasant about one's personal aura.

Some of the sockingest men in America now use Mum to be sure they don't wig-wag to the world those perspiration short-waves they work up by masculine exertion in sports, dancing, etc.

They are athletes to the core, but they don't want to give off athletic fumes.

And men who carry a wallop in the business world see no need to assert their prowess as great perspirers.

The days are gone when men felt they had to smell like a bear rug in order to be considered he-men.

Hundreds of thousands of two-fisted fellows now use Mum to nail the good effects of their morning baths or after-recreation showers. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe-linings fresh.)

"I seldom send for samples, but this time I shall"

Mum is a pleasant cream which definitely stops underarm perspiration odor for a full day or evening. It is harmless to clothes, soothing to the skin and does not stop perspiration.

Perhaps you're timid. Maybe you're too bashful to ask your druggist for a jar today. All right, *sneak* your first date with Mum. Send your name on the margin of this page for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers, Dept. M-98, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!

BUT JIMMIE—*TELL* MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU *DO* SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?

WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH —*SO I TOLD HIM!*

MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LARGE SIZE 20¢

GIANT SIZE 35¢

OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

decked some of the smartest heads in New York and Hollywood, dangles a tiny braid of hair before your startled eyes. "Hair is definitely up," he intones, in that slightly bored, slightly amused voice with which he tells off the ladies, to their delight. "And hats are built accordingly. We suggest this," with a flip of the braid: "an inconspicuous bandeau, matching your own hair, of course, that hooks on at either side to hold your hat on and your hair up." And he slips a hair net into your hand to indicate further what's expected of you in the way of neatness.

He will also conjure scarves from almost any shape hat, cross them softly in the back and tie them at your throat, completely covering and protecting your choicest curls. Hat bandeaux hook attractively at the side so that they can be adjusted without turning a hair.

Now with the new hats anchored firmly, let's take a closer look at them. What's the difference between a funny hat that makes people turn to look and grin and a becoming hat that makes people turn to look and admire? That's up to you, the milliners say in chorus. If a hat doesn't do something good for you, you shouldn't get it.

You're the Doctor

"It's stupid to say all hats must be little, all hats are big or crowns are so and so," splutters Sally Victor. "Women look different and they've got to wear different kinds of hats. Some women can't wear those cockeyed little hats. But I say the women who can are lucky, they look so all-fired cute. I say get the thing that is best on you. Look, is this crazy?"

She plunked a felt confection on my head, one of the important race of small hats that started the hat-and-hair furor. Cocked over one eye, its conical crown and small rolling brim balanced with a flange of felt that extended over the top of the head, it was pert and—well, not so very crazy. "Of course you've got to fix your hair," she hastened to say, pushing mine into place. Funny or fascinating, it's up to you.

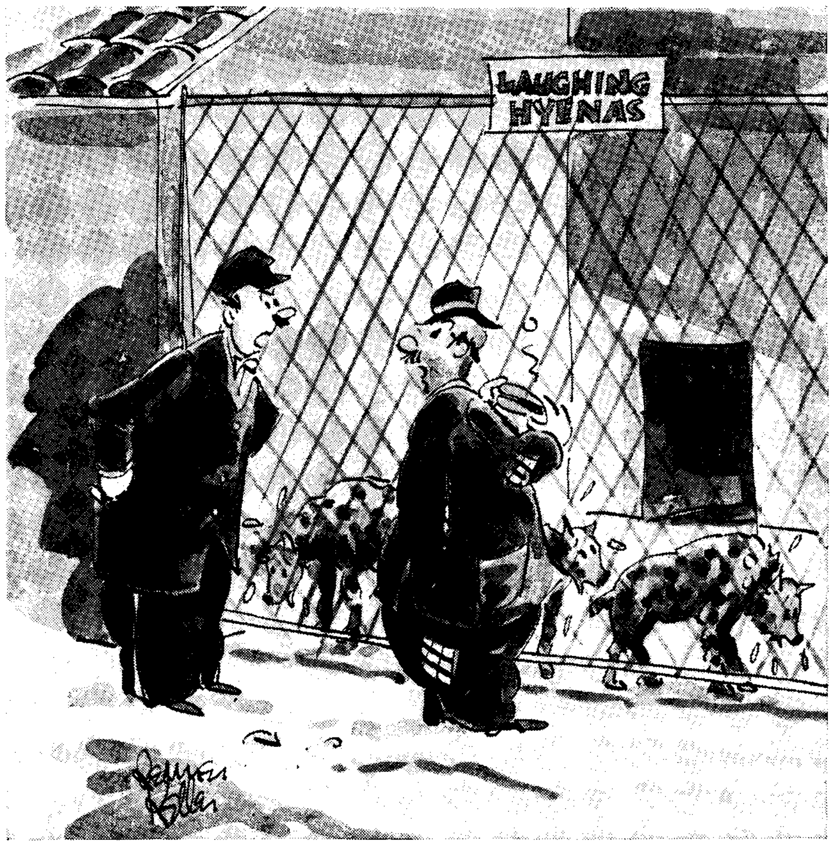
Your old favorite, the beret, is going strong. Some of them dip low on one side, rise high on the other to expose your lovely new coiffure. Some of them plunge forward in the manner of the Watteau, giving you that coy look. These fit the head firmly in the back and may even be adjustable in depth. Some of them slap onto the back of your head, young and contrary.

Best news of the season is the shot in the arm the sports hat has received. No need to be monotonous in the old tailored brown felt, the kind everyone you know has worn for years. You can be just as practical and a sight more to look at in a swagger velour with a Robin Hood—or a François Villon, if you prefer—dash to it, the high crown punched in here and the brim sweeping back there. Instead of having it in the good old brown, try the blue of the teal's wing, to pick up a fleck of the blue in your tweeds; and get some dashing gauntlets to match. You'll be surprised what these will do for a black outfit, too, giving it a lift the old black hat and beige doeskins never could.

That's what every hat in your wardrobe should do, of course: give a definite dash and finish to a costume. And now with color so much in the picture they should be at it with a whoop. Try such a daring combination as fuchsia, cerise, chartreuse and purple, twisted around your head and blossoming into a velvet chou over one eye; wear it with a smoky purple dress, almost black, and listen to the compliments roll in. Put deep olive green with red—nothing Christmasy about that. And use stone blues with green and red. Colors are deep, smoky and rich this year, full of possibilities. Go to it.

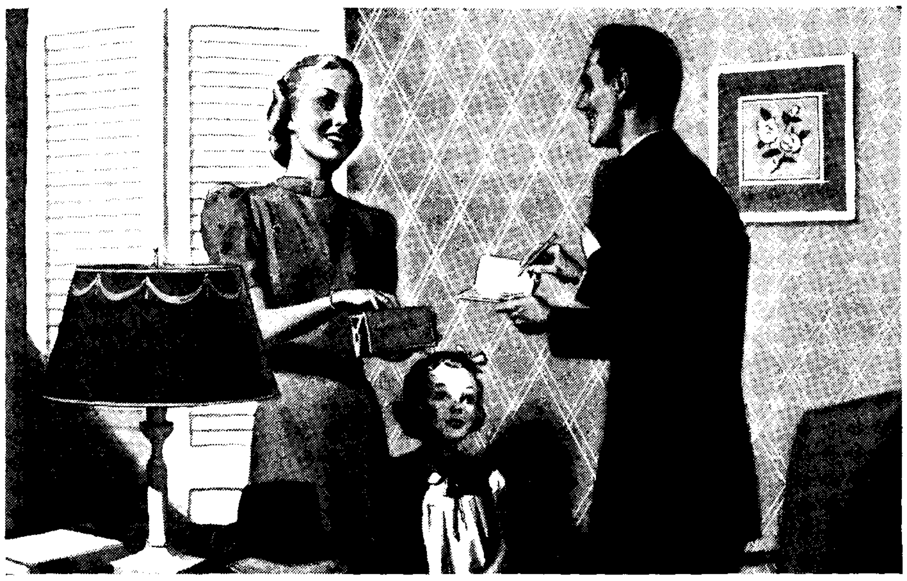
Turbans are particularly apt at providing these spots of color, and are to be had in every becoming shape, with emphasis on the height so indigenous to the season.

For luxury at a price, get a little disk of fur, perhaps silver fox with a pink bird or a stiff pink bow nestling in it, to wear with a slick and otherwise furless costume. Or wear a tiny hat all of feathers. For sheer glamor of a late afternoon, there is the sweeping profile brim of rich velvet. . . . The hats have everything. Select them well and wear them well—and remember the hair.

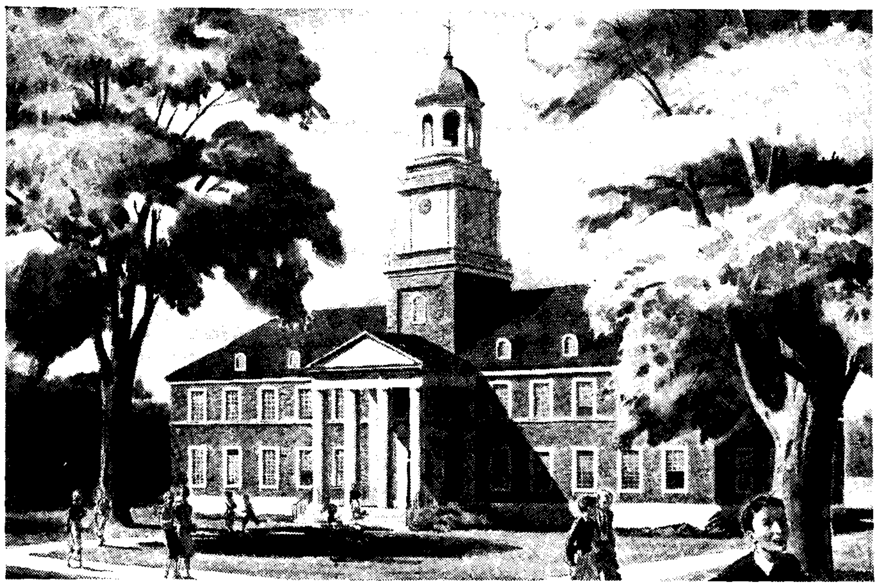


"Please eat that onion sandwich someplace else!" REAMER KELLER

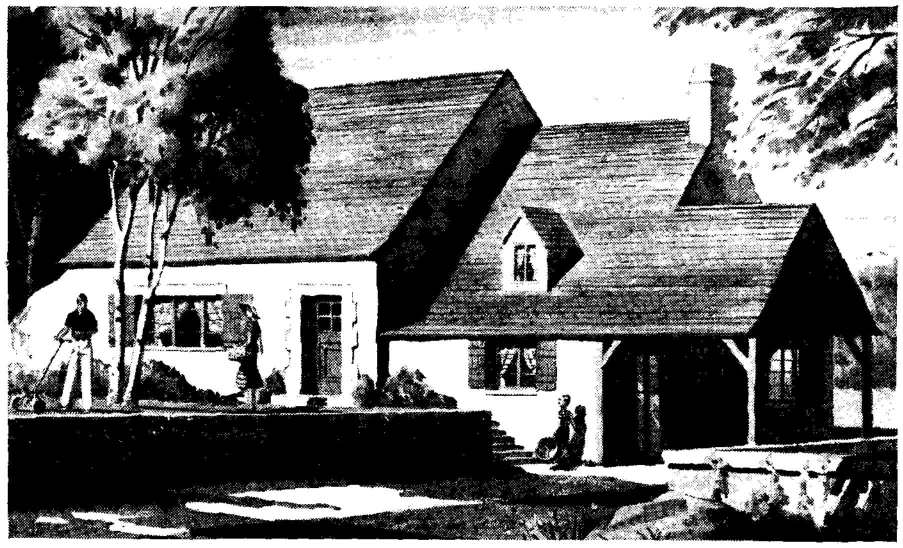
How your life insurance money comes home to boost!



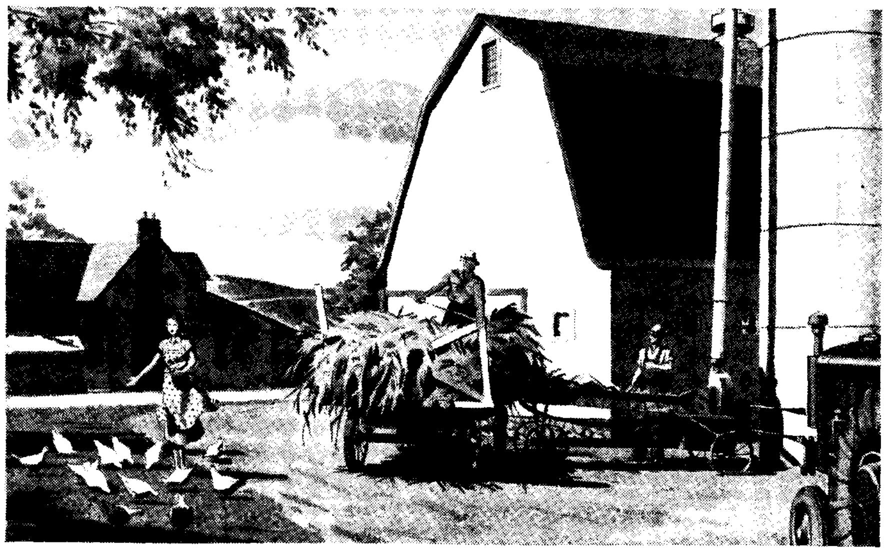
1. Perhaps you've sometimes wondered what happens to the money you pay as life insurance premiums. Is it locked in a vault for safekeeping? No. The money not required for current claims and expenses is put to work. It is carefully invested in first mortgages on real estate and securities paying a fixed rate of income, where the borrowers who are responsible to the insurance company for the payment of interest and the repayment of principal also manage and control the enterprise.



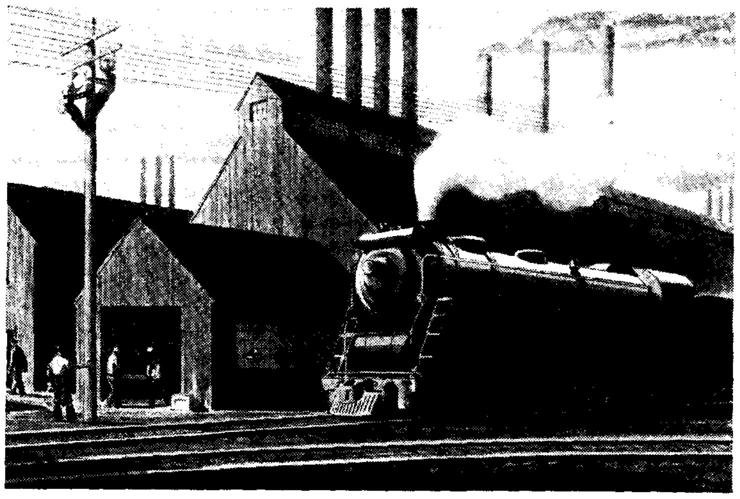
2. For instance, millions of dollars, held by Metropolitan for the benefit of its 29 million policyholders, are invested in Federal, state, county, and municipal bonds. You've seen *these* dollars come home to *boost* your community—in new roads, bridges, schools for your children, and a multitude of other public improvements.



3. Metropolitan has invested other millions of dollars in city real estate first mortgages. The chances are that right in your own community there are homes, stores, and office buildings that life insurance dollars helped to build... money that comes home to make your community a better place in which to live.



4. Still other life insurance dollars are sent out to work on farms—are invested in farm mortgages. Spread through the farming sections of many states, these dollars help farmers produce better crops, protect fertility of land, get needed equipment, and keep buildings in proper repair.



5. Life insurance dollars also have been busily at work in transportation, utility, and industrial bonds—helping to keep factories humming and men in jobs, helping to bring goods to you, and to move what you and your neighbors had to sell to other markets.

THIS, in part, is the story of what happens to the dollars your life insurance company holds for the benefit of its policyholders. These dollars are kept constantly employed, earning *more* dollars—and thus helping to pay the cost of your life insurance.

But your life insurance company's first responsibility is to *safeguard* these dollars. For eventually, when the need arises, the dollars contracted for in your policy must be paid to you—you, or your loved ones.

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This is Number 5 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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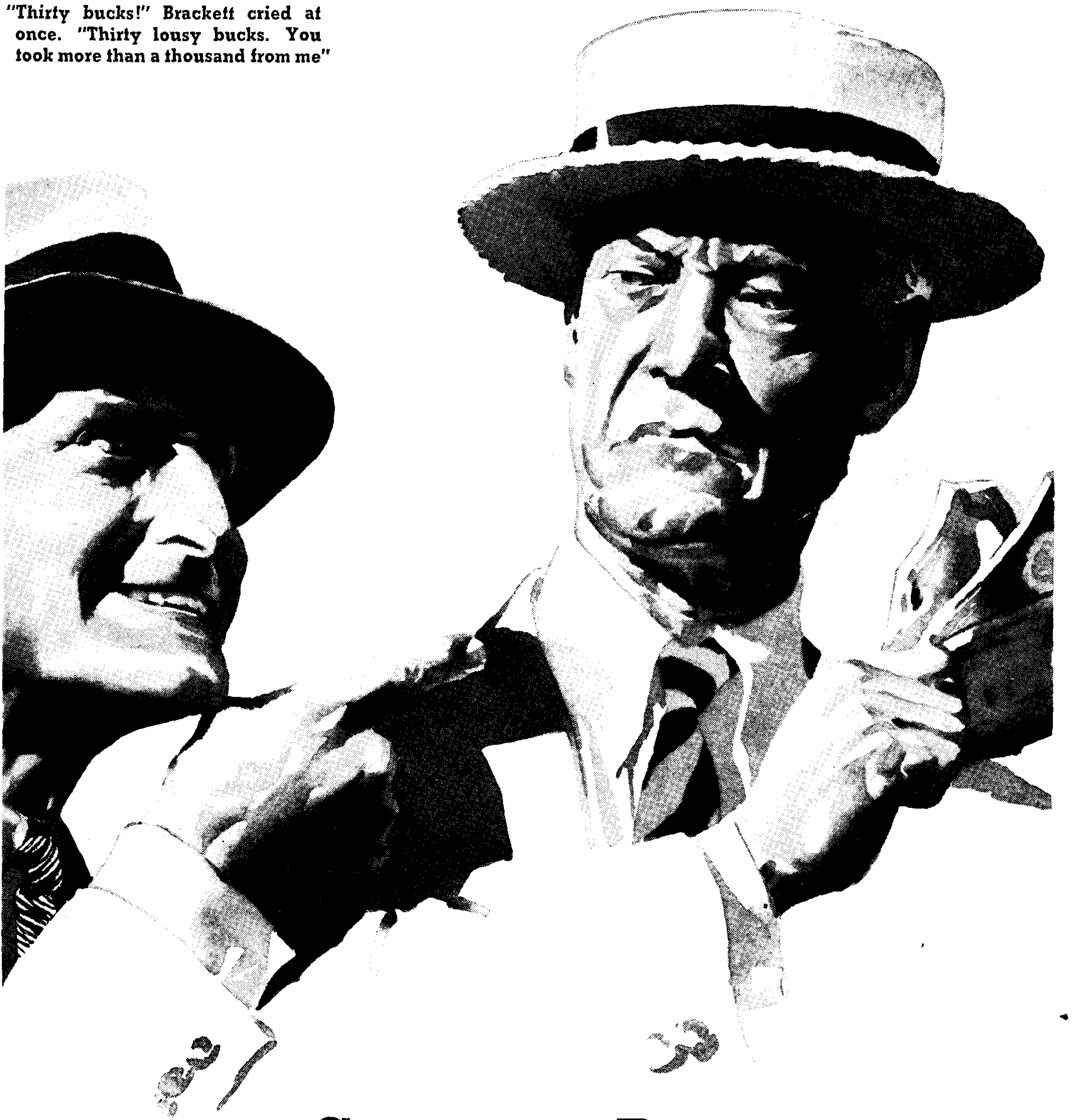
"Thirty bucks!" Brackett cried at once. "Thirty lousy bucks. You took more than a thousand from me"



Getaway Day

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Sentimentality is not a part of a bookie's trade, but everyone has a soft heart on some occasions

THE rain that Friday afternoon kept the crowds away from Empire City and only a few hundred men drifted around in the gambling shed. Pete Marlowe sat idly on the high stool at his stand and watched them go by. The sponge he used for a board eraser was in his hand but he let the boy John alongside of him handle whatever betting came his way.

Many of the faces Marlowe saw today were familiar to him, for these betters were the regular, day-after-day standbys whose only trade was the horses. They traveled from track to track with the season, in rain or shine, completely wrapped up in the grubby, nervous business of gambling. But Marlowe knew there came a time—as they grew old or tired—when their zest for the track suddenly became meaningless, and then they were without family or home or friends.

Seeing them go by and thinking of them, Marlowe was conscious of the warm comfort it brought him ever since John had come to work for him some months ago. Unwilling, somehow, to identify himself with the gamblers and their loneliness, the old man refused to acknowledge, even to himself, how much he needed the boy. He always told himself that he wasn't growing younger with the years, that he simply wanted to have a boy like John ready to take his place at the stand. But it was not a matter of business. He liked the boy, liked to think of him as someone near, and all he wanted now was to make sure he stayed.

The old man was stretching his legs when John turned to him.

"He wants five hundred on Shoemaker," the boy said.

Marlowe roused himself from his thoughts and saw Brackett standing in front of them. "Well, if he's putting up cash, take it," he said, not understanding. "That's what we're here for."

"Yes, I know," John said, but he kept the bills in his hand. He faced the gambler again.

"Listen," he said, "you sure you want all this on the nose?"

"All to win," Brackett said. He had barely begun his cigarette but now dropped it to the floor, taking a long time to stamp it out.

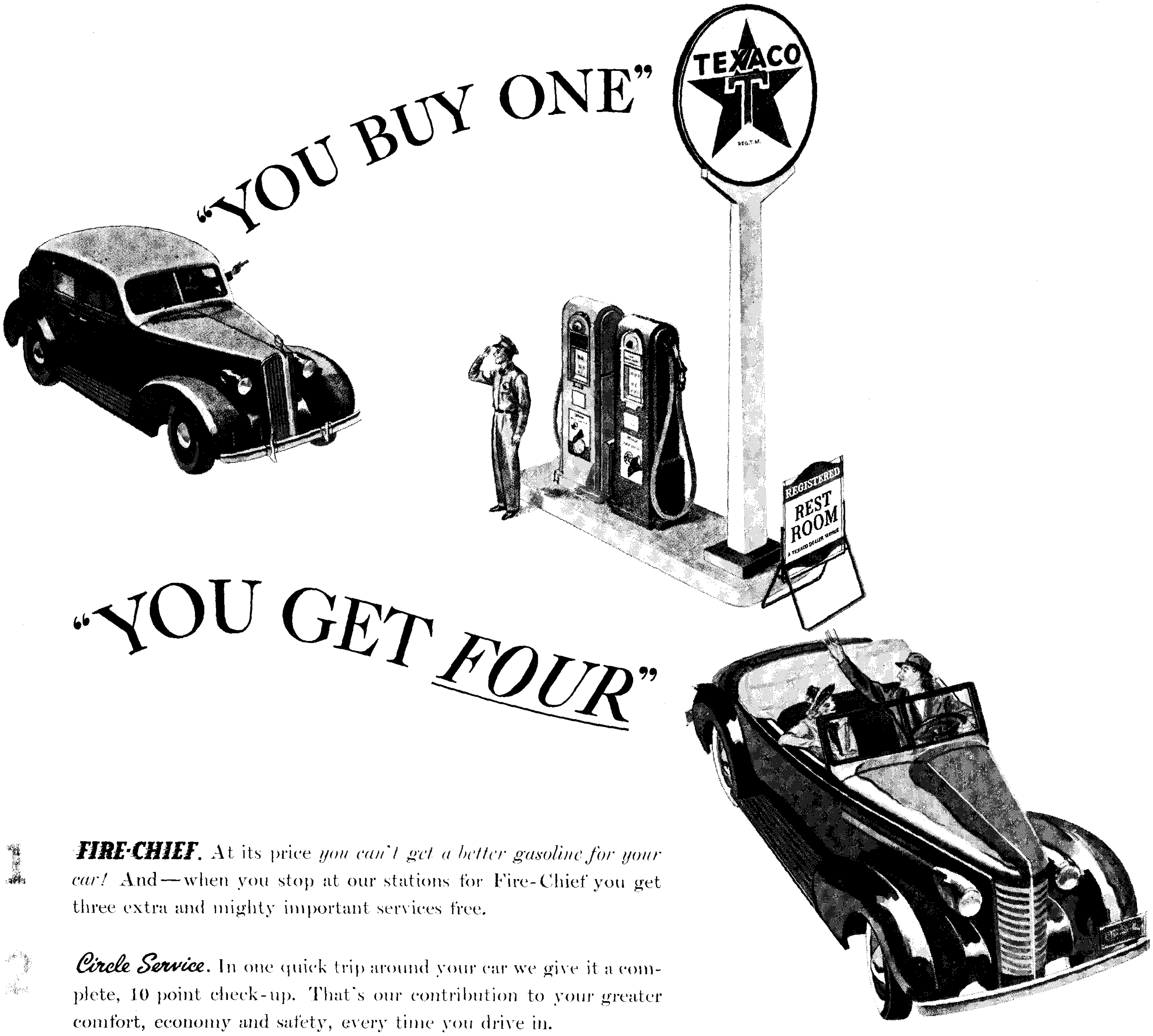
"WHAT'S the matter?" Marlowe asked the boy. "I don't get it."

"That's a lot of money," John said. "I don't like to see them laying five-hundred-dollar bets. Not when they can't afford to lose heavy money."

"Baloney!" Brackett snapped.

Marlowe paused a moment, his eyes on the gambler. The man was ugly to see, shifty and pinched up with worry. The sight of him somehow made Marlowe feel ashamed and apologetic before John. Eager to get rid of him, he looked at the slate to check the odds on Shoemaker and then called out the bet over his shoulder so that Lampson, working behind him, could enter it on the big sheet. "All right," he told Brackett. "Now beat it."

As the gambler left the stand, the



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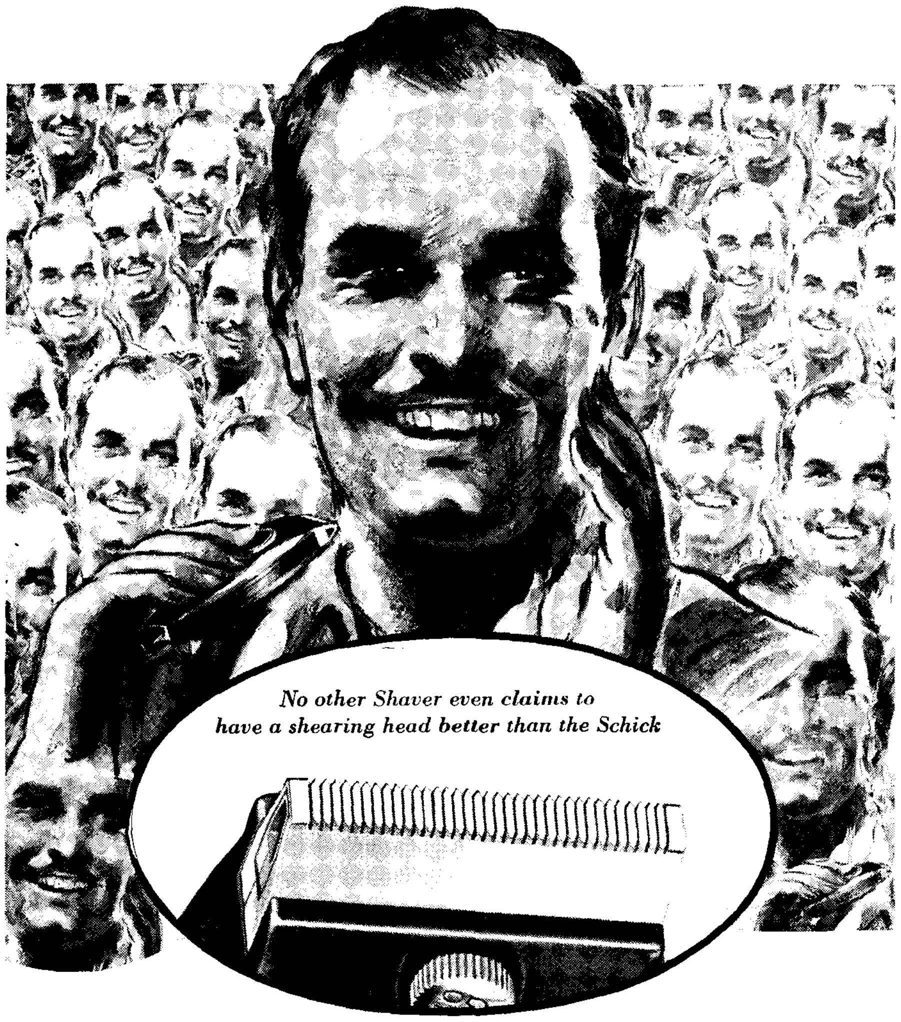

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SCHICK SHAVER

horn croaked through the shed to indicate that the horses outside in the drizzle had reached the barrier. The gamblers surged away to the lawns, where they could watch the race, and the shed was left empty except for the bookmakers and their assistants.

"What was wrong?" Marlowe asked finally. "I mean with Brackett?"

"He doesn't own five hundred dollars," John blurted out. "That wasn't his own money he's betting with. You know that."

Outside, Marlowe could hear the cheering heighten as the horses came down the stretch to the finish. He coughed uneasily.

"If we didn't take his bet," he said softly, "there's always another bookie who would, isn't there?"

John wasn't listening. The racket outside had abruptly fallen away and he was looking down to the end of the shed where the results were posted. The man finally appeared on his little balcony and dropped the boards into place, showing the numbers of the first four horses as they finished.

"Shoemaker didn't win," John said. "That guy Brackett is in one hell of a jam now, all right."

"Forget it," Marlowe called. "You can't worry about everything. Go get yourself a beer and stop thinking about it. It's not your concern."

AFTER the last race John accompanied Marlowe to the armored car where the day's cash was deposited. He had little to say, but when they went into the paddock they saw Brackett on the stairs leading down from the grandstands. The gambler was sitting on the bottom step, all hunched up with his legs crossed, his hands working nervously on his lips. John stopped and walked up to him.

"Go home, Brackett," he said. "What are you hanging around here for?"

"No use going home," the gambler said. He kept his eyes fixed blankly before him and spoke in a toneless voice. "That five hundred wasn't mine. It didn't belong to me. It was collection money, the five hundred, and more besides."

"What collection money?"

"On slot machines. I made the collections and didn't turn the dough over to the big guys in the racket."

The boy looked down at him, unhappy with guilt and helpless.

"Well, you can't stay here all night," he said weakly.

"Makes no difference where I stay," Brackett said. "The minute those gorillas find out I'm holding out on the collections, they'll be after me; one place is just as good as the other."

THERE was nothing John could say to him but he lingered there uncertainly. Marlowe stood watching, a distance away from them.

"Come on, John," he called. "Let's get a cab. We got to catch that train."

The boy finally turned away and they went down to the street together.

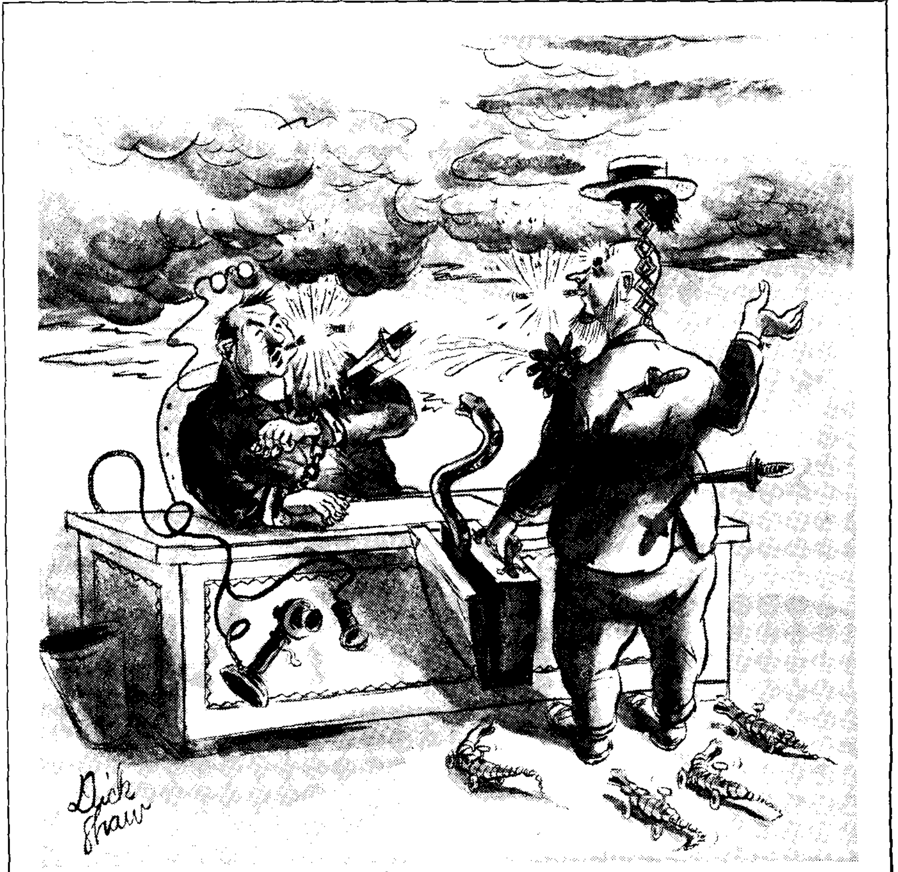
"You don't have to believe everything you hear," Marlowe said, trying to sound casual. "His story isn't necessarily true, you know. He's just working on your sympathies for a handout."

He tried to pass Brackett off easily, to talk the boy out of his slump, and he spoke with a breeziness that he hoped didn't sound too artificial.

John had barely heard him. "Sometimes this racket comes up my throat," he said. "After a day like this I feel lousy and low. The gambling—"

He stopped and became quiet. Marlowe glanced swiftly at him and decided to say nothing more. They rode silently in the cab to the station and took their places in the train among the other men who sat dry-mouthed and tired after the day's wins and losses. Marlowe relaxed in the straw-covered seat, smoking his cigar as he watched the slanting lines of rain hit the windowpane and split into blurred streaks. If he dropped the subject, he thought, if he stopped talking, the feeling would pass and the boy would get over it. It took time for a youngster like John to grow matter-of-fact over the gamblers and what their luck did to them. It took time until you grew used to the rough side of the track, so that when you saw it you didn't notice it and didn't bother over it.

The next day Marlowe waited at Grand Central, studying the morning line on the day's card, but John failed to appear on time for the ride out to the



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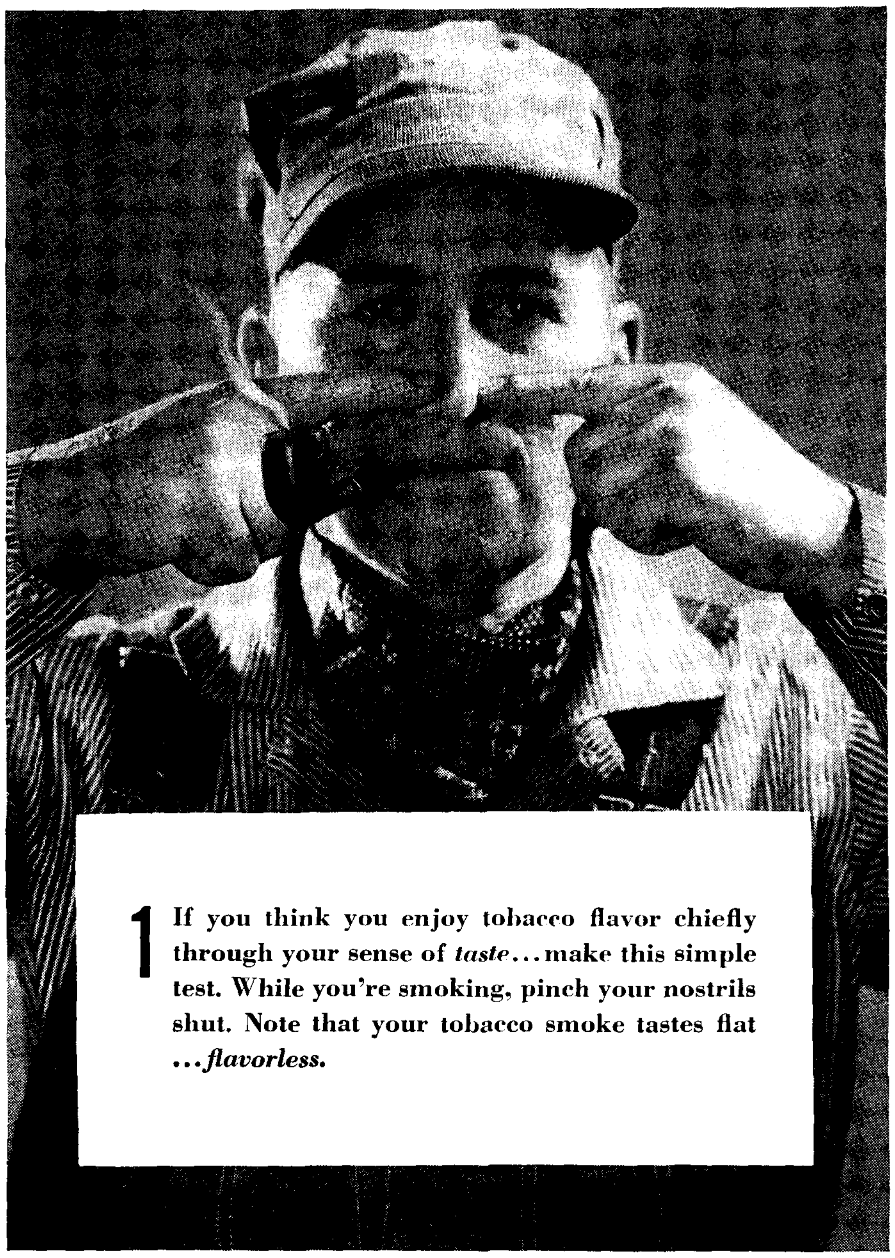

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track. The old man let the one-o'clock train go and finally had to make the trip out alone.

When he reached the track, though, he was glad that John wasn't with him. Brackett was waiting at the path in the paddock and came hurrying up as soon as he spied him, glaring angrily through bloodshot eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" Marlowe asked impatiently. "What are you moping over me for?"

BRACKETT kept staring a moment longer before answering, his face twisted with bitterness. "Give me a stake," he demanded. "I got a stake coming out of you."

"I didn't tell you to bet, Brackett. I didn't send for you in the first place."

"I got to get hold of some dough before tonight. If I can't make good on that money, it's goodby for me."

"That's your hard luck, not mine," Marlowe said. "Don't come running to me. You got no mortgage on me."

Brackett broke, cursing the old man in a jerky, vicious stream. The saliva bubbled at his mouth as he hopped in fury. Some of the early crowd stopped to watch but they didn't bother Marlowe so much as the ugly sight of the gambler before him.

"Shut up," he snapped, filled with disgust. "Shut up."

The gambler broke off abruptly, waiting as he saw the bookmaker put his hand into his pocket. Still trembling with excitement, Brackett looked over to see how much money he was getting. Marlowe took out three tens.

"Thirty bucks!" Brackett cried at once. "Thirty lousy bucks! You took more than a thousand from me."

"I'm not giving it to you," Marlowe said. "If you want it, it's only on condition you stay away from my place all day. I don't want you moping around me."

"Thirty bucks," the gambler went on. "Sure, I'll run it up into a million. It's the age of miracles."

He pulled the money out of Marlowe's hand and, still muttering savagely to himself, hurried away toward the scratch board, his mind already working on the day's chances.

Lampson was already at work when the old man reached the stand, ruling columns for the win, place and show bets. He looked up.

"Isn't the kid with you?" he asked.

"No," Marlowe said.

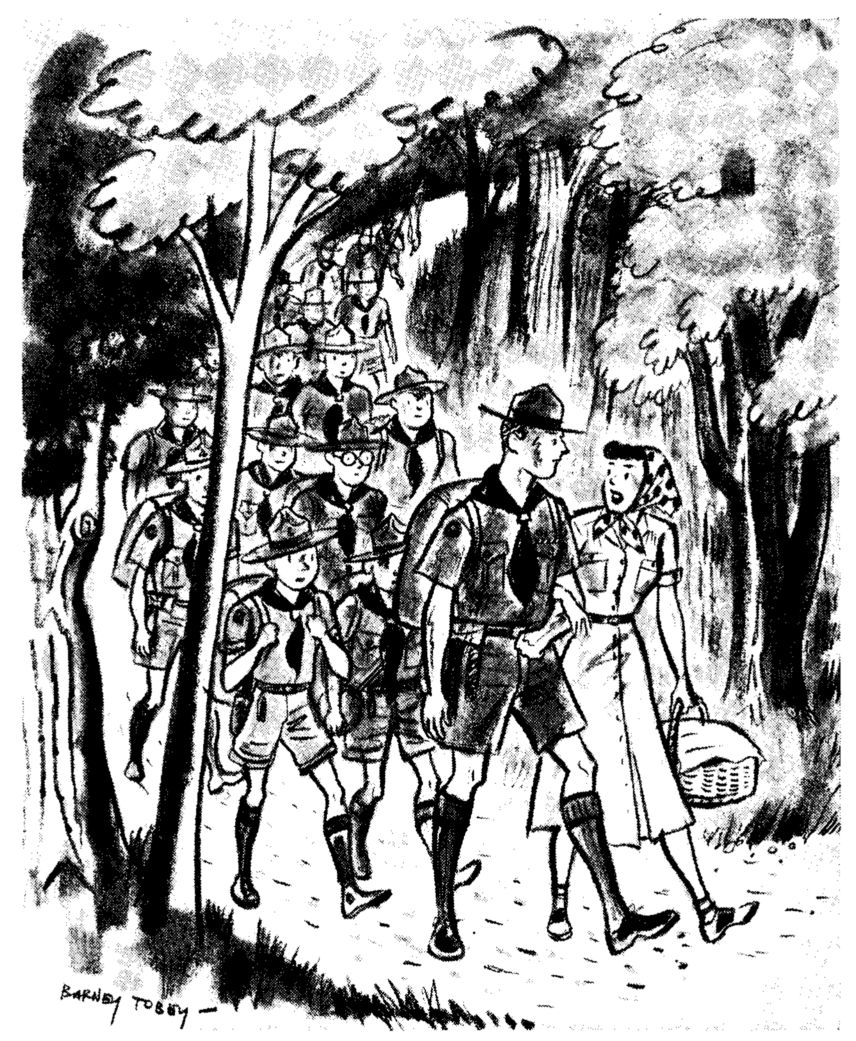
"Well, why don't he show up? What's holding him up?" Then he stopped, seeing the cheerless look on the old man's face, and went back to work on the book, keeping his head down.

Marlowe perched upon the stool. The betting didn't open until a half hour before the first race and there was nothing for him to do until the handicapper, whom he used to set up the day's odds, sent out his runner with the list of prices. The crowds came early because it was getaway day and they were eager to have their last chance at the racing in New York until the horses came back in September. . . .

A LITTLE before two o'clock John came and took his place alongside of Marlowe. The old man felt the restraint with which he said hello but ignored it, thinking it would pass with the day's work.

Then the runner came up with the prices, calling them off rapidly while Marlowe chalked them on the board. The betters swerved away from the stream in the center of the shed, grouping themselves around the bookie stands as the odds went up on the slates. They were eager to get their bets down and took no time to shop. When the bell finally rang and all the bets were in, Marlowe sighed with relief.

Lampson straightened up from the



"You didn't say anything about them over the phone"

BARNEY TOBEY

book. "Looks like a big day, all right," he called enthusiastically.

"You bet," the old man said.

"Sucker's play," John said.

"What's the matter with you?" Lampson grumbled. "What's biting you?"

"They're throwing their money away," the boy said. "They don't know what they're betting on. It's a getaway-day crowd."

Lampson started checking the figures on his sheet. "That kid thinks he's got to be everybody's father and mother," he muttered. "What's griping him all the time?"

"All right," Marlowe said. "Let it go."

He began fussing with the board, getting it ready for the next race. The crowd's roar had already died away and on the balcony the man was slipping the winning boards into their slots. Marlowe wiped the slate clean but when he picked up the cards with the horses' names for the second race, he saw Brackett coming down to the stand. The gambler had blown the whole thirty dollars on the first race and was now back for more. Marlowe swore softly. Hearing him, John looked up.

"I told you to stay away, Brackett," Marlowe called to him, angry and uncomfortable.

"I don't care what you told me," the gambler shot back. He planted himself before them, driven by fear into fierce resolution. "Those guys are laying for me already. I saw them. I got to make good on that money and I don't care how I get it."

LAMPSON came up from the sheet, indignant. "Come on, beat it!" he cried. "What the hell do you think this is? A philanthropic institution?"

"I'm not going," Brackett said to the old man, ignoring Lampson. "I got to raise that money."

"Come on, scram!" Lampson broke out. "Beat it or I'll slap you all over the place."

"Listen, Marlowe," John said quietly. "He's in a jam. He stole that money. You knew it at the time."

Brackett went silent as he heard the boy intercede for him, but Lampson sputtered with amazement. "Am I going nuts?" he exclaimed. "What is this? Are we working here for the fun of it?"

"You know those slot-machine guys he's in with," John continued to the old man. "They'll beat him up for the money. They'll send him to the hospital when they get through with him."

"I don't have to know anything about it," Marlowe said. "That's got nothing to do with me."

Lampson, completely bewildered, kept on saying, "Holy smoke! Holy smoke!" Trembling, Brackett forced himself to shut up and wait. The boy kept looking at Marlowe, beseeching, until the old man flinched under his eyes and finally took a ten-dollar bill from the thick wad he held in his hand. He gave it to the gambler.

"Now get out of here," he said. "I don't want to see your face again."

Brackett held the money for a moment. Then he crumpled it up in his fist and threw it contemptuously at Marlowe so that it fell into his lap.

"I don't want no lousy ten bucks," he said. "I can't use small change. I want you to take my bets on credit. You can give me trust until I roll up some dough."

"This guy's crazy!" Lampson gasped. "He's gone out of his right senses!"

MARLOWE picked up the bill and slowly straightened it out. Because of John, he had wanted to get rid of Brackett quietly and with no fuss but now he realized it was impossible. He knew how he would seem to the boy, as though he were another of those cigar-smoking, leather-skinned gamblers, professionally hard and unfeeling, but he could not help himself.

"All right, Brackett," he said, cold and disheartened under the boy's eyes, "beat it. You smell up the place."

"Nuts," the gambler said. "You're going to take my bets on credit."

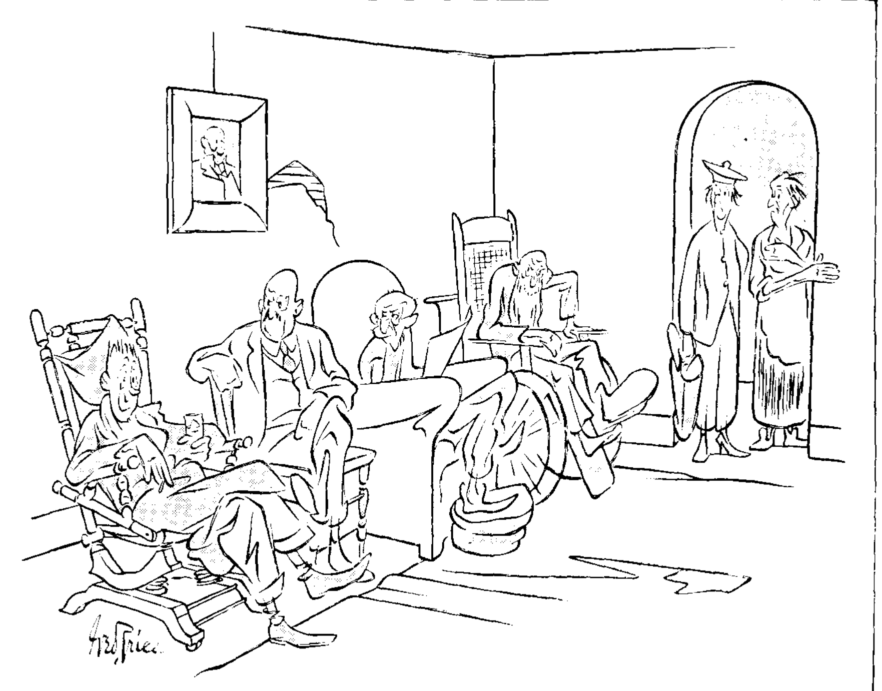
Without another word, Marlowe stepped heavily off the platform and went up to him pushing him away. He jabbed him roughly in the shoulder, sending him backward with every jab. John and Lampson had come forward with him. The boy looked wretched but Marlowe didn't stop.

Brackett kept stumbling backward until his heel caught in a crack in the pavement and he tripped. He lay on the floor for a while and when he finally rose, the strength had all gone out of him. He looked futilely at Marlowe and then turned away. He didn't have spirit enough to brush the dirt off his clothes.

The three men stood there silently, watching him as he left.

"I guess I got all I want of it," John said, his voice low. "I better get out, Marlowe. I'm quitting."

The old man, having expected it,



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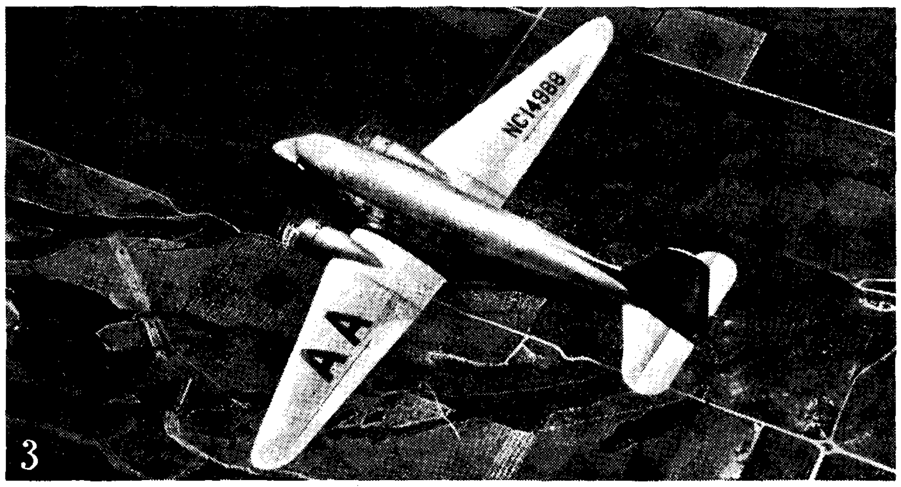

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heard him without changing expression but Lampson stepped forward and touched the boy's elbow.

"Hey, kid," he said, "you can't do that. Hell, he likes you. He takes a fatherly interest, you might say. You should appreciate it."

"I know," John said, "but it's no future for me. I'm getting out."

The shed was growing full of men again. At the stand the runner was waiting with the odds for the next race. Marlowe walked slowly back to his place at the slate and calmly chalked up the prices as the runner read them off. John followed and sat down alongside of him to finish out the day, but the old man did not look at him.

The crowd swirled all afternoon through the shed. The play was heavy and there would be a large profit at the end of the day but Marlowe took no relish in the thought of money. Even as he worked at top speed he couldn't stop remembering all the time that this was the last day, that the boy was leaving him.

The old man told himself he was tired and that it was ridiculous for him to grow sentimental about the boy, but the feeling of distress persisted with him like an oppressive cloud.

After the sixth race, the betting dwindled and Marlowe slipped to his feet, stiff after having been on the high chair all afternoon.

"You can handle the rest by yourself," he called to John. "I'm going for a drink."

He walked away without looking back. At the bar he slumped into a chair and leaned over his elbows to rest his shoulders. The bartender came up with the beer, cheery with the excitement of the day and the prospect of Saratoga.

"Must've been a record, Mr. Marlowe," he said proudly.

"What?" the old man asked.

"The attendance, I mean. What a crowd."

Marlowe turned aside, not answering him.

"What have you got a grouch on for?" the bartender murmured resentfully. "You must've cleaned up plenty today."

He walked away and left Marlowe alone at the counter. The head on his beer flattened to a thin layer but Marlowe let the glass stand.

Some minutes later the runner who delivered the handicapper's odds came into the bar, looking for the bookmaker. He went up to Marlowe and had to touch him on the shoulder before the old man knew he was there.

"Lampson sent me," the runner said. "He wants you back at the stand."

"What's the matter?" Marlowe asked.

"It's Brackett. He told them he saw you. He told them you said it was okay to let him bet on credit. Lampson wouldn't believe him. He wouldn't take the bet."

"Well," Marlowe asked, "what are you bothering me for?"

"Well, John put up an argument. He told Lampson he believed it. So when Lampson started to kick, the kid said he'd take the bet on his own responsibility if you didn't say it was okay. He took the bet, so Lampson wants you to come."

Marlowe had risen to his feet. Cursing, he shook himself from his torpor and started to rush back to the stand. But after the first steps, he suddenly stopped. He walked back to the bar, all anger vanishing from his face as he reflected. The runner looked at him in wonder.

"Come here," Marlowe told him. "Listen, how much did John give him credit on?"

"Five hundred," the runner said. "I don't understand this. You didn't tell Brackett anything, did you?"

"Never mind that. What's he betting on?"

"The favorite," the runner said. "Infantry, seven to five."

"John said he'd take the bet on his own responsibility? He'll cover it?"

"Yes, he said it," the runner answered. "Brackett raised a holler and the kid fell for it. He gave in. Listen, aren't you going back? This race is going to be over pretty soon."

Marlowe calmly sat down and called to the bartender for a fresh beer. The runner kept staring at him, puzzled to see that he actually appeared pleased.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Those horses out there are coming up to the gate. What are you waiting here for? I don't understand this at all."

"You don't have to understand anything," Marlowe said. "You just forget about the whole thing, see? Don't go back to Lampson, either. I'll handle it."

"Okay! It's whatever you want," the runner said. "Only don't say later I didn't tell you." He shook his head and went off.

Marlowe took the wrapper off his cigar and fiddled with it. His gloom had lifted. The boy didn't have the money to cover any bet. If they paid seven hundred dollars to Brackett, the only way John could make good for the money would be to work it out of his weekly wages.

While the bartender placed the beer before him, the bell jangled away in the gambling shed.

"They're off," the bartender said happily to himself. "Last race. Last day. Goodby, New York."

"We'll be back," Marlowe said, speaking up now. "We'll all be back in the fall."

The bartender raised his eyebrows at the change in the old man. Then he went up to the passageway near by that led to the lawns, and stood on his toes to see the race. Marlowe kept his eyes on the bartender, waiting for the results. In all his years of bookmaking he hadn't seen a dozen races and wouldn't go up to see this one either.

The bartender clucked to himself with the excitement of the race. Outside, as always at the finish, the cheering rose sharply for a moment or two, and then dropped away abruptly. Marlowe knew the race was over but didn't move from his chair. The bartender came back to the counter and began picking up glasses to close up the place.

"That's all there is," he sang to himself as he worked, "there is no more."

"Who won?" Marlowe asked.

The man looked up. "The favorite," he said. "Infantry."

Marlowe finished his drink slowly, satisfied. That meant Brackett had won seven hundred dollars and it meant that John had a seven-hundred-dollar debt to work off. Marlowe rose and tossed a quarter on the counter. The boy would be with him when they opened Monday at Saratoga. He couldn't get away now.

Marlowe took his time getting back to the stand. The pay-offs had been over for some time now so that few betters remained in the shed. Half the bookmakers had already gone for good and those left were hurrying to clean up their business for the removal to Saratoga. Working dispiritedly in the gloom of the empty barn, the track help was shoving bookie platforms and stools in packed order against the walls where they would stay until the fall.

Marlowe could see Lampson and John waiting for him on their chairs, and as he came closer, he could see Brackett wheedling with them for his money. They didn't want to pay out until the bookmaker came back. The gambler kept looking over his shoulder nervously as he argued with them. Following his

"Spawn of the North"

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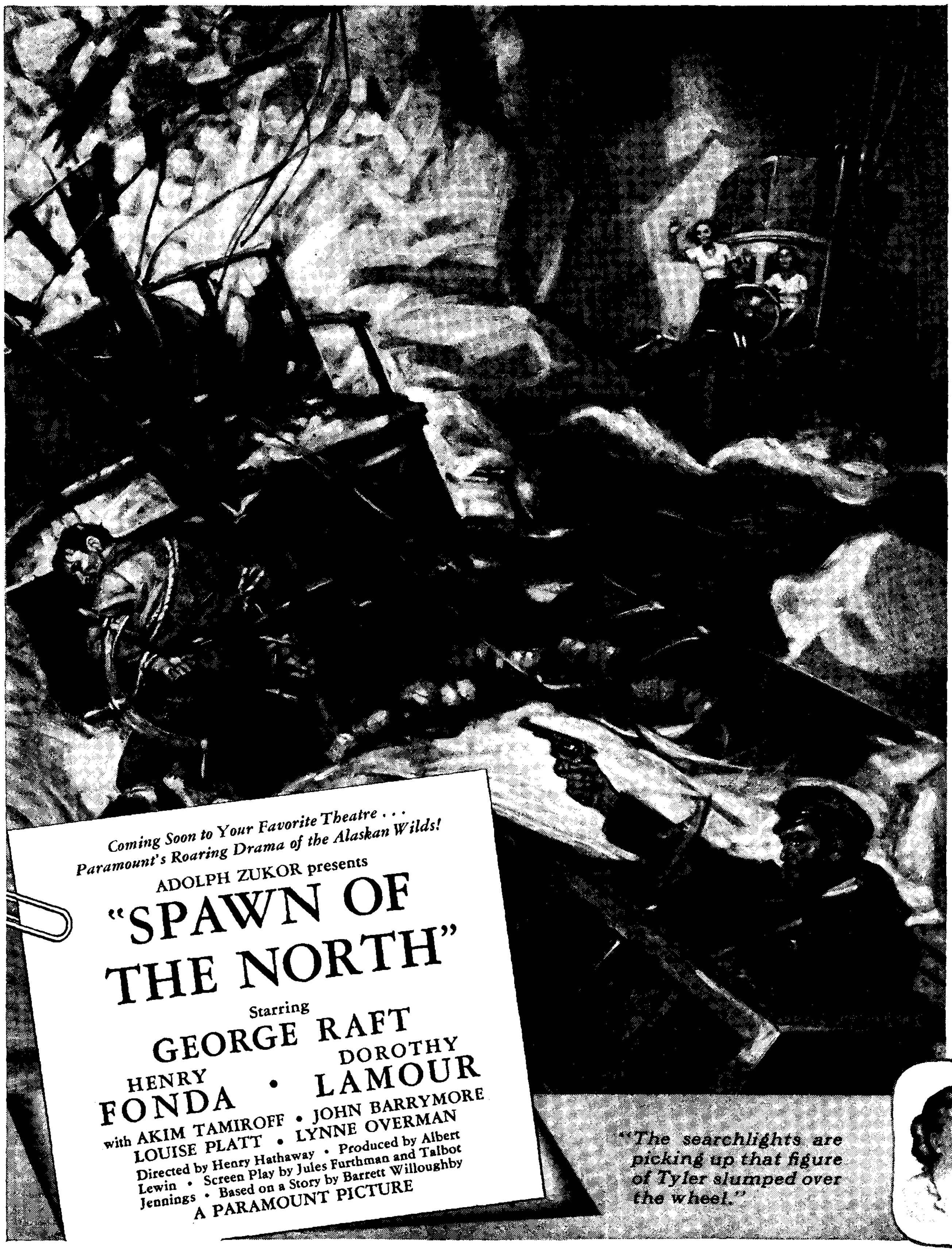
"GIVE HER MORE JUICE," says Nicky. I can hear the pumping of her heart as she stands there with me beside the wheel. I know I've given the "Golden Hind" everything she'll take. I know as well as I know anything, as well as I'll ever know anything, that we aren't going to catch Red Skain's boat . . . not in a million years. And there's the figure of Tyler Dawson, slumped over the wheel of Red Skain's boat and Red Skain's boat driving with all she's got in her toward the berg.

"He's crazy," says Nicky. "We're all crazy." Her voice is low and moaning like the wind around the salmon traps at dawn. Sure we're crazy. Tyler Dawson is crazy, driving that old salmon boat against that berg. Jim Kemerlee, the man I love, Jim Kemerlee is crazy, starting all this in the first place because of his stupid, silly code of honor. Picking a fight to the death with Red Skain, the toughest pirate in all the Ketchewan, forcing Tyler, his best friend, into a spot like this. I know that every inch of black water we lose is one more mile of hatred in Nicky's heart for Jim and me.

The crack of that gun comes again. That's Red Skain. He's banging away at Tyler and Tyler's right where he can stop those bullets . . . and here we are helpless as a piece of driftwood in the tide.

"Oh," says Nicky. "I can't look . . . I can't look . . ." The searchlights are picking up that figure of Tyler slumped over the wheel. He's still driving her, still holding to his course, with enough lead in him to make a boat keel. Sure, he's strapped himself to the wheel. Can't somebody, can't something stop this—for his sake, for Nicky's sake . . . .

(Continued much more dramatically, we assure you, in Paramount's thrilling drama of the Alaskan frontier, "Spawn of the North.")



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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"The searchlights are picking up that figure of Tyler slumped over the wheel."

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KID WITH A FUTURE. The serious face you see at the left belongs to Donald O'Connor, selected after a nation-wide hunt by Bing Crosby and Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles for the new Paramount Picture, "Sing You Sinners," the laughable, lovable story of three brothers, Bing, Fred MacMurray, and young Donald, who learn owning a race horse can be quite a problem. Ellen Drew, another Ruggles find, is the feminine lead.

FRANCOIS VILLON . . . Whenever Hollywood decides to bring romance in the grand manner to the screen, you may be sure Ronald Colman will play the lead. So Mr. Colman it is whom you'll find in the famous role of Master Francois Villon, in "If I Were King," which Frank Lloyd, many times a winner of the Academy Award, is now producing and directing for Paramount.

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eyes, Marlowe could see two men standing at the wall. They were tall and heavy, bruisers, and now they waited for Brackett with cold-blooded, patient indifference.

As the old man approached, Brackett suddenly shut up and Lampson swung around to face him.

"Hey, Pete," he cried, "why didn't you show up? Didn't that runner find you?"

"What runner?" Marlowe asked evenly, and he saw the worried look deepen on John's face. "I was in the bar all the time. What's going on here?"

"See, I told you!" Lampson burst out at John. "The whole thing was a bull story from start to finish. That's what you get for being a greathearted guy!"

John ignored him and went up to the bookmaker.

"Didn't you tell Brackett it was okay to let him bet on credit?" he asked. "I thought it was on the level."

Marlowe hesitated, unable to answer the boy, but Brackett broke in immediately. "Sure! Sure! It was on the level!" he cried. "I don't care what he or anybody else says now. Come on and pay out. When I finally hit a winner for once, you start trying to welsh on me. You're not going to get away with it!"

The gambler whined and threatened desperately, jerking out the words. His face was shining with sweat, naked and obscene as it revealed the terrible fear in him. Marlowe looked behind him and saw the stolid jaws of the bruisers. They stood with their legs apart, their heavy hands hanging at their sides. There was no mercy in them.

"The way it happened," John was saying to the old man, faltering, "Brackett came up with these guys. They're laying for him. They'll keep after him if he can't deliver tonight and they'll break him up. You know these guys and what they can do."

"So what?" Lampson called. "Hell, what's that got to do with Pete?"

"He said he just came from you," the boy continued, talking to Marlowe. "I figured you must have seen them. That's why I believed it when he said you okayed the credit. You're not made of stone."

"Ah, what's it all about?" Lampson cried. "What's this baloney, made of stone? What's that got to do with it? That mutt pulled a fast one and you fell for it, that's all!"

Brackett had been waiting all this time but couldn't control himself any longer. He grabbed Marlowe by the coat lapels. "Pay out!" he screamed.

The old man knocked Brackett's hands off him.

"Pay off," he told John. "It's in the book. It's a bet. Pay off."

JOHN stared at the old man, bit his lip and finally began counting off the bills. As soon as he finished, the gambler pushed together the money and went running out of the shed with the bills clutched in his hand. He was too unnerved to know exactly what he was doing. After he had gone a distance, he suddenly stopped and took a few steps back in the direction of the two bruisers at the wall. Laughing stupidly, he put his thumb to his nose and began wagging his fingers crazily at them. Then he turned and went on running. The bruisers slowly followed after him.

Lampson took in the performance with disgust. "Look at him," he said. "He's overjoyed. He's hysterical with relief." He turned to John. "See?" he said savagely. "It just goes to show. He put it over you. You and your bushwah. We know something about human nature. We know it ain't filled with the milk of human kindness or something."

"All right," John said, "I was a sucker. I fell for it. I just thought . . ." He broke off uncertainly.

It hurt the old man to see the open earnest look on the boy's face. He was a kid. He didn't have the calloused wisdom of Lampson, of Marlowe himself, and he was at a complete loss in these surroundings. "Not made of stone," the boy had said. Marlowe had to smile wryly to himself. The boy wasn't built to overlook the crude, raw business of gambling, he couldn't casually accept the men like Brackett, the thugs and crooks who crowded the racing game; nor was it a matter of time and experience. He would never be able to grow hard, to lose conscience and become accustomed to these things. The boy was right. He didn't belong here.

"I haven't got seven hundred dollars," John was saying to him.

"It's all his own fault, Pete," Lampson called out. "I warned him but he wouldn't listen."

"If it's all the same to you," John went on, "I'll stick around and work the money out of my wages. It's the only way I can do it."

It was hopeless. Marlowe wanted the boy with him more than ever now but it was hopeless to make him stay. The old man slowly went to work, closing up.

"Wait a minute," he said conversationally, speaking over his shoulder. "Don't get excited. You don't owe me any seven hundred dollars."

"What?" John asked.

"I told Brackett it was okay."

Lampson swung around from his book. "I don't believe it," he said.

"Sure," Marlowe said, facing him. "The whole thing was strictly on the level." He spoke carefully to make sure Lampson understood. The assistant opened his mouth to protest further but stopped under the gaze of the old man.

John stood still, puzzled but smiling. "I don't get it," he said.

"Well, what is it?" Marlowe asked. "What's the matter?"

"I mean from the way it looked a few minutes ago, I didn't think you told Brackett anything of the kind."

"Oh, I told him," Marlowe said. "Listen, you want to beat it if you're going to catch that train to the city. We can close up without you."

"There's no hurry," the boy said, still unable to understand the swift change. "There's no rush. If you want it, I can even go up to Saratoga until you find a new man."

"It's not necessary," Marlowe said. There suddenly seemed to be a great many things for him to do and he couldn't take time to look up when he spoke to the boy. "I can pick up a new man over the week end."

"All right. So it's so long. . . ." He waited, embarrassed.

"So long," the old man said. "You better hurry for that train."

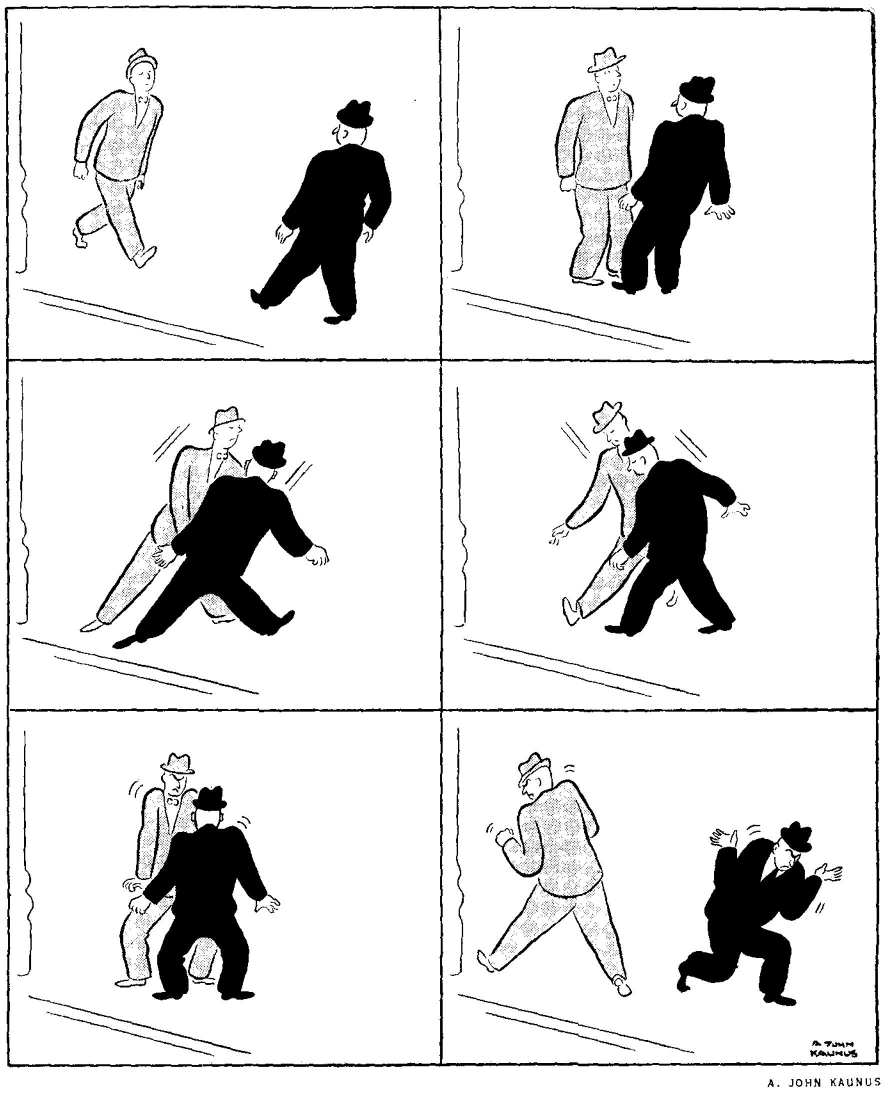
"Okay," John said and turned to leave. But he paused awkwardly before Lampson. "See," he said, "I didn't figure out Marlowe so wrong after all. Hell, he's not one of these guys you see around here. He's got a heart in him."

Lampson said nothing, barely listening to him. He had been studying the bookmaker's face and still looked at him. John said, "So long," once again and went off to the street, swinging his arms happily as he walked.

WHEN he was gone, Marlowe could find nothing more to do. The book was in order, the cash was in the leather bag and all that remained was to deposit the money and go home. But he lingered at the stand, not wanting to be on the same train with John. With Lampson still watching him and making him feel uncomfortable, the old man fumbled with the bag. He wanted to act as though nothing important had happened but he could not keep up the pretense and suddenly grew annoyed.

"What are you standing there looking at?" he asked Lampson. "What's the matter? We can pick up a new man, can't we?"

Lampson stirred and took his eyes off him. "Sure," he said. "Sure, we can get a new man with no trouble at all."



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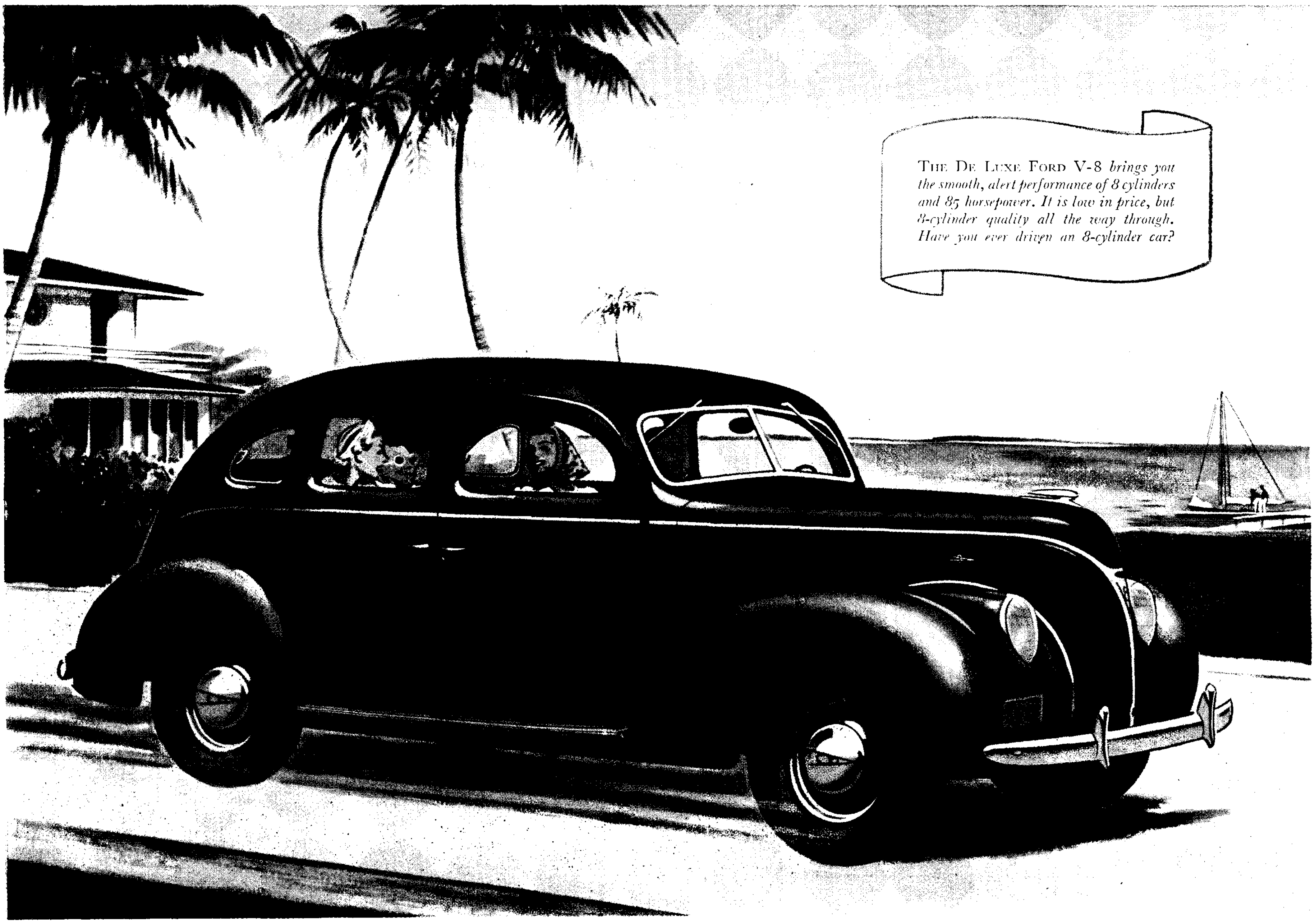

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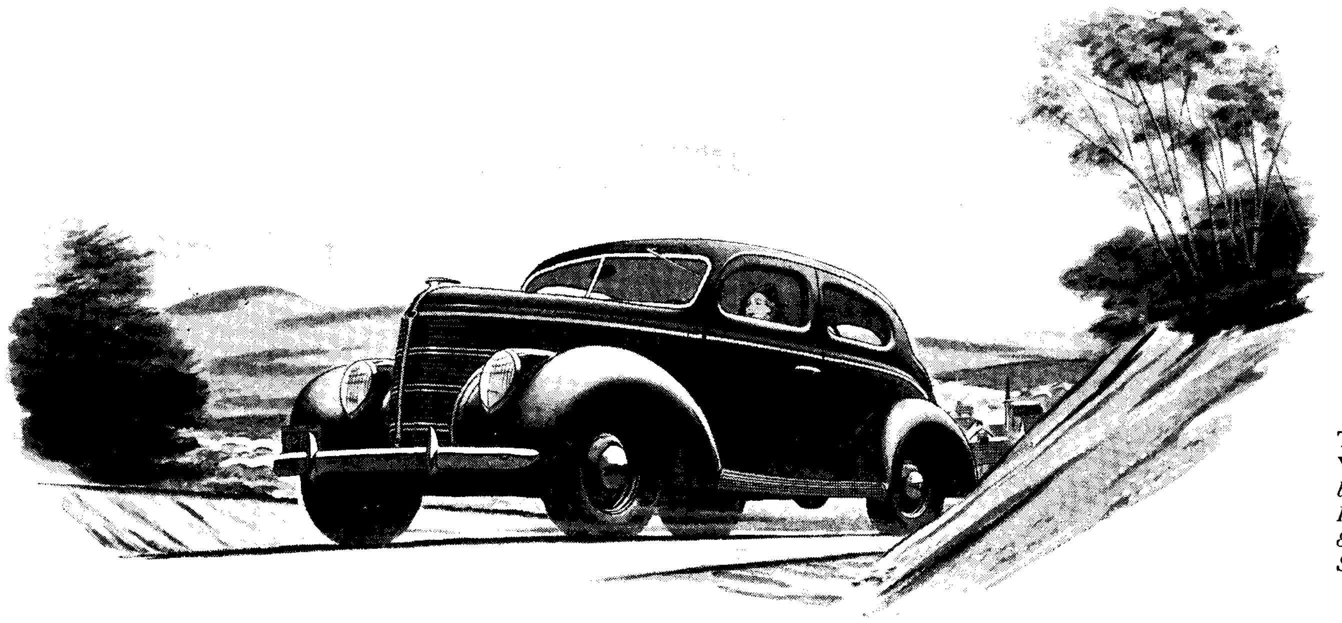

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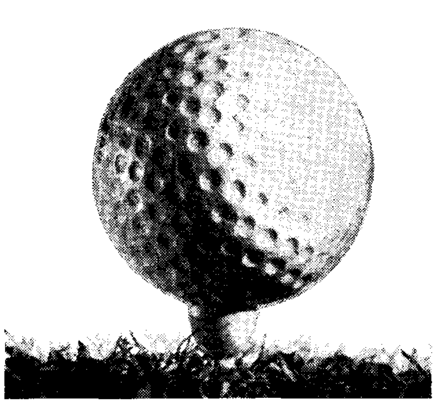
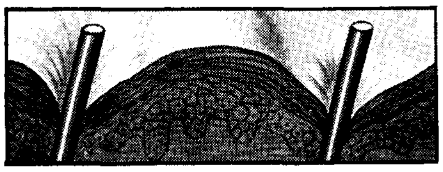
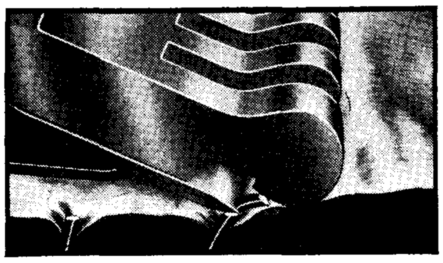
WHISKERS MUST BE
TEED UP
FOR A GOOD SHAVE



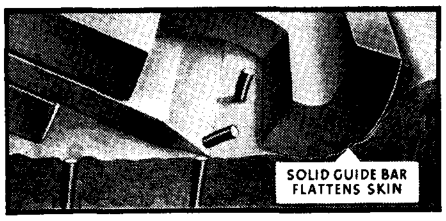
It was for this reason that Schick abandoned its "toothed" blade guard for a solid, flat guide bar that "tees up" the whisker for a clean cut.



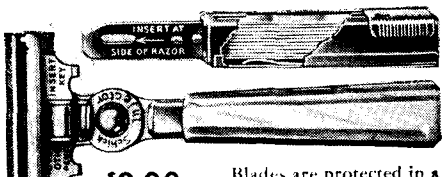
IN THE "ROUGH": Whiskers grow in tiny pits, like this. To get a close, painless shave, the whisker must be "teed up"... the skin *flattened.*



THE "DIVOT DIGGER" Here is the abandoned "toothed" guard. Observe its tendency to furrow the skin, resulting in painful nicks and scraping. And its tooth design does not sufficiently stretch and flatten the surface.



A BETTER APPROACH. Above is the scientifically designed Schick Injector Razor guide bar. Being flat, and with a slight "tread," it grips the skin, stretches it taut. Note how the whisker is held firmly upright, preventing a diagonal cut. Also, how the tiny ridges and whisker "pits" are smoothed out flat so the blade gives a close shave and still cannot damage the skin surface. Did you know that more than a million men have switched to the Schick Injector Razor?



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Schick Injector Razor

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

A Man Needs an Answer

Continued from page 13

wheeled away. The old man looked once more at Clark Nesbitt, and Clark could see the rise of a feeling in the old man that would never relent and never forgive. Jennis hurried after his son and caught his arm.

A woman's voice said: "You have made yourself trouble, Clark."

Diana Spain had come from the doorway of the adjoining store. Clark Nesbitt removed his hat and tucked it under an arm. His shoulder points drew in as he freshened his pipe with another match. He saw her this way, through the tobacco smoke, with his eyes narrowed and no change on his cheeks. She wore a brown tweed suit, its fitted lines showing the break and rhythm of her hips and legs as she walked. That life and smooth vitality was in her. She gave a man the clear impression of a fiery, willful pride held back of her eyes. Her hair was the color of copper, with its heavy length loosely folded along her head; and she watched him in a way that was like judgment suspended, coolly and yet personally. There were long thoughts in this girl, and a depth of feeling he had been permitted to see only once. Once and fully, with no thought of reserve between them. And twenty-four hours later he had married Ellen.

He said: "I'll drive you home."

She looked at him as though trying to read the thought he had. She wasn't smiling. A faint sweetness lay in the corners of her lips and he remembered she was twenty-seven years old on the eleventh of the month before. The date was distinct in his mind, so carefully had he once kept it. She moved before him and got into the car; he slid behind the wheel and drove out of town by the Fall Prairie road. It was six miles to Spain ranch, or one hour by a horse's slightly crowded walk. This was also something he had known four years ago.

She said: "I hear Ray Jennis carries a gun under his coat."

He said: "How else could I have said it?"

"According to your conscience, Clark, no other way."

"A dim voice in the distance. I seldom hear it."

She said, with an unexplained gentleness: "You don't know yourself very well."

NOTHING more for six miles. This was the strong understanding between them, even now. They had never talked much. A word, half a sentence, a gesture or a smile—this covered most things for them. He turned the car at the Spain gate and stopped, leaning back against the seat. Her shoulder touched his arm and her presence was strong and disturbing to his senses, as it had always been. She rested back on the seat, her legs slim and smooth, her hands propped behind the copper mass of hair; and her features caught in a far-thinking repose. Both of them carried memories of things impossible to forget. Those fresh and headlong memories came across the distance like the shine of flame, but something lay between and made a barrier that neither of them could break down.

She said: "Dinner?"

"No, thanks."

"I thought perhaps you'd be in Pendleton for the roundup."

The smell of rain was stronger; ragged-edged clouds moved in from the hills. He looked across the valley, his features not showing the run of his endless, tangled thoughts. She turned her head and watched him carefully for a moment, and opened the door and slipped out. She said, "Luck," and then color was distinct on her cheeks and a hurt anger momentarily showed there.

Running back into Grass Creek, he knew why that had been. The day after marrying Ellen he had driven into town and accidentally met Diana by the store. She had spoken to him through a bitter pride, saying only, "Luck." The word, repeated now, brought that back to him.

He turned the car into the curb and got out, debating Pendleton in his head; and was like this when he saw Henry Cash come to the bank window and beckon. He turned into the bank and walked over to the counter. Dusk turned the room gray, and silence lay in the place. Henry Cash was one of the old ones in this valley—a man whitened and made gentle by time, but still warmed by the greatness of those past days. "Your dad," he said, "died two years ago this month, Clark. He wanted me to tell you something when the time came. I guess it is time now."

CLARK NESBITT laid his hands on the counter waiting. Henry Cash and Bo Lee and Harper McGrashlin and his father had been the first ones in the valley. They had been close; they had gone through the wild years together. That first generation was a fraternity, secret and incommunicative. Clark Nesbitt had felt it before. He felt it now as Henry Cash talked.

"Your dad had a hard life. A hard one and a full one. He figured that some day you might be able to use some of the things he found out. So I'm telling you what he asked me to say, whenever I figured it was right. You go up and visit Mrs. McGrashlin."

"Why?" said Clark Nesbitt.

But he knew he would have no answer. Henry Cash's eyes were like his father's eyes, holding back many things. Every man had to earn his own sorrows and his own contentment. This was the way they felt—these old ones of the first generation. All he knew was that Henry Cash was delivering a message from his father, across time.

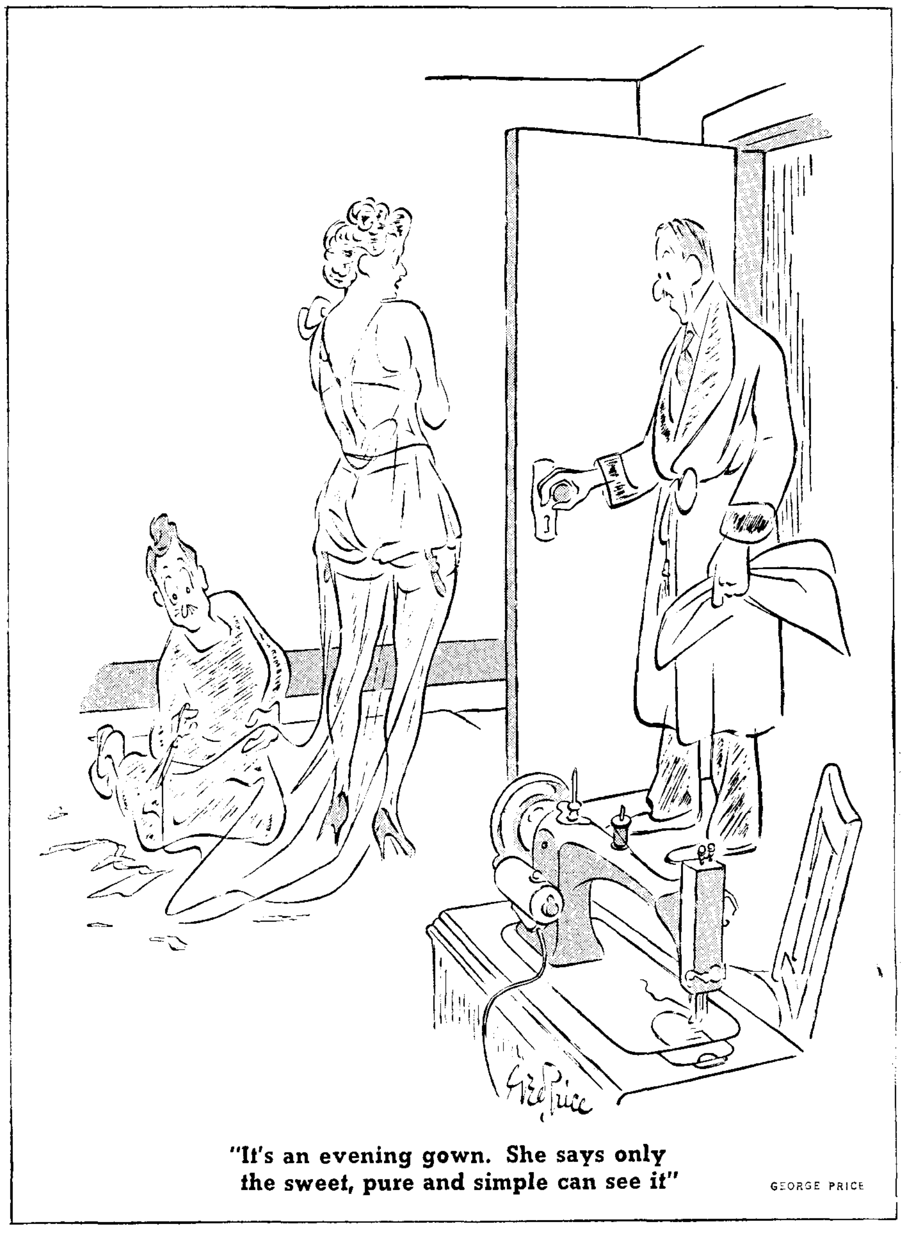
He walked back into the dying light, and turned up the hill. One first faint drop of rain struck his face.

Mrs. McGrashlin's house sat behind a picket fence, a single light brightly shining through a window. When he knocked on the door a faint intimation of his father's reason for sending him here slid across the back of his mind and vanished before he could quite grasp it. Afterward Mrs. McGrashlin opened the door and said, "Come in, Clark."

For him there was a moment's strangeness in seeing her smile—as though this was a long-expected visit. He walked into the small room and turned and waited. She was a small and gentle woman, near seventy, this widow of old Harper McGrashlin who had owned all the lower end of the valley. When she sat down her hands moved together, smooth and still.

Clark Nesbitt said, blunt enough: "Henry Cash had something on his mind, which my father asked him to tell me. I was told to come here, Mrs. McGrashlin."

Mrs. McGrashlin's hands turned in



"It's an evening gown. She says only the sweet, pure and simple can see it"

GEORGE PRICE

"Don and Dorothy appointed themselves chefs . . .

"Don said twenty minutes for corn—Dot said six . . .

"She won the argument, of course—six minutes and out it came . . .

" 'Now was I right or was I right?' crowed Dot, and Don ate his words!"

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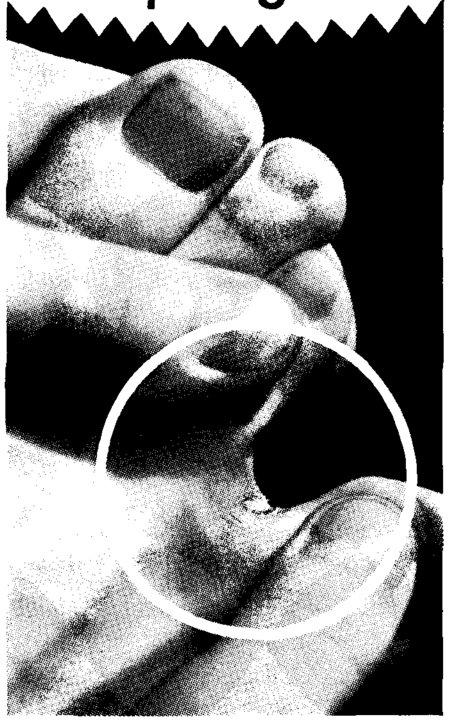

ATHLETE'S FOOT feeds on Damp, Perspiring Feet

Athlete's Foot breeds in perspiration—digs in through broken skin

CRACKS between your toes are DANGER SIGNS
-Drench them Tonight

ATHLETE'S FOOT germs feed on perspiration products. A raw crack between your toes may mean you already have the dread disease. The germs enter through those cracks and dig into the tissues. When toes get red and itchy—skin becomes white, dead-looking—starts coming off in patches—you've got stubborn, painful Athlete's Foot!

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The famous quick relief for muscular soreness, sprains, sunburn, mosquito and insect bites.

ABSORBINE JR.
-Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

Absorbine Jr.

her lap, and turned back. Her voice was softer. "It would be like your father." She rose and walked into another room. When she returned, she was holding a picture toward him. He took it and saw his father stiffly placed in a chair, with Mrs. McGrashlin beside him. They were young and solemn—two figures from the far past. Clark Nesbitt rose from his chair. He said, "Why, you were just a girl. A very good-looking girl, Mrs. McGrashlin."

She said, gently, "So your father told me," and took the picture. But she watched his face and the hint of a meaning here for him slid again along the back of his head. Mrs. McGrashlin's eyes were kind and wise; they mirrored old recollections. "You had a splendid mother, Clark. And Mr. McGrashlin was a fine man, all his life. But your father wanted you to come here. Why, do you suppose?"

He said, "I don't know."

SHE murmured, "Sakes," as if impatient with him, and with herself. "You are a good deal like him, which he knew. He used to watch you—and worry for you."

"I guess I get my roaming around from him."

"Maybe," said Mrs. McGrashlin, "that's what he wanted to tell you."

"I knew it long ago."

"But not the reason," murmured Mrs. McGrashlin. "There was a reason for him runnin' these hills pillar to post all his life. Folks thought that he was dissatisfied with the valley. Why, he loved the valley. That wasn't the reason. Maybe he wanted you to know why he was such a fiddle-footed man. So that you'd know why you are the same, now."

Clark Nesbitt said, "Why, Mrs. McGrashlin?"

Mrs. McGrashlin held the picture before him a long moment. She said in a long-remembering voice: "He was a foresighted man—always seeing things in the future. He knew you were like him and he knew you'd suffer for your mistakes. That's what he wanted you to know. You understand, Clark? He wanted you to know something about him—and about yourself—so you won't let your mistakes plague you like his mistakes plagued him."

He moved to the door, puzzled still. Mrs. McGrashlin had given him his chance to see—if he could. Her voice followed him.

"Many nights I used to see him ride down the road toward the hills—and I knew what he'd be thinking about. Many nights, after we'd both been married and started our families, I used to think of him hunkered over his fire in the timber. Forty years is a long while to think of those things. You're young, but you are like your father—and it will be no easier for you."

He went out of the house, returning to his car. Henry Cash came from the bank, turning homeward. Clark nodded at Cash and got in the car and started back toward the ranch. Night dropped, black and complete. Rain slanted its thin silver lines in front of his headlights, and his thoughts returned to Diana Spain.

There were times when a man's acts were clear and plain with meaning; and times when nothing made sense. He could look back and see how slowly and inevitably they had come together. In her, as in him, there had been that strong, wild feeling that never needed to be explained. It had pulled them together almost at the end of childhood; it had held them powerfully together through their years of youth, leading them toward an end they never doubted. So much was clear. What followed was all shadow and obscurity. He remembered vividly the night of the Thanksgiving dance in the Spain house. He was in the yard and she had come toward him, laughing, her slim shape moving in and out of the little yellow lanes of window light. They had walked on through the mellow darkness until the eager rush of his temper swung him around. He had kissed her, and her laughter had smothered out against his chest. He remembered saying: "We have waited long enough."

There was a silence then, while they paced the still night, along the vaguely shining dust of the road. But premonition darkly brushed his mind even before she began to talk.

She had murmured: "You talk just like your father—so impatient. This is what we have always wanted. I have never thought of anything else. Yet," and he remembered the long, sighing fall of her voice, "I'm afraid."

He had said: "Think of me, Diana. Not of him."

"You are his image, in almost every way. Oh, I'm not afraid of other women." She was a little scornful; she was very sure. "If I couldn't hold you against other women I'd be ashamed. It isn't that. It's the restlessness he had—that you have. Nothing held him in one place, nothing seemed to satisfy him. He was always coming or going. Always looking for something. There wasn't any happiness in him. You're that way. I've watched you turn away from me and stare across the hill, as though something was over there you had to see. The valley wasn't big enough for your dad. I'm not sure it's big enough for you—and then where would we be?"

They had walked on, talking quietly for a while. But the quietness couldn't last, for her words were so bitterly real to both of them. They had quarreled, and the quarrel had gone beyond all other limits, because this was deeper than they knew and hurt worse. Both of them were young and their pride was very strong. When they were through talking the damage was done and nothing could repair it. He had gone back to the dance, alone. And because he was hurt beyond reason he had turned to Ellen.

There was reason for that, though it was beyond his understanding. She had always seemed too quiet and shy in the rowdy valley crowd; a still, pretty girl whose eyes were round and grave when they rose to his attention. He had started home with her. He had said, "Let's drive down to McDermitt." Her face, he recalled, turned to him, startled and half white. They were married in McDermitt at breakfast time; and on the road home she had silently cried. He knew then it had been a mistake, but a mistake past mending, for there was a gentleness in this girl he dared not hurt.

HE LEFT the car at the barn and went into the house and ate a late supper; and stood alone again in the living room, watching the red heart of the fireplace flame. He was thinking of his father and of the things Mrs. McGrashlin had not said. Something was there his father wanted him to know—and he didn't yet know it. . . . At last he turned back to town.

The rain had quickened, releasing the smell of wet dust and thirsty grasses. The willows along the John Day were swaying silhouettes against the pale black. Grass Valley's lights showed before him with a rain-diffused brilliance, and at the corner of the street, when he came to it, he saw Diana Spain's car. But an impulse caused him to drive the car up the sloping hill behind town to the arched gate of the cemetery; and he got out here and walked uncertainly forward until he stood beside Ellen's grave, in the Nesbitt lot.

He wasn't, he knew distinctly, a sentimental man. Some other impulse, strong enough to force his judgment, had brought him here. Rain beat along his face, and wind ruffled strong echoes out

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of the row of poplars planted on the west side of the cemetery; and he was remembering—in a way that was like a painful search for some obscure answer—the exact pitch of Ellen's voice that last night of her life. He had brought her down from the bedroom to the divan in front of the fire, her body so thin that he carried her with no sense of weight. He could recall how silent she had been while he sat beside her. Silent and absorbed in the play of firelight. Afterward she had looked at him with that shyness she had never lost, as though she were afraid to let him see the depth of her feeling, or afraid to disturb his own. "We have been married," she had said, "a year and two months. Has it seemed so long to you, Clark?"

He had said: "Next spring you'll be strong enough for us to go to California. We'll go to Seattle and take the boat."

She had looked at him, her eyes round and dark, and knowing how poorly he lied. "Let's not pretend about next spring any more, Clark. I wanted to tell you something. The morning we were married I knew why you had asked me. And I knew you didn't love me. But I couldn't help believe that in time you would. I was wrong—because you never have. If I have caused you so much trouble, please remember I really thought I could make you do that."

HE HADN'T been able to look at her. This was misery he could still feel in his bones—this knowledge that he had drawn her into the tangled confusion of his own life and had caused her so much unhappiness. She had said in that faint, child-thin voice: "Your mother always liked me. So I couldn't have been so bad. I've never thrown anything up to you. If I were to live I'd let you go, because I can see where your heart is. But I always knew I shouldn't live, and so I held on. You don't feel too bad about that, do you?"

He had to face her. And she had seen something to make her say: "Why, Clark, you're not crying for me?"

He had said: "I've done nothing to make life very pleasant for you, Ellen."

And then she had said: "You won't understand how I feel. I have been happy for what I've had. This last year was a gift I never expected. And how nice it would be now if I could only know that you would be happy again. It was my fault, not yours. Women should know better. When you get older you'll see what I mean—and when you do, I don't want you to hate me."

He turned out of the cemetery and got into the car and sat there in deeper uncertainty. He had never been able to lie to her; but he had said something that last night that had made her smile, and for this he was grateful now. And so she had died, the next afternoon, still faintly smiling.

Mrs. McGrashlin's window light showed a diffused and sparkling glow through the rolling rain mist, drawing his attention and his renewed curiosity. He pushed the corners of his shoulders solidly against the car seat and searched all his boyhood memories for an answer he had to have. Pictures came up out of the past, one by one. And finally he remembered that his mother, so gentle and capable a woman, had once said to his father: "Has it been so much of a mistake, Tom?" And his father had stood up with a strangeness on his face.

Clark Nesbitt straightened, touched by truth at last. He looked toward Mrs. McGrashlin's window, remembering the picture she had held toward him, silently offering him the story if he could see it. His father had been seated in the photographer's chair and Mrs. McGrashlin—who had been Katherine Lee then—had stood beside him, with her arm touching his father's shoulder. It was the kind of a picture people had taken when they were about to be married.

And then it was all clear and he understood why his father had sent him to Mrs. McGrashlin's house and why Mrs. McGrashlin had showed him the picture. Forty years ago his father had loved Mrs. McGrashlin, yet had married another woman—out of some old quarrel. All his years of restlessness came of that. This was what he wanted to tell Clark—as though to explain himself.

Clark Nesbitt said, half aloud: "He knew I was going through the same thing. He wanted to tell me not to let my mistake go on another forty years."

He got out of the car and walked to Mrs. McGrashlin's door. When she opened it he said, "Thanks. Thanks a lot," and turned back. He drove down the hill and parked behind Diana Spain's car and got out. Dance music swung from the Knights of Pythias hall and men grouped around the entrance, smoking. He didn't stop here but went on to the adjoining store. At the doorway he met Diana Spain coming out. He said: "It has been a long time since we drove down the river road, Diana."

She started to speak, saying, "When—" and then shook her head and was still.

A man called, from the direction of the dance hall: "Nesbitt!"

Clark swung his glance toward the dance hall and saw Ray Jennis crawl out of the shadows. Jennis lifted his arm carefully and began to fire the gun he held.

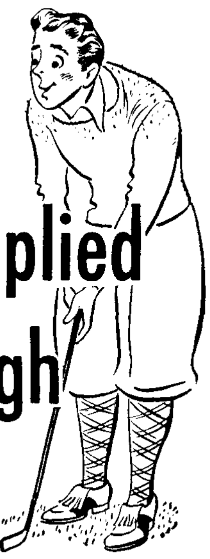
That first shot tore into Nesbitt's arm, and swung him half around, diminishing the target he made. But he steadied himself again and said, "Put that gun down, Ray," and heard the gun's roar wash his words backward. Wind seemed to rush by his cheek and a bullet hit him in the leg. He put out a hand to steady himself at the doorway of the store, his voice bucking the shot echoes hugely: "Bring me a gun, Carver. Bring me a gun." Ray Jennis had lowered his revolver, his face white and razor-sharp in the shadows and in the rain. All the men in front of the dance hall seemed rooted. Diana Spain cried: "Ray!" And Clark Nesbitt shook himself alive and moved forward at a broken-legged lurch, toward Ray Jennis.

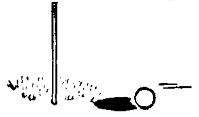
Jennis howled something, jerked up his gun, placed one more shot toward Clark Nesbitt and jumped into the darkness beside the store. Clark Nesbitt said: "Take me to the ranch." And dropped into absolute blackness.

HE WOKE to the rush and pound of hard waves of pain in his leg and in his arm and along the side of his skull; and he understood at once that it was the third shot, clipping his head somewhere, that had put him out. Light was shining on his face and people grouped around him in Carver's store; and somebody was saying, "I got Doc Lang at John Day. He'll be here soon."

He could hear rain driving tempestuously along the street. He was on the floor but his shoulders and head rested on Diana Spain's lap and her arms were cradling him; they were faintly rocking him and her lips were very near. The light blazed on her copper hair and for him there was the scent of an old perfume to revive long-gone memories.

She held his glance, and between them at once there was the run of an old emotion, compelling and faithful—as it once was. And as it always was and always would be. He knew that now. He was slipping out again, not certain about his return. But her hands were touching him and he understood that she had waited all this while for him to find the answer in himself. Her lips came down toward him and he heard, just before the blackness closed in, her gentle whisper: "I'll be here, Clark, when you come back. I'll be here."





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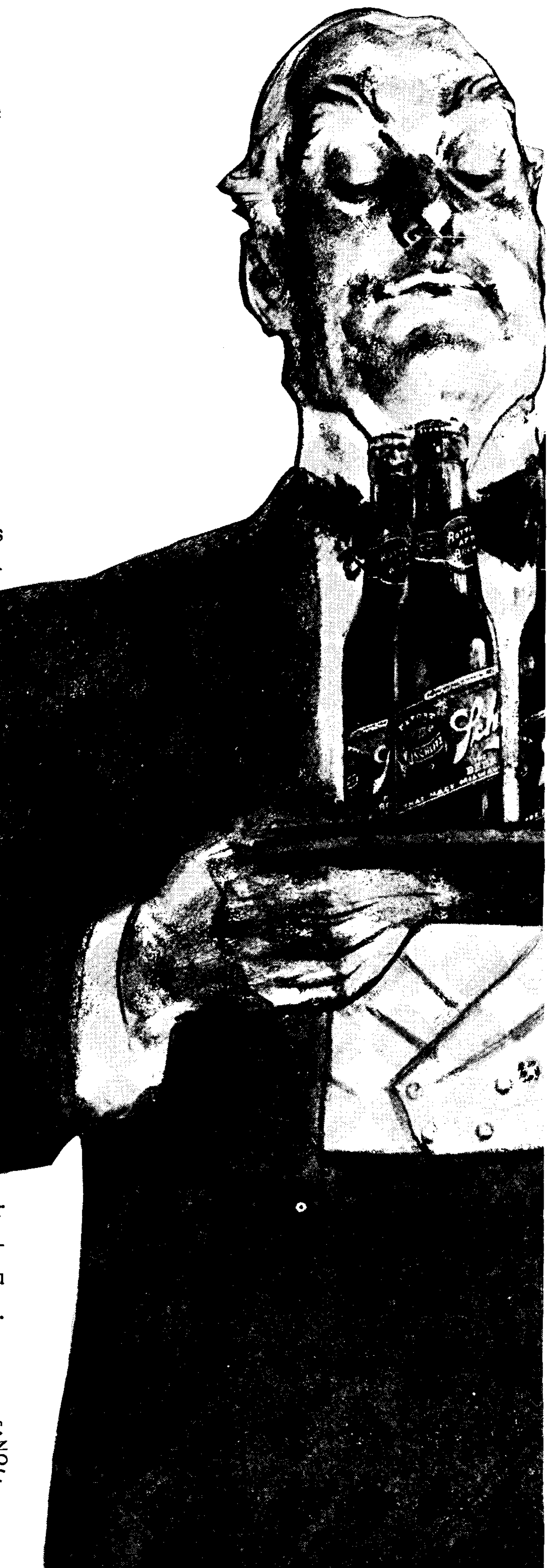
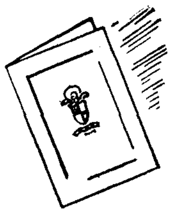
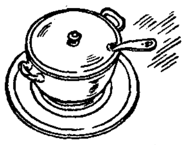
A bit of reminiscence about the fine art of dining as told by a renowned bon vivant

"Proud to serve"





After elaborate planning and last moment supervision of the most minute detail, the great dinner for the Guest of Honor is about to get under way...



The Major Domo has chosen the menu with every foresight, appropriate to the season, the occasion, the company. The Astrakhan caviar, the sorrel soup, the legs of non-jumping frogs (if they've jumped too much, they'll be sinewy). Carolina squab with crab-apple fritters, and Oyster Bay asparagus with Hollandaise . . .

The Sauce and Gravy Chef reminded not to mix the Hollandaise until the Guest has actually arrived... Not even a king can halt the chemistries of a Hollandaise mixed too soon!

The Pastrycook advised on his insubstantial wafers that are to accompany the dessert... The Dessert Chef complimented on the symbol in sherbet and spun sugar which will make so happy a climax of taste...

Unless you have watched the preparations for a Great Dinner from behind the scenes you can scarcely guess the thousand complex details, integrated into a social whole so perfect it will only be enjoyed, not noticed . . .

And unless you actually know the modern achievements of the age-old art of brewing, you can scarcely guess the infinite pains, the skill, the attention to every detail, that go into the making of a truly great beer. It is this care and skill, raised to a superlative degree, that give one beer such a famous flavor—a flavor so distinguished, so delightful that whatever the occasion you will always be *proud to serve* SCHLITZ.

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Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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... it's got me enjoying breakfasts again

IT'S BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Whole Wheat
Ready to Eat
Shredded Ralston

Whole wheat cereal with delicious NEW FLAVOR

The Spymaster

Continued from page 22

and the telephone call was from a call box at Charing Cross. Florestan, it seems, is employed by a large shipping firm with offices in Holborn. There is no doubt whatever that it is his car. We shall arrest him at once as soon as we can find him. We have two men now down in Holborn waiting until the offices open."

Cheshire glanced at his watch.

"Look here," he said, "you will have to let Mrs. Florestan know that the car has been found."

"We thought of telephoning her."

"Don't," Cheshire begged. "Send an inspector round and let me go, too. And listen—have your people keep Florestan under observation, if he's fool enough to go to the office in Holborn—which I'll bet a hundred to one he won't—but don't arrest him. We don't want any ordinary police-court business here nor a word to the press. If it gets out that Meldicott is the wounded man we can't help it, but keep it secret as long as you can, especially if the doctors don't pull him through."

Melville nodded.

"I will do what I can," he promised. "If anything happens to Meldicott, though, we must arrest Florestan if we can find him."

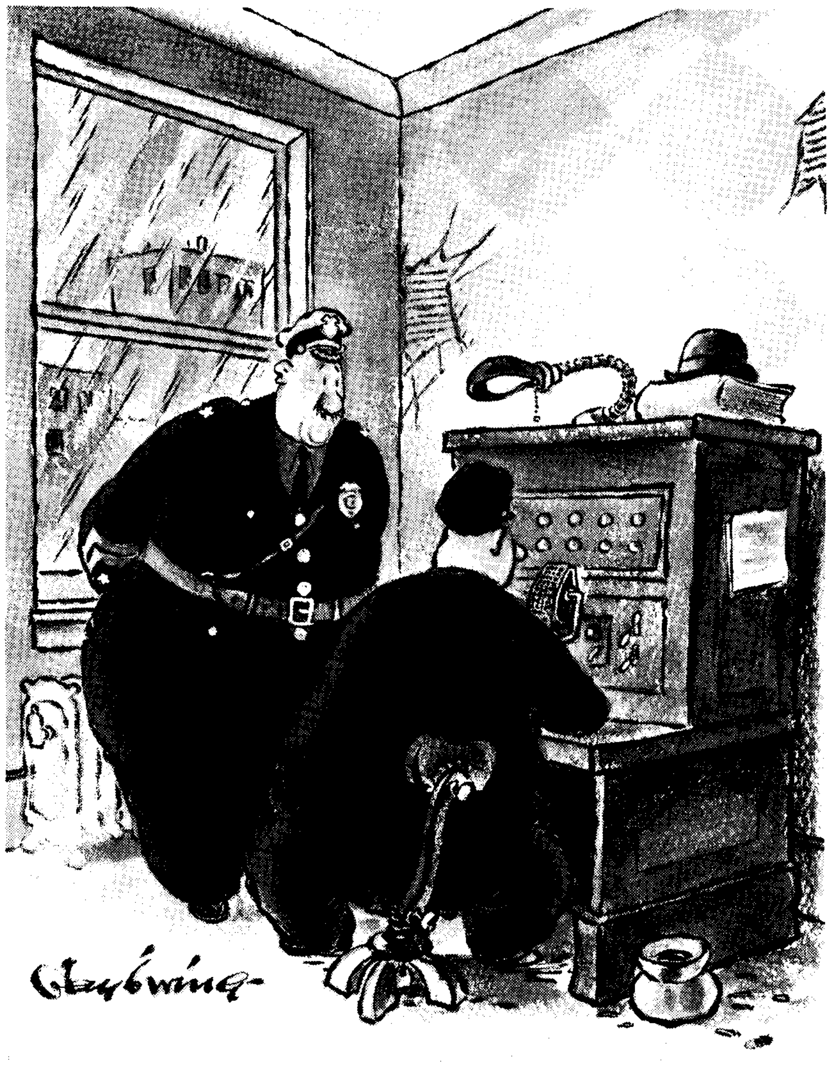
"Yes, but do it in the way I shall point out," Cheshire insisted. "Let my department or Mallinson's handle this. I could get him twenty years as easily as snapping my fingers at the present moment, but there are things about that man—"

"All right," Melville interrupted. "I quite understand. What puzzled me rather was the openness of it all—his wife ringing up and that sort of thing. Still, you come down with me to the Yard for a few minutes, then I'll send you down to the West Kensington Police Station; you shall get the inspector who went round last night and go and talk to Mrs. Florestan. Give me that cup of coffee now, Admiral, and then get ready."

DEBORAH FLORESTAN, from the moment of her calm, unhurried entrance into the back parlor of Number 137 Colville Terrace, presented a problem to both of the men who were awaiting her. Inspector Douglas, who had spent his life at various London police stations, settled down to consider her from the strictly official point of view. Cheshire regarded her from an altogether different angle. To him she presented no ordinary problem. She had taken no pains to conceal or modify her somewhat unusual appearance. She wore, even at that comparatively early hour of the morning, a rose-colored gown that followed almost too closely the lines of her voluptuous figure. Her face was devoid of cosmetics. There was no sign of lipstick upon her lips. She showed neither fear nor any particular interest in this unusual visit. She listened to Cheshire's word of introduction with a slight air of boredom.

"Mrs. Florestan," he said, "my name is Cheshire. I have a semiofficial post at Scotland Yard. My companion, you will remember, came to see you last night."

The woman inclined her head very

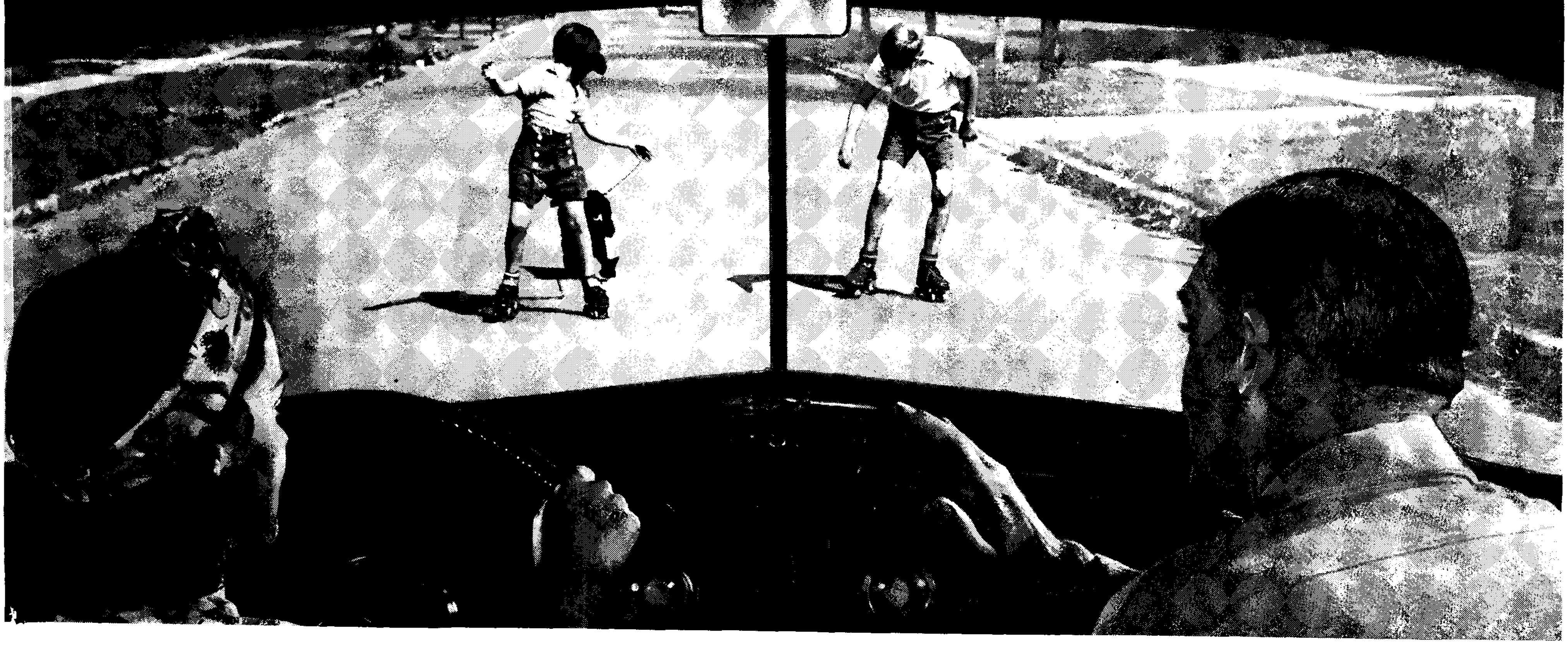


"Attention, Car Nine . . . Car Nine . . . go to Smitty's bar and grill . . . Smitty's bar and grill . . . Sixth and Main . . . Chief forgot his umbrella . . ."

JAY IRVING

YOU AT THE WHEEL... SOMEBODY'S KIDS AHEAD!

No Time to Gamble on "QUESTION-MARK" BRAKES!



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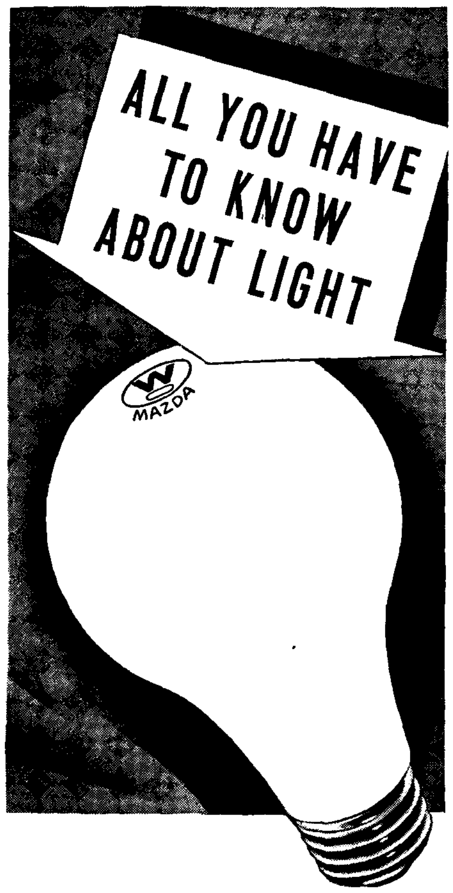
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slightly and motioned them to a couch.

"Does it take two of you," she asked, "to come and see me about my stolen motorcar?"

"We are more interested," Cheshire replied, "in your stolen husband. We should very much like to have a little conversation with him."

"My husband is a man of regular habits," she confided. "I expect he will be home to dinner tonight. What I do not quite understand," she went on, "is why the police should be concerned in his doings."

Inspector Douglas leaned back in his place with folded arms. He was content to let his more distinguished companion take the lead in the preliminary steps of this investigation.

"You see, Mrs. Florestan," Cheshire continued, "as yet you have not had the latest information. Your car was discovered last night unattended outside St. George's Hospital with a man inside who had been shot in the chest, and was, as he is even now, very near to death."

"Someone must have stolen the car, then," she said coolly. "My husband is not a murderer. He does not even look for adventures."

"Mr. Florestan is engaged in the city, I believe?"

She nodded.

"He is with a firm of importers. Brown, Shipman & Co. is the name. Their offices are in Holborn."

"Have they rung up yet to know why he has not arrived for business as usual?"

"Not yet."

"Have you telephoned to them?"

"Why should I?"

CHESHIRE smiled good-humoredly. "I am glad to see that you can take it so lightly, Mrs. Florestan," he said, "but you must remember that your husband is missing. He left the car—presuming he drove it there—with the engine still running and disappeared, leaving an apparently dying man in the front seat."

"The car must have been stolen," Deborah Florestan repeated.

"At some stage during the evening that might have been the case," Cheshire admitted, "but the fact remains that your husband drove it away from here, having previously held a telephone conversation with someone of such importance that he locked the door upon his family. It went from here, without a doubt, under your husband's control."

"Does anyone know that?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered. "Inspector Douglas here has secured the evidence of the policeman who was on duty at the corner of the street. He saluted your husband and said good evening."

"Then up till now," she observed, "that policeman seems to be the last person who saw him."

"Precisely. Mrs. Florestan, have you any idea from whom that telephone message came?"

"Not the slightest. I never interfere in my husband's concerns."

"Do you think that he is engaged in any private business as well as being in a situation with Messrs. Brown, Shipman & Co.?"

"I have no idea."

"The motorcar," Cheshire went on, "was fitted with a set of bogus plates. Have you any idea as to the reason for that?"

"None whatever," she replied with a shade of contempt in her tone. "I should think that there was no reason. I should think that the car was stolen last night and the bogus plates attached."

Cheshire nodded appreciatively.

"Quite a feasible notion, Mrs. Florestan," he agreed. "The car, I noticed, was a very expensive model."

"I know nothing about cars."

"Do you know what your husband's income is?"

Mrs. Florestan's interest in the conversation seemed to be waning. She stifled a yawn, however, and shook her head.

"He is a very secretive man."

"How much does he allow you for housekeeping?"

The question seemed to amuse her faintly.

"He makes no allowances," she said. "I ask him for money whenever I want it."

"Do you know what his salary is?"

"Fifteen hundred a year."

"Quite a good salary," Cheshire remarked, "but still, that particular model is listed at over two thousand pounds."

"I am quite sure," Mrs. Florestan told them, "that my husband would never pay that amount for a car."

"Has he any intimate friends or relations?"

"Neither. He spends every evening, when he is not traveling, at home. He is, I suppose, as near as you can get such a thing, a model husband."

Inspector Douglas took advantage of a slight pause on his companion's part to intervene.

"Do you know of anything in your husband's life, Mrs. Florestan," he asked, "that could account in any way for his being called up on the telephone last night, locking you all in the dining room while he spoke, taking out the car and disappearing without a word or a message to you?"

"Nothing whatever," was the quiet reply. "That is why I am expecting every hour to hear something from him."

The two men exchanged glances. Inspector Douglas, with a word of excuse, left the room.

"You will forgive us, I am sure, Mrs. Florestan," Cheshire explained, "but my companion has gone to find your maidservant. It is his duty to make a complete search of the house and of your husband's belongings. You have, I trust, no objection."

"Why should I have any objection if you think it necessary? The maid can show him the various rooms. I do not think that there is a locked drawer or cupboard in the house."

She rang the bell. The maid appeared almost at once.

"Rosa," her mistress directed, "go and find the other gentleman from the police who is wandering about the house somewhere. Show him into any room he wishes to visit."

Rosa disappeared with a half-muttered ejaculation.

"I hope you won't mind putting up with my presence a short time longer," Cheshire said.

"Stay as long as you want to," Mrs. Florestan invited indifferently.

SHE rose to her feet, helped herself to a cigarette from a box on the table and offered it to Cheshire with a faintly inviting smile. He shook his head.

"Gaspers," she commented, as she lit one and returned to her chair. "Not much class but I cannot stand Turkish tobacco. Ask me some more questions if that's all you can think of to talk about."

"You are very kind," Cheshire acknowledged. "If I seem inquisitive, believe me it is only with the idea that something you might tell me, combined with what I already know, might help me toward relieving your anxiety at your husband's absence."

"I am not in the least anxious," she declared carelessly. "He will be home at half past seven. He has not been a quarter of an hour late for years—when he comes back at all. Perhaps that is what makes him so tedious."

"You have been married long?"

"Fifteen years."

"Any children?"

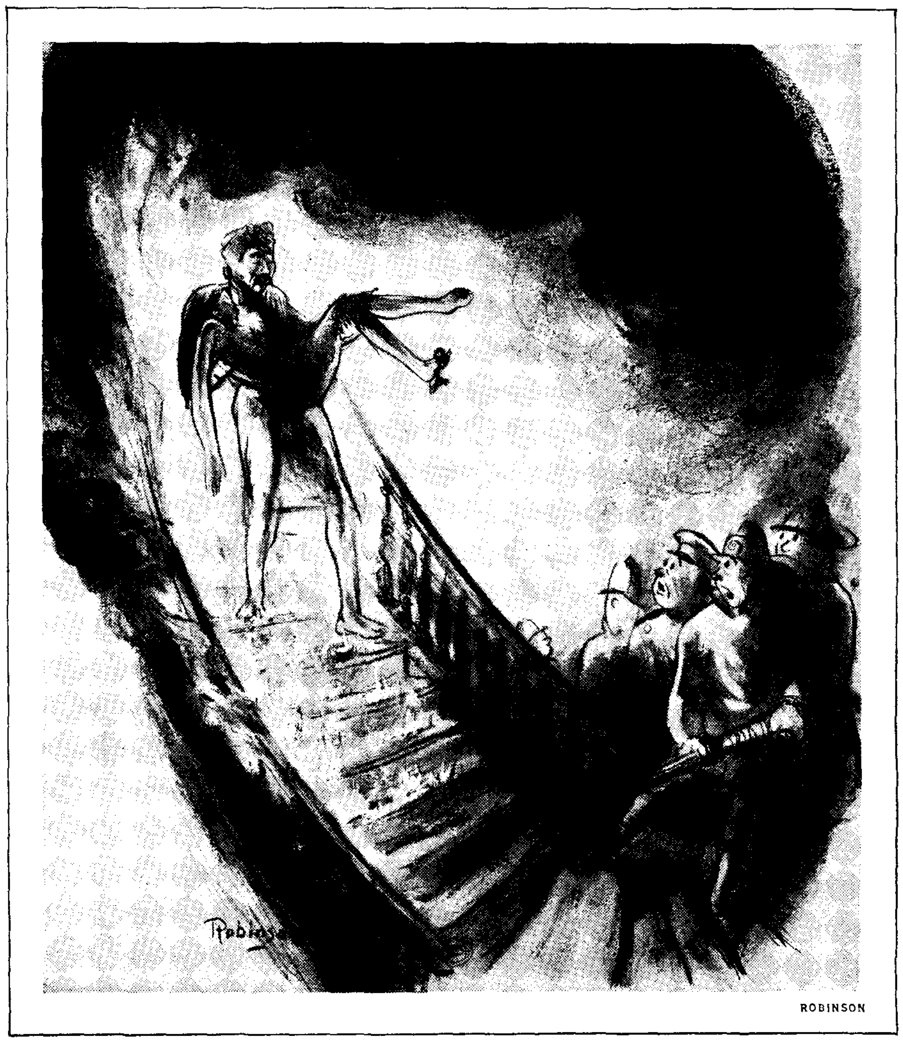
"Two. They are at school."

"Have you ever lived abroad, Mrs. Florestan?"

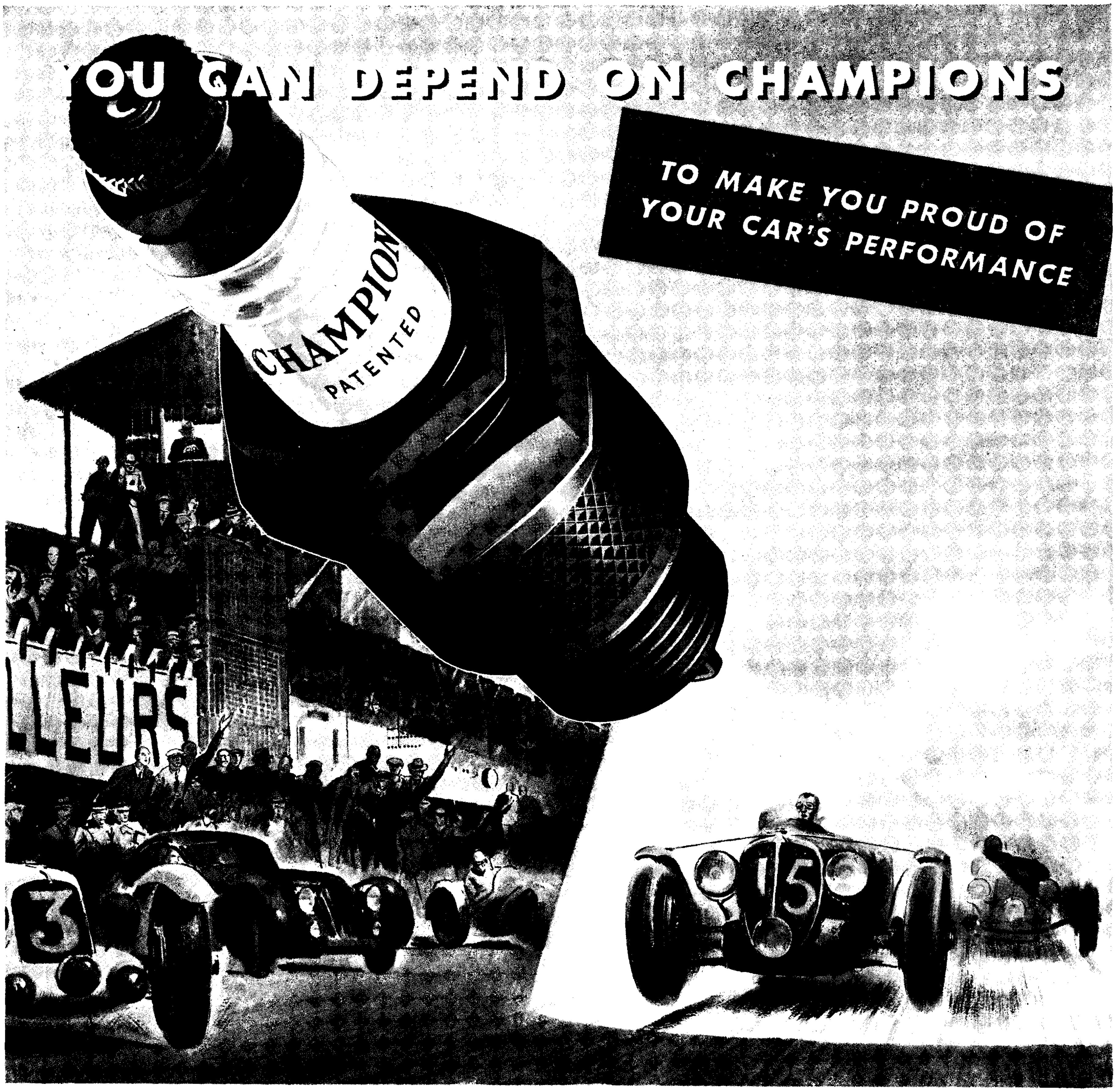
"What a question!" she cried. "Is my English not good?"

"Perfect," was the quiet reply. "Yours is just the question a foreigner might ask, though, and not an Englishwoman."

She looked at him quite steadily for a moment. It was then he noticed the peculiarity of her eyes—eyes that might have been beautiful in passion or if lit



ROBINSON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ONCE AGAIN CHAMPION presents evidence of an unusual nature to show that Champion Spark Plugs make every engine a better performing engine—performance of which you'll be proud.

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The LeMans 24-Hour Race, pictured above, is typical of all three. One feature of a 24-hour race is the start. Standing on the opposite side of the track from their cars, the drivers dash to them, at the drop of the flag, being required to—start them cold—instant starting being essential.

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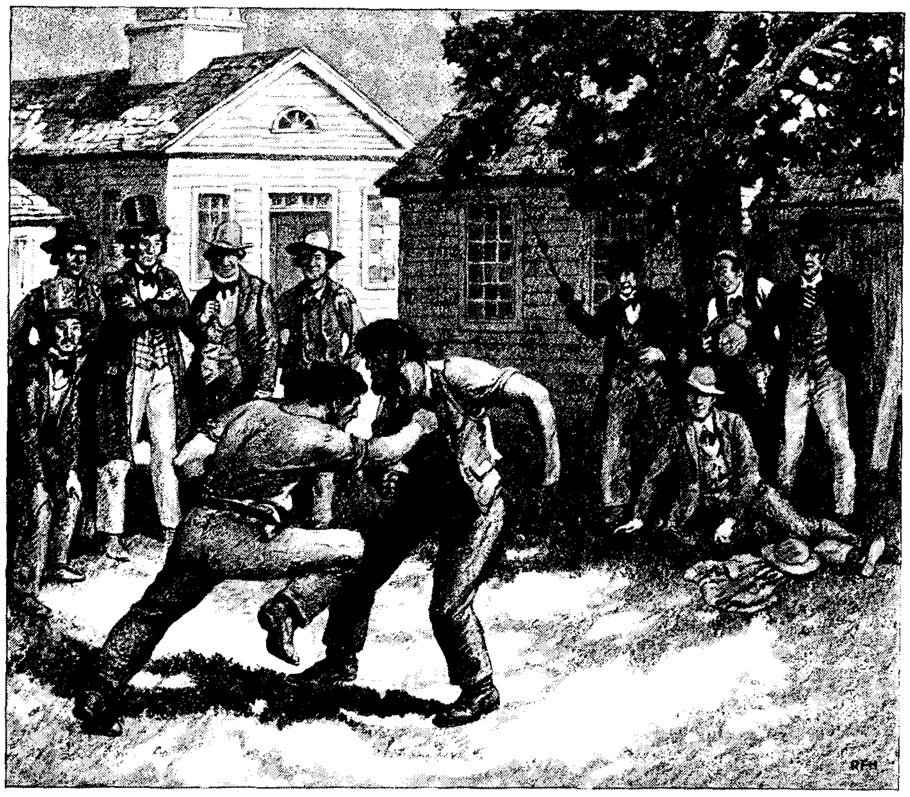

Naming a Town

A legend of Vermont relates that the famous granite center, Barre, won its name as the result of a fistfight. Originally named Wilderburg, the town meeting voted a tie on the proposed substitute names, Holden and Barre. Mark the direct methods of our forebears. Champions were selected to defend the rival titles with fisticuffs, and the thumping Barre blacksmith won.

Naming a Company

Not far from Barre is a small city, Montpelier, known to every schoolboy as the Capital of Vermont, and almost equally well-known to mothers and fathers as the Home of National Life Insurance. The name "National" was given to the Company because its founders conceived a national mission of service. *It was the first life insurance company to indicate in its name such a broad scope of operation.* National Life has built so soundly and well, that today it operates through more than 60 general agencies in 36 States and the District of Columbia, and has policyholders in every State in the Union.

Naming YOUR Company

How do you select a life insurance company? Married men were recently asked the question:

"If you were going to take out a new life insurance policy, what are the chief points that would influence your choice of a company?"

Out of 202 men who replied, 139, or 68%, said that a company's financial stability and reputation for reliability were of first importance.

National Life has an unbroken record of financial stability and reliability, with the result that, in its 88 years of doing business, it has gained every year in the amount of property held for the benefit of its members.

For further information—no obligation, of course—use coupon below:

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Home Office-Montpelier, VERMONT
A Mutual Company, founded in 1850,
"as solid as the granite hills of Vermont."

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

National Life Insurance Co., Dept. 105, Montpelier, Vermont
Please send me information on the following:
☐ A college education fund for my children
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*My Address*__________

with real interest but that seemed heavy and somber in ordinary conversation.

"I am quite ready to submit to your cross-examination," she drawled. "You have explained why you are making it and I am satisfied, although I think you could be a much more amusing companion if you chose. Let me ask you one thing for a change, however. Do you think that I know things about my husband that you do not?"

"That seems to me to be one of the possibilities of the situation," Cheshire admitted.

"You think that he is a bad man, perhaps—that he killed or almost killed the passenger in his car?"

"Alas, we have not got nearly as far as that yet, Mrs. Florestan," her visitor replied. "We have to find out from the firm where your husband is employed whether he has any friends or acquaintances likely to have got him into trouble, or whether they could throw any light upon this mysterious Sunday night message. It will be a long time, I fear, before we shall be able to tell you just what has happened to him and why."

"Drop in about dinnertime and I may be able to relieve your mind," she said confidently.

There was a puzzled look on Inspector Douglas' face as he re-entered the room a short time later. Deborah Florestan, who was smoking her second cigarette, smiled across at him a mirthless challenge.

"Well, Mr. Inspector," she said, "you have found out that my husband is a wicked man—yes? You have found out why he could afford to buy an expensive motorcar and pay only seventy pounds a year for his house?"

The inspector smiled good-humoredly.

"Can't say I hoped for much, Mrs. Florestan," he replied, "but I must confess that we have drawn a complete blank. Quite a model chap, your husband. Everything in his rooms neat and tidy. A special box for the letters written by the children from boarding school. Heaps of receipts. No bills. All wonderful."

"Mrs. Florestan seems quite convinced that he will be back in time for dinner," Cheshire confided. "She suggests that we drop in and see him somewhere about half past seven."

Inspector Douglas nodded.

"From what I have discovered of his daily life, in the contents of his secretaire, his wardrobe, his diary and his account books," he pronounced, "I do not think he will be five minutes late."

"Then this," Cheshire remarked, with a slightly more friendly note in his tone, "will be only au revoir, Mrs. Florestan."

She smiled, dismissing them both with a wave of the hand.

"Certainly come if you are so anxious to meet my husband," she said, addressing herself to Cheshire. "Bring the inspector, too, if you must, but I should think that one pair of eyes would be enough."

It seemed to Cheshire that there was something mysterious, almost challenging, in the faint smile that so completely changed her expression. He answered her promptly, however.

"We will make it enough," he told her. "I will leave the inspector at home."

MR. JAMES BROWN, senior partner in the firm of Brown, Shipman & Co., who in their lighter moments proclaimed themselves as being importers or exporters of anything from razor blades to live elephants, quaked visibly as he sat behind his desk in his beautifully furnished office and gazed at the card his clerk had just presented.

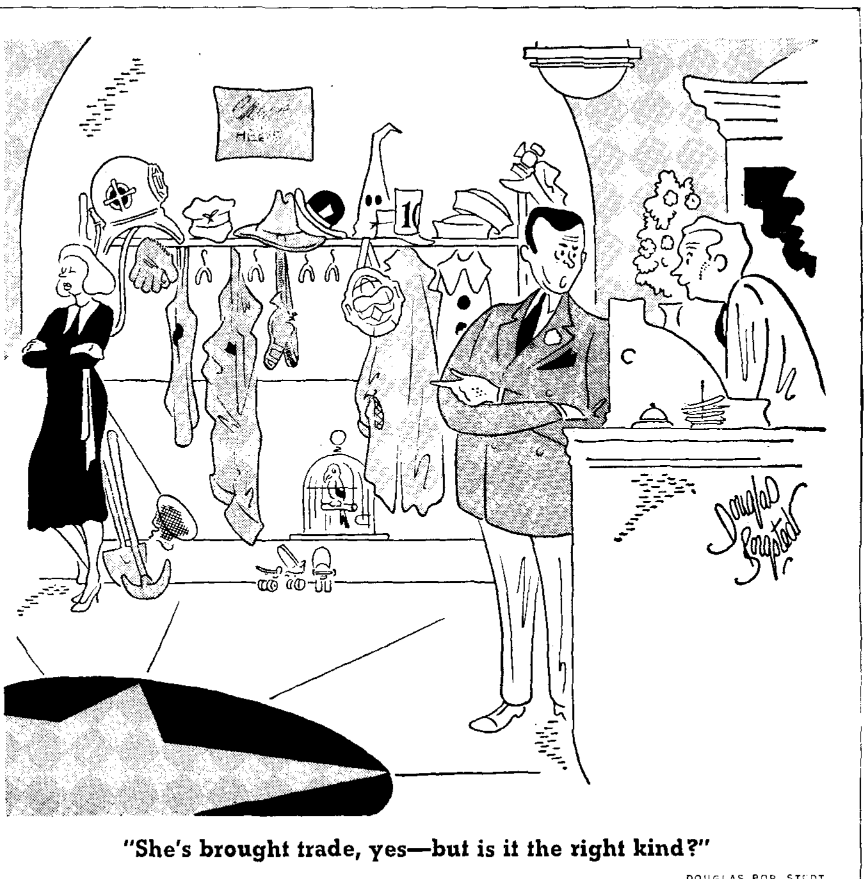
"Admiral Guy Cheshire," he read out. "What the devil does this mean, Hobson? What does anyone from the admiralty want here? That must be Florestan's business."

"I have no idea, sir," the serious young man in heavy glasses replied. "He came in a taxicab and handed in his card at the inquiry office. He desired to see a partner in the firm."

Mr. Brown dabbed at the beads of moisture upon his forehead with a large silk handkerchief.

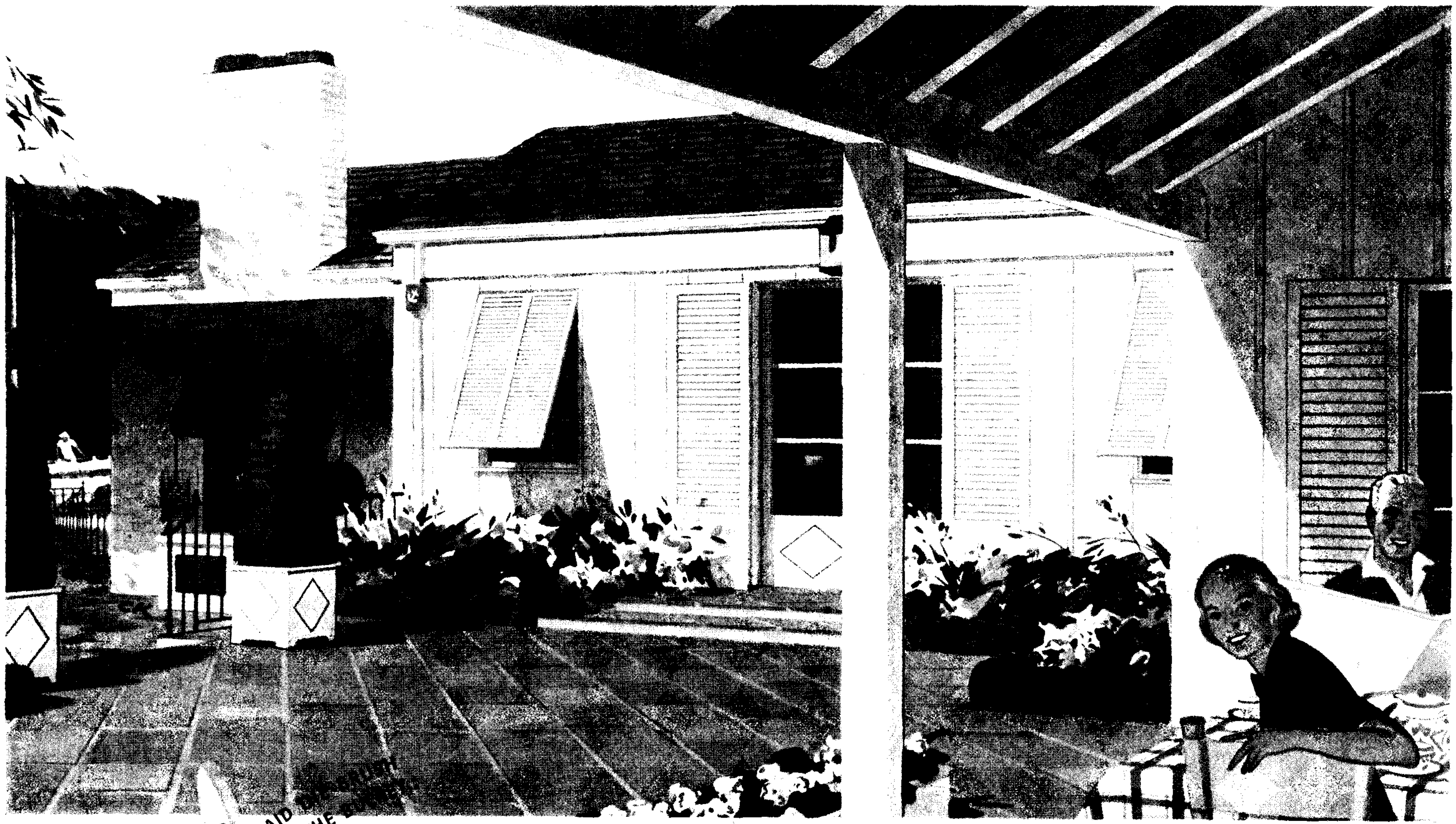
"No sense in keeping him waiting, anyway," he observed sharply. "Show him in, Hobson. Can't imagine why I gave Mr. Leonard the afternoon off. Playing golf on a Monday, indeed! Show the admiral in."

Cheshire, in his unimposing mufti, although quite a distinguished figure, was nothing alarming to look at. He came in very civilly, removed his hat as he entered the office and bowed to the elderly gentleman seated at the desk.



"She's brought trade, yes—but is it the right kind?"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



SAID THE BRUSH
TO THE BUCKET

"We won't be Back Here for Many a Year!"

"No question about it, my friend" the bucket agreed. "That's because we belong to a painting contractor who uses top-notch paint. Every time they fill me up with Dutch Boy White-Lead, I know we're going to deliver another long-lasting job."

BRUSH (bristling with pride): You can't beat Dutch Boy for durability. And if you ask me, one explanation is that Dutch Boy paint is *always made to order.* In mixing, our boss varies his formula according to the exposure and the type of surface to be painted — then tints it to the exact color the home-owner asks for. No wonder a custom-made job like that outlasts "cheap" paint.

BUCKET: No self-respecting bucket wants to have anything to do with "cheap" paint. In no time at all, it starts to crack and scale.

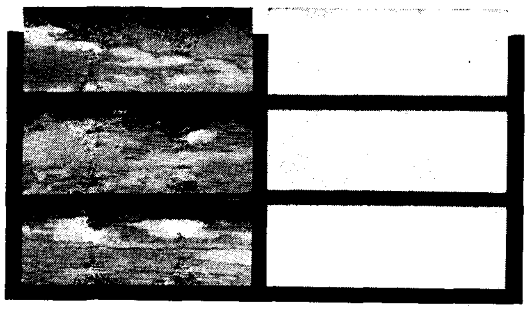
BRUSH: That's pretty tough on the owner. He has to have all the "cheap" paint burned and scraped off. Then his repaint job has to include an extra coat — a new priming coat.

BUCKET: Well, you don't catch Dutch Boy doing any of that cracking and scaling. It wears down slowly, by gradual chalking, leaving a smooth, unbroken surface . . . an ideal foundation for new paint.

BRUSH: That's why our boss always recommends Dutch Boy. And after all *no one knows paint like a painter.*

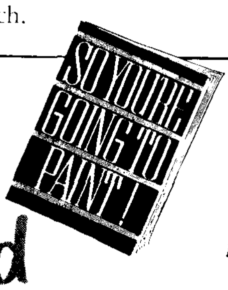
Your painting contractor is an expert at making old houses look new. Call him today — and give yourself the satisfaction of seeing your home *sparkle with bright color again.* If you prefer to pay for your painting in installments, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. Check the coupon for complete information.

And regardless of whether you are interested in the plan, send in the coupon for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "So You're Going to Paint". Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and the right painter. Address Department 307 in care of the nearest branch.



"CHEAP" PAINT	**DUTCH BOY**
"Quitting" already — after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.	*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 307 (*See list of branches above*)

Please send me your free booklet, "So You're Going to Paint," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

Name ____________________

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(*Left*) **Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey**—This fine blend is as mild and smooth as those grand old ocean-rocked whiskies of New England. Contains 66⅔% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof.

(*Right*) **Mr. Boston Straight Bourbon Whiskey**—Lovers of Bourbon will admire the taste and robust bouquet of this 100 proof whiskey. Also Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskey, 100 proof, a peer among ryes.

Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin—with the wine-like richness of rare Burgundy. For sheer taste-enjoyment and refreshing goodness, try a Sloe Gin Fizz (an easy-to-make recipe is on every bottle). 70 proof. Also recommended: *Old Mr. Boston Mint and Orange Flavored Gins*, 80 proof.

Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin—A masterpiece of taste! Not 1 or 2, but actually 17 flavor ingredients are blended into one delightful whole—so that no one flavor predominates. Try it in a cocktail, a Tom Collins or simply straight. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof.

Take Mr. Boston to the Party!

"IN THE RUSH and bustle of modern times, gentlemen, entertaining is still a gracious art...an art that has not changed one whit during the past one hundred years!

"The perfect host of today not only surrounds his guests with an atmosphere of congenial hospitality and good fellowship, but he also makes certain that the liquors he serves are of *unquestionable taste and quality.*

"Speaking of parties—did you know that my Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey and 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whiskey have an admirable way of being invited back to the same places time and time again? And if I'm a judge, *taste* is the answer! For these splendid whiskeys have achieved a velvety depth of character...and a rich warmth and smoothness that does honor to the host that serves them. Proud, indeed, am I to offer you whiskeys that have reached such peaks of perfection!

"Another popular 'party-goer' of mine is my Distilled Dry Gin (one sip tells the story!). Gentlemen, it knows no peer—for it contains not 1 or 2, but actually 17 *flavor ingredients.* And for those who have a taste for something different, I suggest the wine-like flavor of my Sloe Gin; or the refreshing coolness of sparkling drinks made with my Mint or Orange Flavored Gins. Let your taste tell you to take Mr. Boston along with you to the party!"

OLD MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors

"Mr. Brown?" he inquired.

"That is so. That's my name. Mr. James Brown. I see that you are from the admiralty."

Cheshire waited until the door was closed.

"Well, yes, Mr. Brown. I have some connection, too, with one of the minor branches of Scotland Yard. A little matter has come to our notice that seems to need some sort of explanation and I thought you might help."

"We've not been doing anything wrong, eh?" Mr. Brown demanded nervously. "No one is more careful than we are as regards what we buy and what we sell—"

Cheshire interrupted with a smile.

"That is not the business I'm on at all, Mr. Brown," he assured him. "It is something much simpler."

"We can't be responsible for everything that happens in these faraway places, of course," Mr. Brown declared in a slightly relieved tone. "Take a seat, sir. Take a seat."

The visitor accepted a chair by the side of the desk, placed his hat on the carpet and loosened his overcoat.

"I wanted a word or two with you, Mr. Brown," he said, "concerning one of your employees—Mr. Horace Florestan."

"Florestan, eh?" the merchant repeated with an air of relief. "One of the best men we have on our staff and one of the most respectable. What about him?"

"Has he been to business today?"

"How the devil should I know? We have twenty-two travelers and buyers for England alone. I can't tell you whether he's out on the road, or gone on a buying expedition or sitting in his office."

"Perhaps you would be kind enough, then, to make inquiries," Cheshire suggested.

Mr. Brown shouted down a speaking tube, pressed bells, spoke on the telephone. In a few minutes an elderly man, a little flurried, a girl and a youth appeared from different parts of the premises.

"Here, Mr. Fitch," his employer called out, addressing the older man. "Where's Florestan today?"

"He's due in Newcastle today or tomorrow, sir. I'm not sure whether he has left yet. Hammond here might know."

The youth came forward.

"Mr. Florestan has not been in today, sir," he announced. "I have been making up some of his accounts for him."

"What about the young lady?" Cheshire ventured.

"I am Mr. Florestan's secretary, sir," the girl replied. "He told me before he left on Saturday that his arrangements for this week were very uncertain. He gave me some price lists to copy in case he was not here today."

"Leave any address—say where he was going to?" Mr. Brown asked.

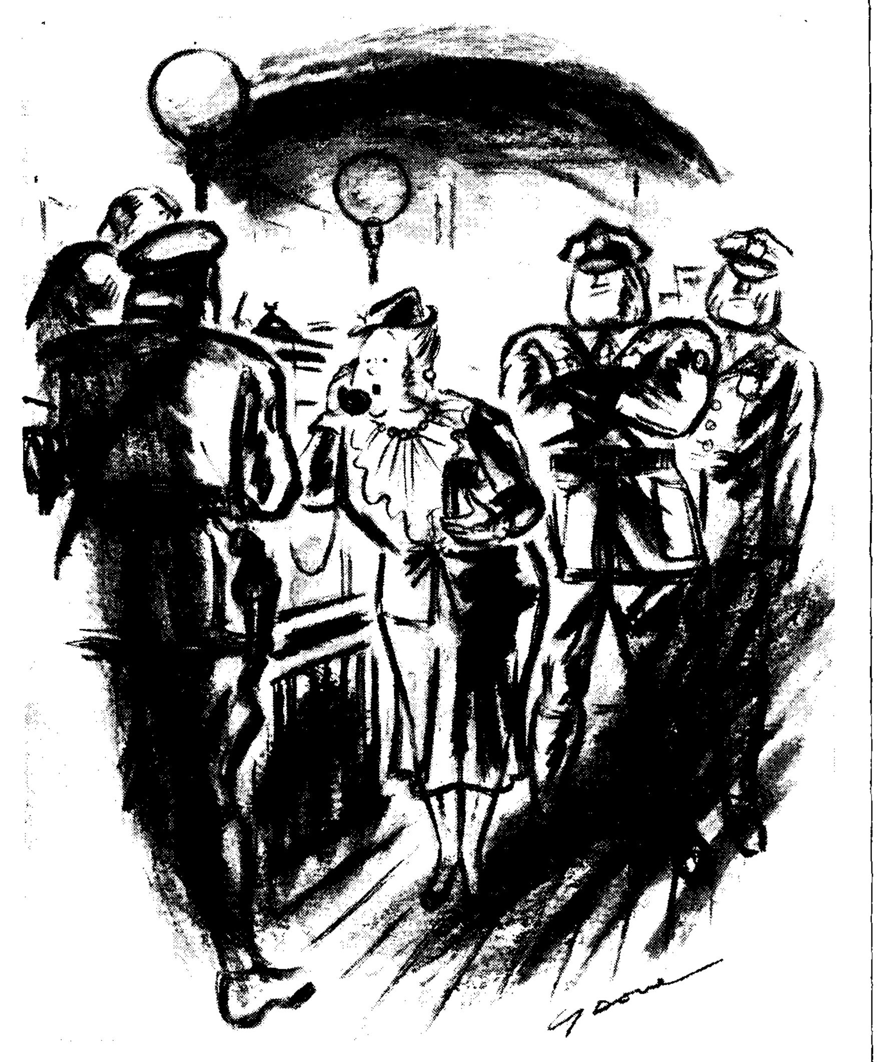
The girl shook her head.

"Not with me, sir."

"MR. FLORESTAN is very methodical, sir," Hammond intervened. "If he's going to be away for more than twenty-four hours he always leaves an address. He will probably be in sometime during the day. He has an appointment in Antwerp on Thursday."

"If he comes in, let me know at once," Mr. Brown directed, waving them away. "You see, sir," he added, turning to his visitor, "we allow our trusted employees a great deal of liberty. Mr. Florestan buys and sells for the firm. He often takes an unexpected journey if he hears of any transactions likely to be profitable. Now, what business have you that concerns him, I should like to know? What is it that you want to find out?"

"I will explain, if you will give me an opportunity," Cheshire answered dryly.



"Hullo, Henry dear, I got my driver's license all right this morning, but in the meantime—" LEONARD DOVE

COMPTOMETERS "streamline" Budd Companies' figure work

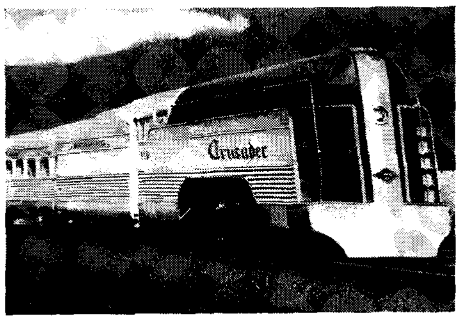
Think of a gleaming new streamlined train—and you think of the name "Budd"! For, ten to one, it's a Budd-built train you picture in your mind.

Firm believers in modern industrial technique, small wonder that Budd makes this statement: "We have 35 Comptometers, both electrical and mechanical, in the Detroit Plant of the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing and the Budd Wheel Companies. These Comptometers are used on such figure work as *payroll, sales and other analyses, estimating, planning, costs, billing, earning reports, etc.*

"We find that they have stood up remarkably well, with a minimum of repairs, and have proven themselves the speediest and most efficient means of making mathematical calculations.

"Prior to 1932, a large part of our payroll work was handled on other machines. Since displacing them with Comptometers, we find that our costs have been reduced and the task performed more efficiently by the Comptometer, primarily because of its flexibility.

"We have no idea how or on what machine this work could be accomplished as efficiently if the Comptometers were to be removed from the Plant."



THE BUDD BUILT *CRUSADER*, FAMED READING LINES FLIER

Comptometer

Model K Comptometer in operation. If your firm's figure-work methods need a "streamlining" treatment, permit us to demonstrate (on your own job) Comptometer features which cut costs and save time. Telephone your local Comptometer office, or write to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The skilled metalworker shown above is using the SHOTWELD process (developed and owned by Budd) in the construction of a modern "streamliner." This process is rapidly revolutionizing the field of metal welding.

COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"BELIEVE ME — IT'S TRUE!"

Miracle Elastic

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GARTERS

STRETCH AROUND YOUR WAIST EVEN IF YOU WEIGH 275 LBS.

They simply can't bind your legs ... they can't chafe ... with all their amazing elasticity they can't slip ... they're as secure as they're gentle. *Paris Garters must fit perfectly because you simply adjust them to your leg-size.*

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

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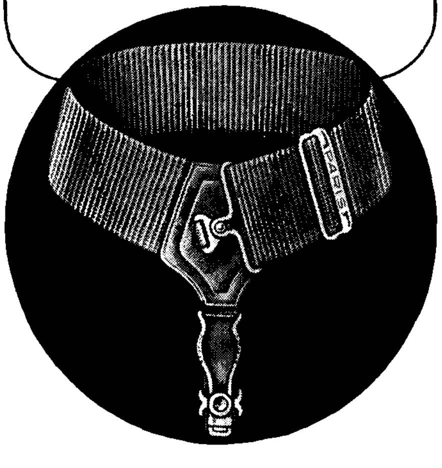

A. STEIN & COMPANY · Chicago · New York

"Mr. Florestan lives in Colville Terrace, Kensington."

"First time I've ever heard of the place," Mr. Brown declared. "I don't know where any of the people live."

"Mr. Florestan, it has been reported to Scotland Yard," Cheshire continued, "was disturbed at suppertime last night in the dining room of his home in Colville Terrace by a telephone summons. He left the room to answer the call. When he failed to return, his wife alleges that they went in search of him and found that he had disappeared, also that the garage doors were open. He had apparently gone away in the car."

"Without a word to anyone?"

"Without a word to anyone. Furthermore, he is not only still missing, but soon after midnight his car was discovered unattended outside St. George's Hospital with a man inside at the point of death."

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Brown exclaimed. "What can have become of him?"

"You're asking me!" was the terse reply. "That is what I've come to find out. No one has seen him since he left 137 Colville Terrace at eight o'clock last night."

"But you say he drove his car to St. George's Hospital."

"No, I didn't say that," Cheshire pointed out. "I said that his car was discovered there unattended with the engine still running and a man inside who was at the point of death. The matter naturally is in the hands of the police. We want to know what has become of Mr. Florestan."

Mr. Brown clasped his head between his hands.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "You are not suspecting Florestan of committing an act of personal violence, are you?"

"We are not suspecting Mr. Florestan, or anybody else, of anything at the present moment," was the patient reply. "What we want to know is what has become of him. You say that he has not reported here in any way. That seems strange."

"What was the matter with the man who was on the point of death in the car?" the other asked with irrelevance.

"He has a bullet still in his chest that passed within a sixteenth of an inch of his heart."

MR. BROWN seemed on the point of collapse.

"Nothing to do with Florestan," he declared firmly. "One of the mildest men you ever met. I don't believe he would know which end of a gun to hold. Say, Admiral Cheshire, have you found out—do you know who the man was, or is, with the bullet in his chest?"

Cheshire nodded curtly.

"Yes, we know," he answered. "So would you, probably, if you saw him; that is, if you ever look at an illustrated paper. There are four doctors working to save his life and for the sake of his country we only hope that they will succeed."

"An Englishman?"

"I came here to ask questions, not to answer them," Cheshire said a little impatiently. "Will you tell me this, sir? Are there any branches of your business with which Mr. Florestan might come in touch that are of a dangerous nature?"

"Dangerous?"

"That is the word I used. Does Mr. Florestan, for instance, travel in countries not favorably disposed toward our own? Is he likely to be carrying on a correspondence of a treasonable kind?"

"What—Florestan?" Mr. Brown exclaimed. "Look here, Admiral, you've got poor Horace Florestan all wrong. He's one of the simplest men breathing. So for heaven's sake don't sit there asking me silly questions. You are used to crime and stolen cars and dying men, I suppose. I'm not. No more is Horace Florestan. Anything more I can do for you, Admiral?"

Cheshire picked up his hat and buttoned his coat.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "we are taking out a warrant within an hour of this minute for the arrest of Horace Florestan. The next you see of him will probably be in the prisoner's dock, if he hasn't already slipped out of the country."

"But—but what do you mean?" Mr. Brown gasped. "Florestan a criminal? Such rubbish! You don't know your job, sir, whoever you may be. Why, he is the backbone of our business. A warrant out against Florestan? On what charge?"

"Attempted murder, sabotage and espionage," Cheshire declared coolly. "There may be a few other counts to add later on. Good morning, Mr. Brown."

THE maid with the flaxen fringe and the somewhat flamboyant appearance opened the door of 137 Colville Terrace to Cheshire shortly after seven that evening. She seemed to accept his visit as a matter of course and stood on one side to allow him to enter.

"Your mistress at home?"

"Madam is expecting you, sir," she announced. "She told me to say that she would be down in ten minutes."

"Are you English?" he inquired.

She looked at him with a broad smile.

"What else do you suppose I am?" she retorted. "A Londoner bred and born, and never been farther away from home than Southend. The master, he hates foreigners. He wouldn't look at one of them Austrian girls who came here from the registry office after a job."

"That's queer," Cheshire remarked. "I rather thought Mr. Florestan himself might be a foreigner. Are you sure he isn't?"

"You make me tired," she snapped. "That's the worst of the police, whether they're dressed like their betters or whether they're in uniform—they're always wanting to know something. It was the same when I was in my last place."

"Where was that?"

"More questions!" she sighed. "However, I'm not ashamed of the truth. It was the Sparrow's Nest roadhouse down below Mitcham."

"A little livelier than this job, I should think," he remarked, smoothing his hair in front of the small glass.

"It may have been and it may not," she replied. "At any rate, when we had your sort down there asking questions we knew what they wanted. There's no drinking after hours in this house, anyway."

She showed him into the back parlor. As he passed the dining room he noticed that the table was laid for two.

"Master expected home?"

"Mind your own business," was the curt but good-natured reply.

He chuckled.

"From a nice-looking girl like you," he complained, "that's not a pretty answer. I expect you had plenty of admirers down at the Sparrow's Nest."

"I can find all the admirers I want, wherever I go," she answered, looking at him with bold eyes.

"I don't wonder at it," he replied, leaning over and kissing her lightly on the cheek. "I rather wish I had known you when you were at the Sparrow's Nest."

"The same old dodge," she laughed, not unpleasantly but with a note of grimness. "Kisses and a night out in London or one or two of those nice clean white notes—and you almost a gentleman! Why don't you leave this sort of thing for your sergeants and that sort?"

"I generally do," he confided. "You're

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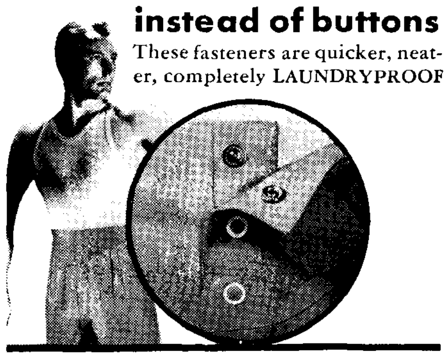

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not bad, though, you know, Rosa. If you want to combine a little business with pleasure, tell me some more about your master."

"Ask the mistress. She knows all about him. She will be here in a minute or two. I have a good mind to put her on her guard."

"I don't think it would matter much," Cheshire observed. "She knows what we want. Either there's nothing you could tell or there's nothing worth telling. That's the reason she trusts you, I suppose."

THE girl smiled. She looked occasionally a little stupid but behind that she was always on the alert. She had left the door an inch or two open and she was obviously listening.

"The master's all right," she said. "I don't think he will ever end his days in quod. All the same, he's a deep 'un."

His hand strayed toward his pocket. She shook her head.

"No—I get good wages here."

"Take me to your dressmaker's, next afternoon out," he suggested.

"Don't be rash," she answered.

"Why rash?"

"My afternoon out is tomorrow. Four o'clock at Madame Hortense's, corner of Beaumont Place and Regent Street, but I don't think I shall be there," she went on. "I shall have changed my mind before then, especially if the mistress behaves a little more decently. Still, there you are. Come along and try, if you want to. I might like you better—"

It was curious how, though the silence seemed perfectly unbroken, they were both conscious of the approach of Deborah Florestan.

"I'll let Madam know that you are here, sir," the girl said in an altered tone. "Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you," Cheshire replied. "You might take my hat, if you will. I don't know why I brought it in."

She accepted it and opened the door wide just as her mistress appeared, entering the room with the same easy, flowing movement, carrying herself with just a shade too much arrogance, diffusing perhaps a shade too much perfume, her well-rounded body a little too obvious beneath the close-fitting material of her black gown. She smiled at Cheshire curiously as she offered him her hand. The overmanicured fingers surprised him by their length and coolness.

"Well, you will not have long to wait now," she remarked, sitting down. "Rosa, you may bring in the sherry."

"Any news of your husband?"

"Not yet. I do not expect any. What I do expect is to hear the car drive into the garage in a few minutes or hear his latchkey in the door."

"I shouldn't think you will hear the car," he said. "The police have that, you know."

She looked at him critically. Something about his undoubted air of distinction seemed to displease her.

"Why do you not wear a uniform, so that everyone will know you are a detective?" she asked. "I suppose you are ashamed of it, really."

Cheshire smiled.

"No, I can't say that I'm ashamed of it," he told her, "but as a matter of fact, I am not a detective. I go to some places, however, and have some work to do where I should not have a chance of success if I were recognizable. Mine is rather a new branch in the service, you know."

"H'm. Call yourself half gentleman," she observed.

"I'm not sure," he replied, "that we go so far as that, but it is a sad fact that the criminal classes today consist largely of well-educated and well-brought-up people. They need someone in their own walk of life, you see, to deal with them."

The maid came in with a decanter of sherry and glasses.

"Set it down somewhere, Rosa," her mistress ordered. "We will serve ourselves."

The girl obeyed. Cheshire rose to his feet and walked to the sideboard.

"Will you allow me?" he asked.

"Half a glass, please," she said carelessly.

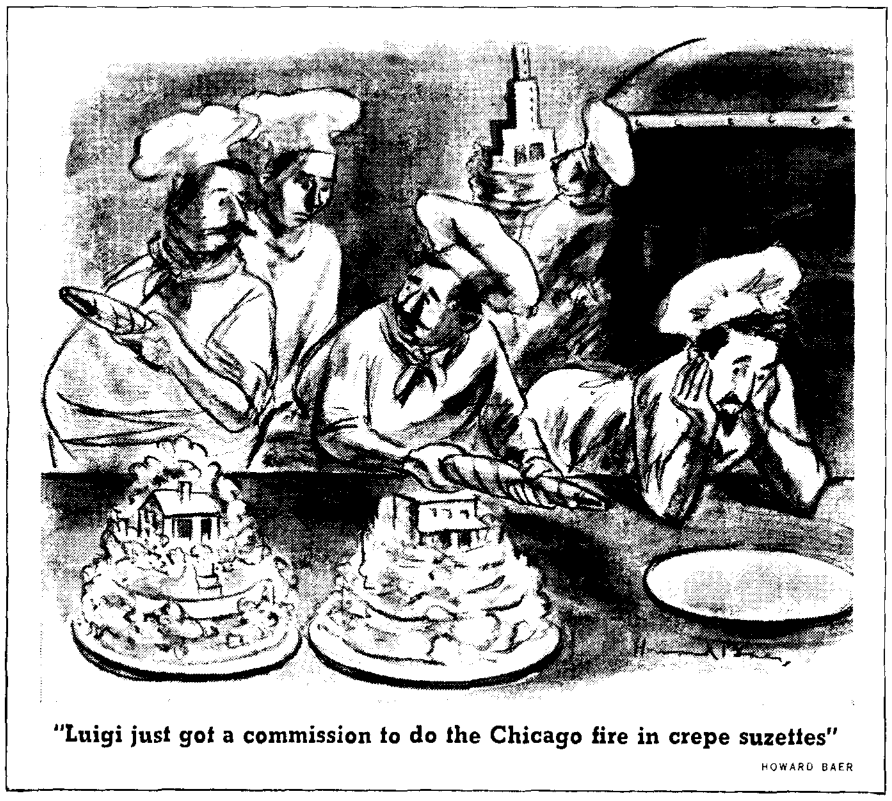
SHE came over to his side as the girl left the room. He felt himself somehow enveloped by that clinging perfume, curiously blended with an odor of bath salts and strongly scented soap. She raised her glass and her lips parted a little in that wonderfully controlled smile that seemed scarcely to indicate so much as mirth, to be indeed only the provocative anticipation of it.

"Shall we drink to his safe return?" she asked.

"Naturally."

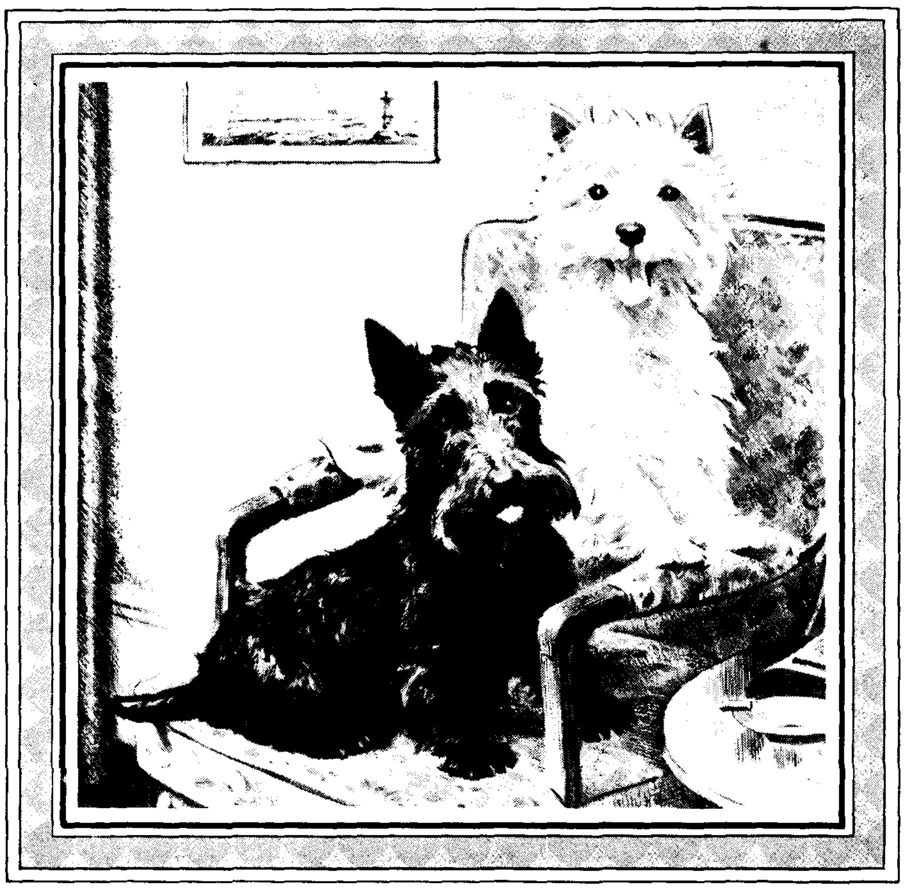
She looked at him and there was a gleam of inquiry in those strange eyes of hers. Her look meant something but Cheshire found it unanalyzable. She drained her glass and set it down.

"Here he is," she remarked, turning away. "I really do not know what he



"Luigi just got a commission to do the Chicago fire in crepe suzettes"

HOWARD BAER



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will say when he finds me drinking with a gentleman of the police. Good thing you were behaving so nicely!"

Cheshire was listening. There was the distinct click of a latchkey in the door, the sound of feet upon the mat. He realized then that the last thing he had been prepared for was Florestan's return, yet a moment later the door slammed, footsteps came down the hall and a man of well over medium height, slim, fair, almost flaxen-haired, with pale complexion and skin that seemed somehow or other drawn too tightly over his bony face with its high cheekbones, entered the room. His eyes, gray-blue, and as bright as steel, were a trifle protuberant and his indrawn lips completed the sense of hardness that seemed to radiate from his whole physiognomy.

"Mr. Florestan?" Cheshire inquired.

"My husband," Deborah Florestan observed from the divan. "This gentleman, Horace, is either from the police or from some sort of secret service or other. He has a horrible story to tell about you and the car."

Florestan bowed without speaking, closed the door behind him, crossed the room and embraced his wife.

"Been worried, dear?" he asked.

"I never worry," she answered. "I told this gentleman you would be home to dinner tonight. He did not believe me but he is here to see."

Florestan and Cheshire exchanged curious glances. Cheshire saw before him just the unusual type of man he had expected, and from the first he was conscious of a subtle sense of danger in the atmosphere. Florestan himself showed no sign of emotion but he seemed puzzled at Cheshire's visit and very much on his guard.

"You are not a regular policeman, are you?" he asked.

"Not exactly," Cheshire admitted. "I am interested in the matter of your car, though. I came down early this morning with the local inspector and saw your wife."

"WHAT is worrying you about my car?" Florestan asked. "I am glad to hear it is found, anyway. Where was it?"

"Outside St. George's Hospital at midnight," Cheshire confided. "There was no driver, the engine was still running and there was a passenger in the front seat who was as near death as a man can be and still be breathing."

"Fallen into bad hands," Florestan sighed. "Just my luck, that. Pinched by one of those gang outfits, I should think. Wonder what made them drive it to St. George's Hospital?"

"The same question," Cheshire observed with an undernote of sarcasm in his tone, "has intrigued Scotland Yard. I should have mentioned that false registration numbers had been affixed and the identity card was missing."

Florestan groaned.

"My new Rexton," he muttered. "Well, what about it, sir? Have you brought it back?"

"The police have not finished their inquiry yet," was the curt reply. "I have been sent to examine you as to your movements last night. You must understand, Mr. Florestan, that this is a somewhat serious matter. The man who lies in the hospital now, and who was found in your car, is scarcely likely to recover and I may tell you, without disclosing his name, that he is a very well-known personage."

Mr. Florestan poured himself out a glass of sherry, pulled down his waistcoat and seated himself in an easy chair. He pointed out another to Cheshire, who, however, shook his head and remained standing.

"More unpleasantness, I suppose," Florestan said gloomily. "Deborah, you had better leave us."

Mrs. Florestan rose from her place with some slight evidence of unwillingness.

"You are satisfied now that I was telling you the truth, Mr. Cheshire?" she asked, lingering for a moment as she passed him.

"So far as you knew it, Madam, certainly."

He was nearest to the door and he held it open for her. As she went through she half hesitated. Their eyes met and he caught a gleam of disquietude in hers. It was obvious that she left them unwillingly.

"We will now proceed with our conversation," Florestan said. "What did you say your name was, sir?"

"Cheshire."

"Mr. Cheshire, then, there is very little I can tell you about the car. I received a telephone message of an urgent nature just as I was commencing supper. I left the house within thirty seconds, I should think—I didn't even come and say goodby to my wife or offer her a word of explanation. I got out the car and I drove off. I went to the address where I hoped to find the man who telephoned to me and he wasn't there. I waited for an hour. He didn't come. It was Sunday night and it was difficult for me to decide what to do. When I came out the car had disappeared."

"At what address were you?"

"We will let that be for the present," Florestan answered after a moment's hesitation. "I went in a taxi to two other places where I thought I might find the person who had telephoned me. I failed. I then took the night train to Newcastle. I transacted some business there and caught the train back this afternoon."

"Not having even rung up the police about your missing car," Cheshire said.

"I had other matters on my mind."

"How much did you give for the car?" Cheshire asked.

"Just under two thousand pounds."

"The business must have been very important, Mr. Florestan, that you went away to Newcastle without even reporting your loss to the police."

"The business was very important," the other assented.

"Might one inquire as to its nature?"

"It referred to a very large contract. . . . But why should I answer your questions? You are wearing no uniform, Mr. Cheshire, if that's your name, and I have nothing but your word for it that you have anything to do with the police."

Cheshire opened his coat and disclosed the inside of his waistcoat, to which was fastened a silver disk.

"Pshaw! What's that worth?" Florestan scoffed. "You can buy those in the Caledonian Market for a penny each. Anyhow, I'm going to call your bluff, Cheshire, or whatever your name may be. I don't believe you've anything to do with the police. I think you know more about the inside of the admiralty than Scotland Yard and that you want to get at my business for your own reasons. Hands up!"

Cheshire was quick but Florestan was a thought quicker. There was a suggestion of long experience in the way that gun was held steadily toward the third button of Cheshire's waistcoat. The latter raised his hands. Florestan came slowly toward him.

"You're playing the fool," Cheshire warned him. "Your wife can tell you that I came here with the inspector."

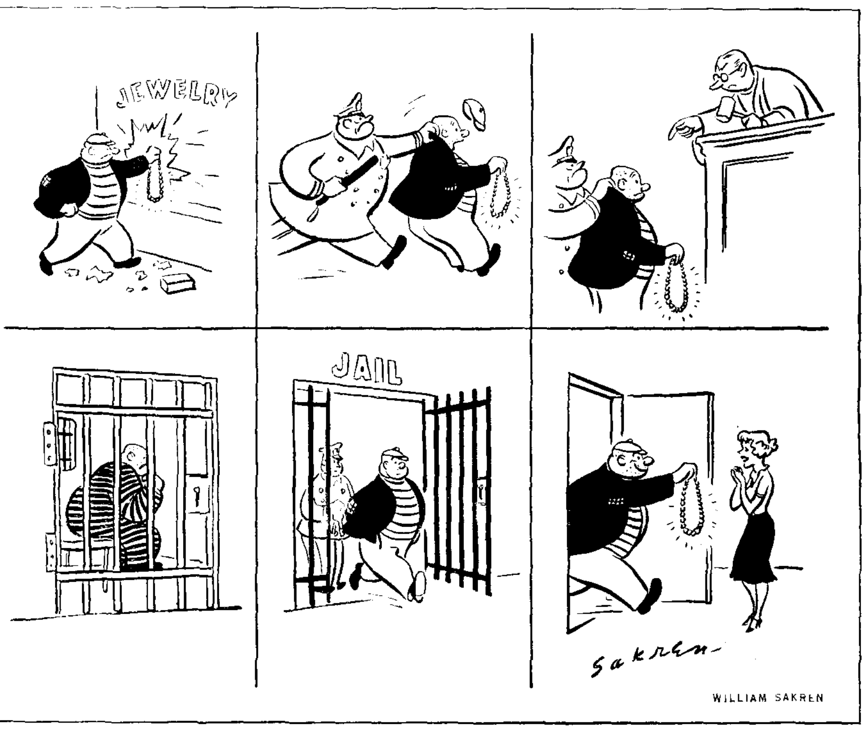
Florestan made no reply. He was now only a couple of yards away and Cheshire, who was not wholly ignorant of such matters, knew that he was face to face with a desperate and clever man. Both of them were absolutely cool. Florestan had apparently thought out his plan before he had risen to his feet. From behind Cheshire came the sound of the quiet opening and closing of the door. A strange male voice broke the hideously tense silence:

"I wouldn't shoot, Florestan. There are people in the street, the window is open and the walls of this house are thin. We don't need a gun for this job."

CHESHIRE found the temptation to take his eyes off Florestan, who was creeping nearer and nearer, inch by inch, was almost irresistible. He watched his approach, absolutely unhurried, as calm and deliberate as his voice had been throughout their brief conversation. Cheshire never turned his head but he felt, somehow or other, that the two men had come to an understanding. The newcomer was so near now that he could hear his breathing. He flinched for a single second, the muscles of his neck twitching as he made an involuntary turn. Almost simultaneously, before he could lower his arm, Florestan's fingers, like steel bands, were upon his throat. . . .

He felt himself crashing backward. . . . Semiunconsciousness came almost at once. . . . His heels were on the carpet. . . . He caught a glimpse of a figure stooping over him, a square-shouldered, ugly man with pallid complexion. . . . He was being dragged along. . . . He was in another room. . . . There were cords around him, cutting into his legs, cutting into his arms, a sickly smell coming from somewhere. . . . Then it all began to fade away and the remnants of consciousness left him. The hour of Cheshire's greatest humiliation had arrived.

(To be continued next week)



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Finished

Continued from page 17

could always make a living. But Marta, the girl who once stood below him as Louise of Montmartre. And little Marta. Never would he see them again, for they would never be granted passports to leave the kingdom.

No, there was only one solution: Victory. Victory for himself and Marta and little Marta. Then he was through. *Finita.* No more such struggles. He was nearly forty. No more carrying the burden of this unequal fight; playing nations with two or three good players while he stood unassisted. Tomorrow the last battle. The worst, too, perhaps. That American boy. *Sapristi,* he had talent, that boy.

Bong . . . bong . . . bong . . . bong . . . bong. Five o'clock. The Count di Teubner needed sleep. Rest and repose. For the hundredth time he turned anxiously in bed.

"And now Carr serves . . . three games all, remember, in this third set . . . first two sets to the United States . . . Carr to the corner . . . the count diagonally across court . . . now Carr comes to the net . . ."

DOWN by the side of the court Mary watched him dancing into forecourt. She had never seen tennis like that before. Nor had the gallery ever seen such impossible shots, such a caressing of the ball, as if he could call on it and it would obey. Behind her a reporter paused to watch and admire the grace of Rodney's footwork, and the precision of his stroking. She caught some of the man's remarks. "Not since Tilden . . ." Then came the cheery voice of the American announcer cutting into the silence as the count started to serve:

"Games are three-four, third set . . . well, folks, the match seems about over now, Carr needs only two more games . . ."

The man opposite Rod looked old and weary. He looked like a man in agony.

The telephone rang. It was Harry Pratt, the captain, asking if he had slept. Had he slept? Yes . . . No. He replaced the receiver but his hand trembled so he nearly knocked it off the table.

Well, he was awake. This was the day. The big day. Saturday. One week since he'd met her. There she was, leaning over the rail of the club porch, looking up at him.

"Which one is Carr?" What was this, anyhow? A new way to ask for your autograph, a different approach for some favor? The champion business made one suspicious. But her upturned face was sincere and questioning. A nice face, too, without benefit of drugstore. Imagine such a question. Which one is Carr? Tie that, can you? His face over every sports page for two summers, and a girl asks that.

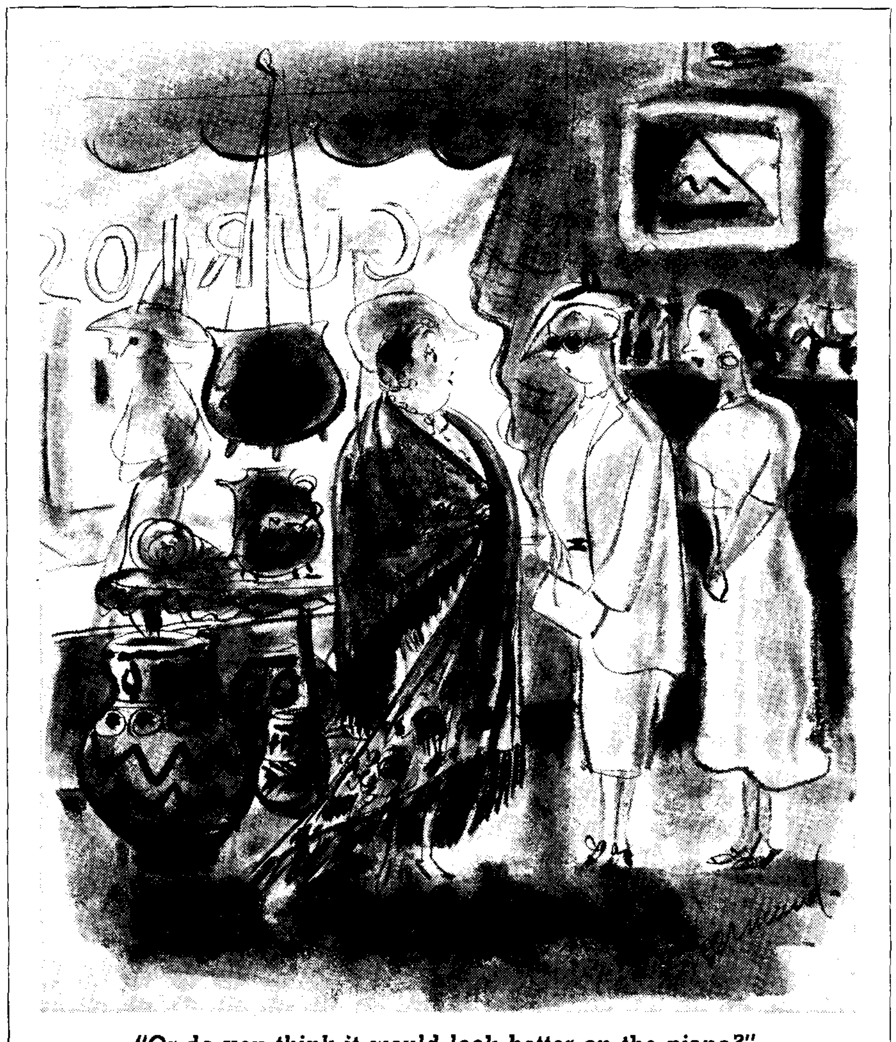
"Carr? He isn't out there now." She glanced across the expanse of turf where twenty or thirty men were practicing, every court taken.

"Oh . . ." There was genuine disappointment in her voice. "Oh . . . I was told he'd be here to practice this afternoon. Is he coming later?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. Why?"

"Well, I have to see him. I mean I must see him sometime this afternoon. I'm from the Star. They want a human interest story on him."

Hah. One more girl reporter. Rodney saw a chance to get back a lot of things he had suffered in the past from lady reporters. "Fact is, Carr prob'ly won't show up here at the clubhouse this afternoon. But I know where he's staying. I might arrange things . . ."



"Or do you think it would look better on the piano?"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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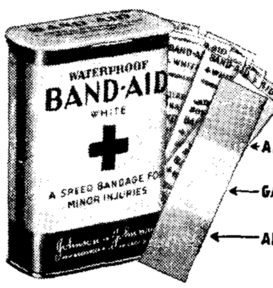
STICK ON A BAND-AID --- THE NEAT, READY-TO-APPLY BANDAGE



Get Band-Aid at your drug counter today! ONLY 19¢ for this complete Kit . . .

"Would you? Could you?" There was a spontaneous surge of gratitude in her voice and a smile that was genuine and relieved. For a minute he wondered whether he should continue. "Oh . . . if you only could . . . I'd be so grateful. I'm Mary Smith. I've got a car here . . ."

"Of course. Let's go right now." They piled out of the clubhouse and into her little roadster and were soon speeding along the highway down Long Island. "Now tell me about Carr. I want to know something about him before we meet. What kind of a boy is he?"

"Six feet, one-fifty pounds, brown eyes, big hands. . . . Just a small-town boy who broke into the big time—"

"No. I mean what kind of a person is he? Does he beat his wife, does he . . ."

"Wife! Say, he isn't married. He has enough trouble with his brother on his hands."

"What do you mean his brother?"

"Well, he sort of helps his brother. Puts him through college. His kid brother, y'know."

"Why, no, how was I to know? How does he help him? Do amateur tennis players . . . do they make money?"

He looked at her quickly. Her face was devoid of guile and as far as he could tell she asked for information. She was either a good actress or very innocent. He decided the former. She continued:

"You see . . . very likely you think me a dope, but I haven't been out to interview anyone in sports before. It's sort of new to me. The business . . . no, I've been at it off and on four years now."

And she went on to tell him, as they drove along back roads of the island, of how she had to leave college in her junior year, of the heartbreak of the newspaper merger that had cost her a job just as she was getting a by-line on her stories, of an interlude as a waitress in a restaurant, and now the lucky chance of a two-months fill-in on the Star. A girl on the feature-page staff would be gone that long on her honeymoon.

Then, suddenly realizing that she wasn't getting what she was after, she said, "Look, you've got me talking about myself, stranger, and I've still got that Carr story to get."

ROD sat back against the leather upholstery. "Well, you know most of it now. I roomed with him three years on the circuit. He had quit college just like you, but of course, for another reason. The big shots saw how good he was at tennis and the pressure was too much for him. You know how the amateur tennis grind keeps a man jumping all over the map, all through the year. Carr's got a young brother—Jimmy—who wants to be a surgeon, and Rod's got to come through for him. And their father's had a stroke, so the whole family's depending on him. If he can beat this Italian it'll mean fifty thousand dollars and an assured income for three years as a pro."

"Why, I never realized. When do we meet this success-story wonder boy?"

"Lady, you can see him right now. Just draw up to the side of the road."

Her face flushed and she was angry as the car slowed down. "Look here, what is this? If you're Rodney Carr, why didn't you say so?"

"Wait a minute. I thought you were fooling. I've been taken so often by girl reporters I figured at first you were stalling."

"You champions are all alike. Do you suppose I'd have talked like this if I'd known you were Rod Carr?" Her anger was slowly disappearing, but she was still upset. Then she grinned. "Funny thing, this morning you were just a name. A tennis player who was meeting that Italian count. . . ."

"Please be kind and wish me luck. I need it."

"Do you really? Well, I sort of dislike that Italian though I've never even seen him. Look here, you will win, won't you? I want you to win . . . this morning you were just a name. Now you're a personality."

Rod started. "Thanks for saying that. It's hard for me to believe anyone. I meet such a lot of phonies in my game."

"I think I understand."

"Look, Mary, when all this is over, I'm through for a week. Could I see you if I stayed round town?"

"If you stay round town and don't . . ."

"Maybe I could take you to the movies. Or Rockefeller Center? Three years in this town and never been there."

"Yes, Rod. You can take me . . . take me anywhere." She looked at him and as he was looking down at her, he kissed her. A long kiss. When he opened his eyes he saw her hand clench and unclench the wheel.

IT WAS the next afternoon he read her story about him. It was called "Tank-Town Boy." This was the way it began: "From a tank town in Texas without help or assistance, alone he made his way in one of the hardest of all modern rackets, the racket of sports." Then it described him away from the court. He was a personality. A human being. It made him happy all over and he stayed that way until he reached the locker room.

While dressing, his doubles partner, Dave Morris, came in. Dave was rich. Dave knew everyone, for he'd been about New York for years.

"Say, Rod, that was certainly some line you gave Mary Smith. You've got that gal sewed up tight. Did you know who she was when you met her?"

"Mary Smith? Certainly. She's a reporter. . . ."

"Yes, but did she happen to tell you her middle name? Van Santvoord. Her family's as old as Manhattan. And just in case you're interested, her father is old Van Santvoord Smith, President of American Zinc and Lead. What? Sure, she's worth a couple of million."

"No. I thought she was poor. There's something wrong, Dave. She left Vassar because . . ."

"Rats. She quit college because she was sick of it. Said she wasn't learning anything. Walked out on the family and got a job as plain Mary Smith. Won't take five cents from Papa now; someday she'll have to though."

Rodney, putting on his socks and shirt, was quiet. So that was the girl he'd asked to Rockefeller Center. But she said he was a personality. And she meant it, too. Her kiss said that.

"And, Rod, she told Betty Davidson you'd asked her to Rockefeller Center."

Now Rodney was hurt. To have her tell that. "If she said so I guess it must be so."

"Gosh." Dave was awed. "Think of your being hooked like that. You must see how funny it is."

"Locker," called Rodney. He was upset. "Andrew, get me my clean shoes, please." He didn't want to talk about it.

After practice he felt a little better, and the more he thought about her the more his irritation vanished. Yes, she had fooled him but, after all, he had started that game.

Now the match took on a different face. Before he met her it had been important to win. Necessary for the family. Now the thing came right home to him, personally. A tennis bum can hardly marry a millionaire's daughter. So he had to win. First of all for himself.

A man in a black uniform came into the big room of the Palace and quietly laid a cablegram on the desk of the Great Man. The Great Man, who also

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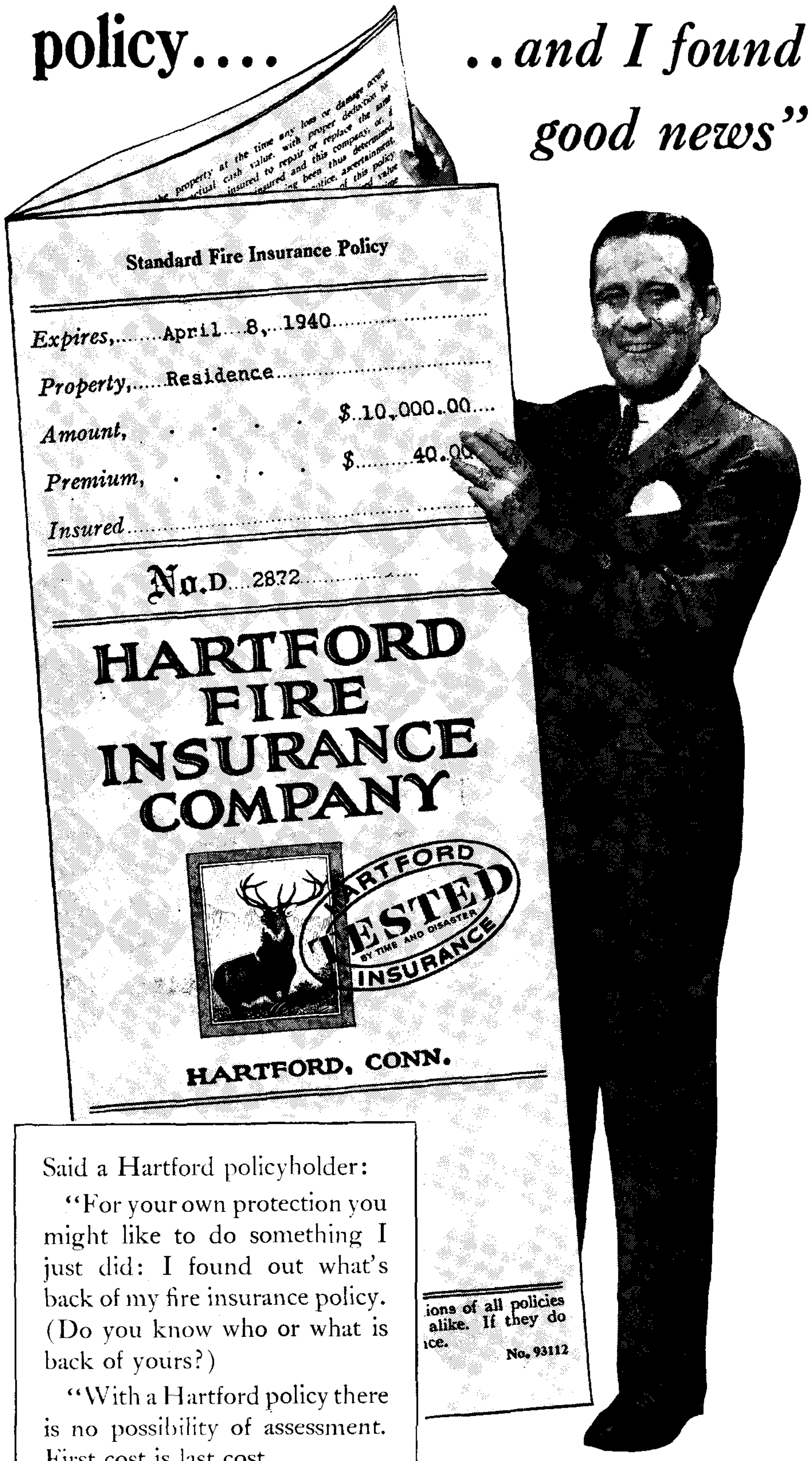

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

wore a black uniform with many medals on his chest, shoved the papers before him to one side as he glanced at the cablegram. Then he leaned over, snapped on the radio. There was a frown on his face, and that jaw, the most photographed jaw in all the world, was thrust well forward as he listened to a compatriot talking four thousand miles away:

". . . now . . . gloriously for the fatherland. . . . Our Umberto fights . . . score four games to three in the third set. . . ."

The expression on the face of the Great Man changed ever so slightly. He did not smile, no, but at least there was less of a frown on that stern countenance. Then the voice from afar was drowned in a tremendous storm of applause, a volume of sound that filled the big room in which the Great Man sat behind the desk at the far end.

"Ecco . . . ecco, Umberto . . . ecco . . ." and pounding his fist on the table, the Great Man pulled his papers toward him and snapped off the radio with a gesture.

MARY noticed the change in Rod's game. For the first time his magic touch faltered. With an easy volley for the point he hit the ball out of court. The gallery groaned—then laughed. Rod laughed, too, and she saw a nice smile and a fine set of teeth as he threw back his head in relief at the momentary lifting of tension.

But the count didn't laugh. In fact, he hadn't smiled since the match began. Never had she seen a man so dour, so desperate. It was as if everything in life depended on each single point.

"Games are five-four, Count di Teubner leads, third set." For the first time the Italian was ahead in a set. He reached for the balls to serve. He pulled himself up and hit the first one with all the force of his solid chest and torso.

"Fifteen love," called Pop. Cheers from the crowd. Once again the Italian served, once more the ball flashed past the American.

"Thirty love." More cheers from the stands. Rodney moved over, twisting his bat in his hands. . . .

". . . and now this Italian is playing tennis . . . boy, oh, boy, is he playing tennis . . . he's racing Rod up and down the court . . . from side to side . . . up and down, back and forth . . . now he hits one deep into Rod's backhand corner and comes to the net . . . he volleys . . . get it, Rod, get it . . . Rod reaches the ball . . . he lobs . . . the count goes back . . . he smashes . . ." and once again the crackle of applause over the radio told the story.

Mrs. Carr twisted a wet handkerchief in her hand. Jimmie was gripping his chair, and her husband on the sofa was clenching his pipe between his teeth. Not only Rodney, but the entire Carr family, was out there on that court two thousand miles away.

From the umpire's chair Pop's voice rasped into the living room. It was a sore and weary voice. ". . . score is now . . . three games to two . . . Italy leads, final set."

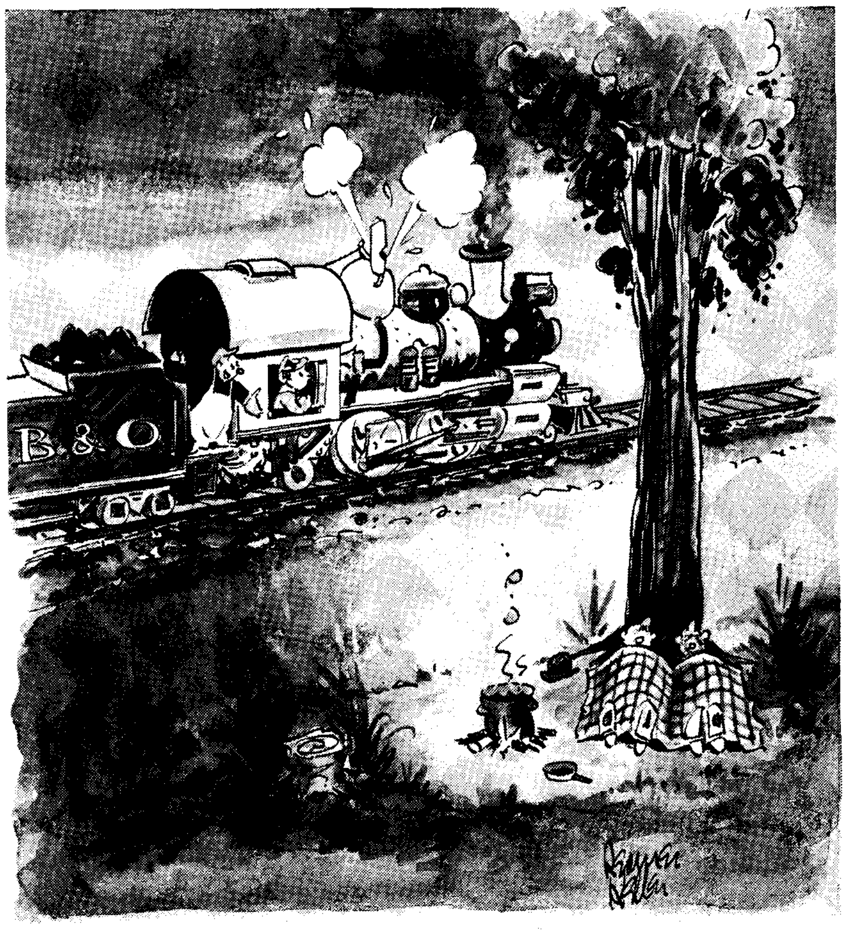
"Bad," said Jimmie simply. "The first time the Italian has been ahead all afternoon."

Rodney stepped to the base line. His thick blond hair was wet about his forehead. His face was white and drawn. All the nonchalant grace of the early part of the match had vanished. All his ease had gone, only his fight remained. That and the strange double-jointed suppleness that enabled him to stand firm in that rain of shots into every far corner of his court.

He served. The ball drew the chalk from the line. But was it out? These were moments when every point was worth a hundred.

"Out. . . ." shouted the linesman.

THERE was a roar of protest from the crowd. This wasn't what they had come for—an American defeat. Pop held up his hands for silence, yet the noise continued. Then Rod turned to them, begging for quiet, and during a brief second Mary caught sight of his face twisted and desperate. For those seconds she lived through what he was enduring. He stepped to the base line. He served. Straight down the center line. A daring



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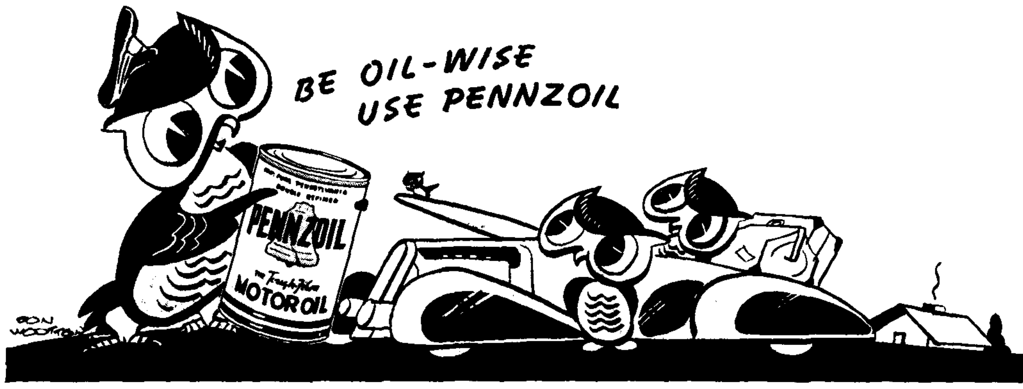
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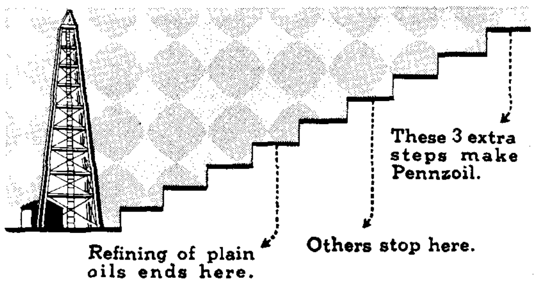
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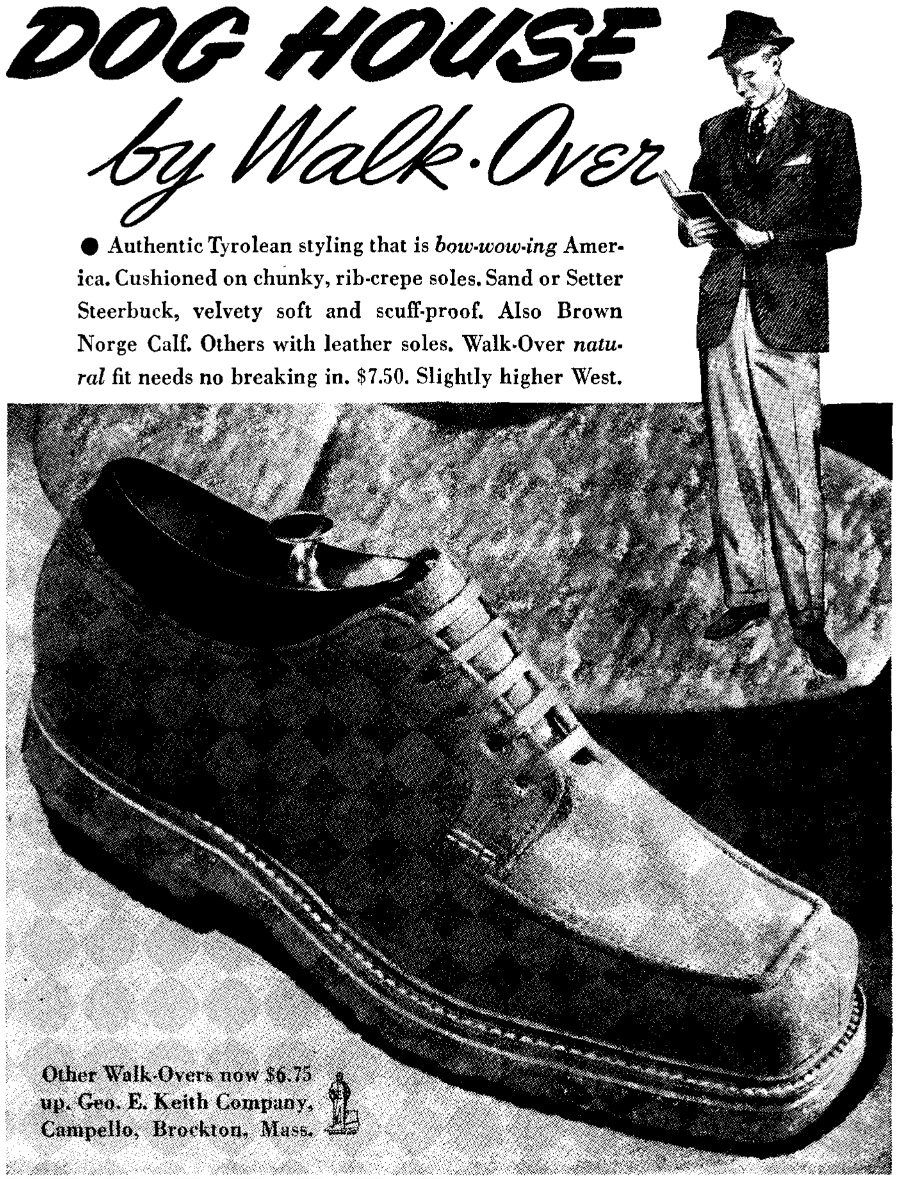
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ace on his second service. Slowly the Italian veteran walked across, nodding his head in approval, while the gallery greeted that gesture with a cheer. This broke the rhythm of Rodney's swing. Once more he turned toward them, his hands and racket upraised, much as a great conductor entreats his orchestra not to be too noisy in the vital movements of a symphony.

The tone of the Italian broadcaster was hoarse but it was jubilant with emotion. "Hear that . . . hear this throng . . . they are fair, these Americans . . . they cheer our Umberto though they hope he will lose . . . now Umberto leads in the fifth set . . . three games to two . . ."

The crowd buried its voice in sound. The crowd yelled, the crowd roared, the crowd shrieked, the crowd seethed and boiled in the stands. Mary heard a snatch of a sentence from behind. "Looks like anyone's match, hey, George?" And George's reply. "Yep, but the kid's all in. Can't take it." Then Pop speaking.

"Games are now three all, final set. Italy serving. Play. . . ."

The Great Man was sitting silent and alone, chin in his hand, listening. From the side of the green court four thousand miles away a compatriot carried the ebb and flow of battle into that lofty room in the Venezia Palace. Now and again men in black uniforms entered on tiptoe so as not to disturb him and placed telegrams on his desk. Still the Great Man paid no attention. Nor yet to those discreet messages written from outside. Sir Kingsley James, the British Plenipotentiary to the King-Emperor, here by appointment, waiting in antechamber C. Monsieur René de Faucomberge, the French Chargé d'Affaires, here by appointment, waiting in antechamber D. Always the Great Man listened.

Then came a tremendous burst of applause through the loud-speaker. It was sudden and spontaneous, the pent-up relieved reflexes of fifteen thousand persons. It grew and grew. At last the Great Man moved. There was a strange, ominous gleam on his face. With a downward thrust of his thumb he snapped off the radio.

"*Finita, Umberto, finita. . . .*"

IN THE clubhouse after the match the huge crowd milled round getting in its own way, jamming the hot, sunny terraces, filling the cool living room, packing the hallways and the lockers upstairs, everyone talking of the same thing. That match. The oldest members, who had seen every Davis Cup match in this country, agreed there had never been such a dramatic struggle, never such an ending as that last set with the tennis getting finer and finer until the ultimate point of all.

Up in the lockers the little Italian captain was shrugging his shoulders in reply to the remarks of a small group surrounding him, and packing clothes in a valise. The count was in the showers. Pop bustled up, hat in hand.

"Where's Rod? Anyone seen Rod?"

Certainly. It appeared everyone had seen Rod. But in a different place.

"He was here a few moments ago."

"He went downstairs."

"Well, he isn't downstairs. Mike Dolan the promoter wants to see him. And the reporters have to have a statement. Where is that boy?"

Pop couldn't locate him. Because wherever he went in the clubhouse Rod was somewhere else. Still in his flannels Rodney was shoving through the crowd on the porch, everyone reaching out to shake hands, glancing into the living room, going down the kitchen stairs to the cellar, through the professionals' quarters where another barrage of approval greeted him, and so back to the living room upstairs.

The packed hallway assaulted him:

"Hey, Mike Dolan is waiting for you."

"Pop is trying to locate you, Rod."

"There's a telephone, long distance call, Mr. Carr."

"The newspaper boys want to see you in the locker room, Rod."

But still he paid no attention. The living room was jammed, yet he shoved inside. On the table in the center stood that ugly soup tureen, the Davis Cup, with a ring of curious onlookers around. He glanced the room over, then he saw her. She was in a corner talking to some newspaperman whose face was vaguely familiar.

He pushed through. She noticed him moving toward her, wet, hot, a sweater over his soaking clothes. The crowd parted slightly, anxious to see the person he wanted. She didn't congratulate him or go through the formula. She merely moved forward to meet him.

"Remember what you said, Rodney—you'd take me to Rockefeller Center."

He put his arms round her and kissed her, a moist, perspiry kiss. Right before the president of the association and other tennis officials, not to mention Jake Devine, sports editor of the Star.

"Can't do that, Mary, I have to see the family. I've got to take you to Texas."

"Texas? I dunno but what that's just as good," said the daughter of old Van Santvoord Smith.

THE count leaned out the darkened window of his bedroom in the Morgan Sayles place on Long Island where the Italian team was staying. Below was a party, music rose, and the sound of people dancing on the porch. The fresh, cool air of early fall came to his nostrils. The same damp smell of grass near the sea that he smelled at home. Home! Well, it was over now. He had no home. All over and done.

A knock on the door. "Yah." Whenever he was tired or nervous he involuntarily reverted to the German of his youth. "Yah."

The voice of a fussy woman came from beyond the door. "Oh . . . Count . . . won't you *please* come down. The girls are just crazy to meet you, and there's so many people want to congratulate you on that wonderful match. Do please come down. . . ."

"Yah. I come."

"Thanks so much. We'll be waiting for you, remember. *Arrivederci.*" Her coy voice died away and she clattered down the hall. He heard her footsteps on the stairs. Then he rose.

Ach! Every bone in his body hurt. Well, it had been a good match. Play like that against a man like that and you have no regrets. He opened the door of his room and a burst of laughter floated up. But instead of following his hostess he turned back toward the servants' quarters. Stairs descended to a small hall with an entrance to the rear of the garden. He went down and stepped onto a gravel path that led round to the garage.

The garage was open. He swung the door noiselessly to, and locked it. Then he climbed awkwardly into one of the cars. One window of the car was open. Better so. Everything better so. For everyone. Especially for Marta and little Marta. Sheltered by the Baron's political regularity, they would be safe and secure.

The Count Umberto di Teubner leaned back in the seat. He was tired, so very tired. *Finita, Umberto, finita.* He pressed the button and the motor throbbed. Now for a new adventure. He had never been afraid of new adventures. Lately every match was a new adventure. What was it these Americans said before every match? That word? Yes, that was it. He spoke a single word.

"Play. . . ."

The All-America Swing Band

Continued from page 12

Zurke, believe it or not, used to be a coal miner. You'd never guess it from his playing. He's a fine rhythm man—Zurke. He and Art Tatum make a great parlay. You couldn't lose betting on this pair.

Now we come to the drums and I'd better get myself a steel vest and a bodyguard. There is more controversy over who is the best of the drummers than there is over any other position on this team. Ray Bauduc, Cozy Cole, Gene Krupa, Chick Webb, Ray McKinley, Johnny Williams, the youngster Bobby Rich—they are just a few of the great swing drummers. It is absolutely impossible to pick one out and say "He is the greatest." But I'm going to do it and then duck.

I'm going to pick Ray Bauduc, another Bob Crosby musician. Now, wait a minute before you start screaming. I've got reasons. I want a drummer who can send a band, not a drummer whose band sends him. Gene Krupa, for instance, is a great exhibition drummer. He can do more tricks than any of them and he's by far the best entertainer. As a matter of fact, Gene is the father of swing drummers.

Now let's talk about Ray Bauduc. I could talk about the guy for hours. I've watched him work a thousand times and I've never seen him get off center. When the band is all-important Ray submerges his personality and his instruments to send that band. When someone is out there doing a solo, Ray never lets his drums intrude. He acts as a lovely rhythmic backdrop against which the solo stands out.

But then how are you going to leave Gene Krupa off our band? Let's face it, folks: we just can't. Gene belongs on anybody's swing team and we're going to carry him as our exhibition drummer. It's hard to leave a man like Cozy Cole off. Cozy is the greatest press-roll drummer in the world. I've seen him take a beat, keep amplifying it, so that I wanted to beat my head and roll on the floor with the rest of the 'gators. But how are you going to keep Gene Krupa off? Mister, you just can't do it. So we're a band now with two drums, Bauduc and Krupa.

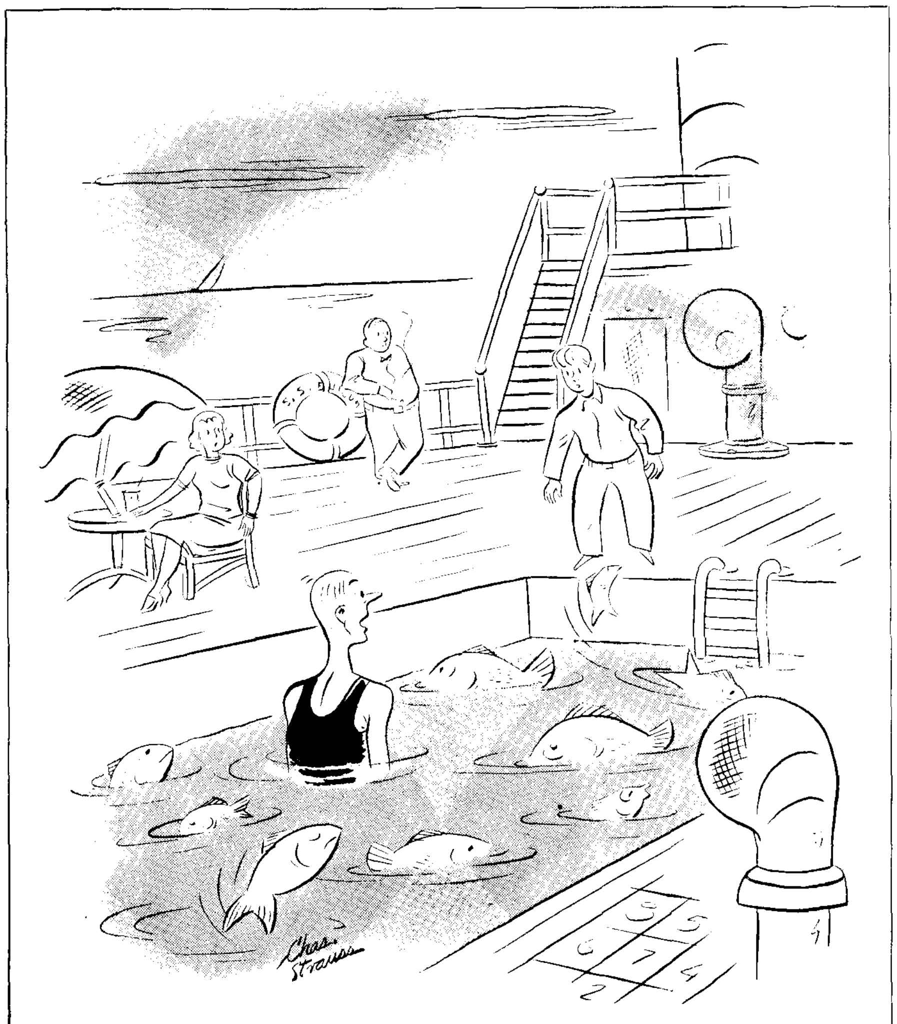
Now we come to the violin. If I have any criticism of swing music it is this—swing music is suffering from the evil of the Three Fours: four sax, four brass and four rhythm instruments. I want to add four violins. The violin is a great rhythm instrument; it adds color and versatility to a band. It gives a band a change of pace that is most welcome. Anyhow, this is my band and I'm picking four violins.

All Fiddling Fools

My No. 1 man is Joe Venuti and no one can quarrel with that selection. Joe isn't the father of the swing violin; he's the grandfather of it. If you don't believe it, ask any musician in the business. I don't know what will come after swing, but Joe will be tops at whatever it is.

Years ago when so-called jazz was the rage, Joe was the greatest jazz violinist in the world. Yes, in the world. Then there came a vogue for blues. Joe just shrugged his shoulders, changed his style a little and, only half trying, became the greatest exponent of the sweet type of music. Now it's swing. Joe still leads by eighty-four miles.

What else can I say about him? He's just the best there is, the best that ever was, and the best that ever will be. I



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CHAS. STRAUSS

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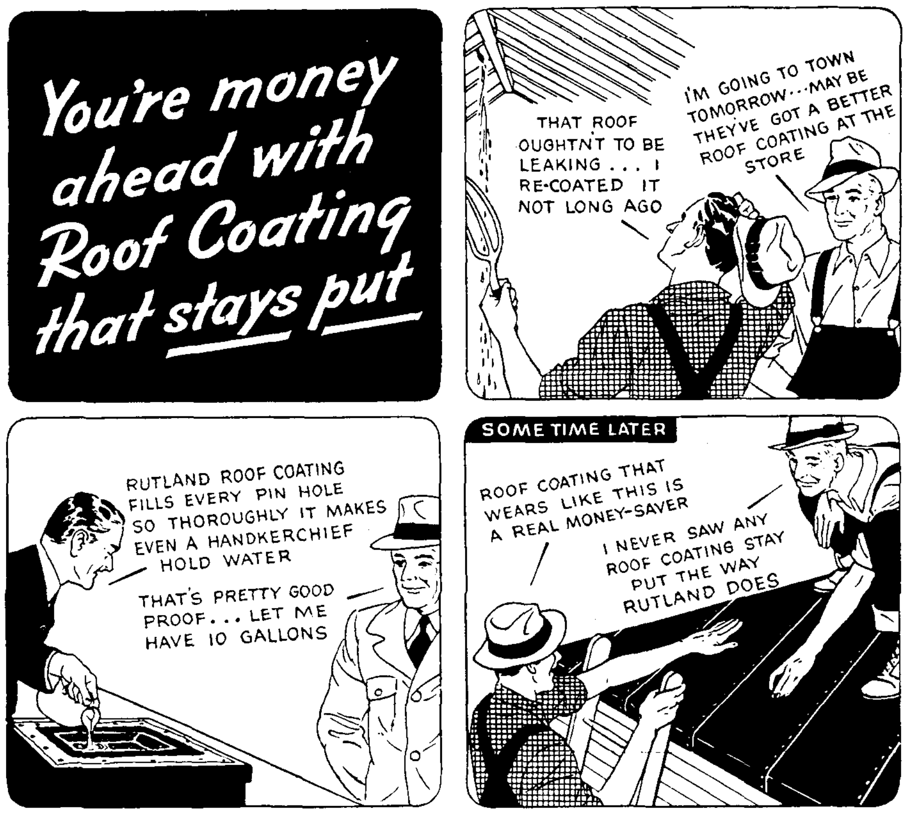
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SOME TIME LATER
ROOF COATING THAT WEARS LIKE THIS IS A REAL MONEY-SAVER
I NEVER SAW ANY ROOF COATING STAY PUT THE WAY RUTLAND DOES

Why RUTLAND Roof Coating Saves Money

Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating waterproofs better because it isn't "loaded" with solvent. More material per gallon *stays on*—forming a heavy, tough film of asphalt and asbestos fibres. Costs only 1½¢ to 2¢ a sq. ft. Ideal for all roofs except shingles. If local dealer does not carry, write Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

RUTLAND
NO-TAR-IN
ROOF COATING
1 U.S. GALLON

P. S. For badly worn holes, around flashings, etc.—use Rutland No. 4 Plastic Cement.

wouldn't accept any argument on that selection. If anyone feels really mad about it, I'll be glad to meet him on the field of honor—fiddles at twenty paces.

Al Duffy will play another violin for me. He's almost as crazy but not quite as funny as Joe. But he can play the fiddle, and remember I'm a string man. My third man is Eddie South of Chicago, not as well known nationally as the other two because he hasn't made as many records. South has the soul of a truly great violinist. There's no style of music that he can't read and play.

Our fourth man will be Matt Malneck, a Whiteman alumnus. Matt once wrote a little number called I'm Through with Love. He is a man who ranks with the best and he belongs on our team.

My bass violin is Bobby Haggart. John Kirby ranks close to him but I think swing fans will agree that Bobby can't be left out. This youngster is a great arranger. He knows point and counterpoint, harmony, melody and he knows swing.

Now, my friends, we come to the clarinet, a very important instrument. We also come to the King of Swing, the man whose name is so synonymous with swing that to mention one is to mention the other. I mean, of course, Benny Goodman. Goodman centered attention on swing music and became its foremost disciple. Goodman has reigned for a long time, as musical vogues go, but today he is as popular as ever. Throughout the country the name of Goodman means swing music.

Paired with Benny is Artie Shaw. If a seventeenth-century Mozart court musician had done a Rip Van Winkle and fallen asleep to wake up today in the middle of a swing band and if someone were to hand him a clarinet, he'd play like Artie Shaw. Shaw has an entirely different style than Goodman. As long as the vogue for fast, brilliant clarinet playing continues, Goodman is king. Shaw plays a sweet clarinet and he is tops at the blues. He and Goodman form a team that you can't beat.

Now I am adding an accordion to my swing band. Tito is the man. Just plain Tito, who can do more things with an accordion than were ever thought of. He is the only one I have ever heard who can successfully swing an accordion.

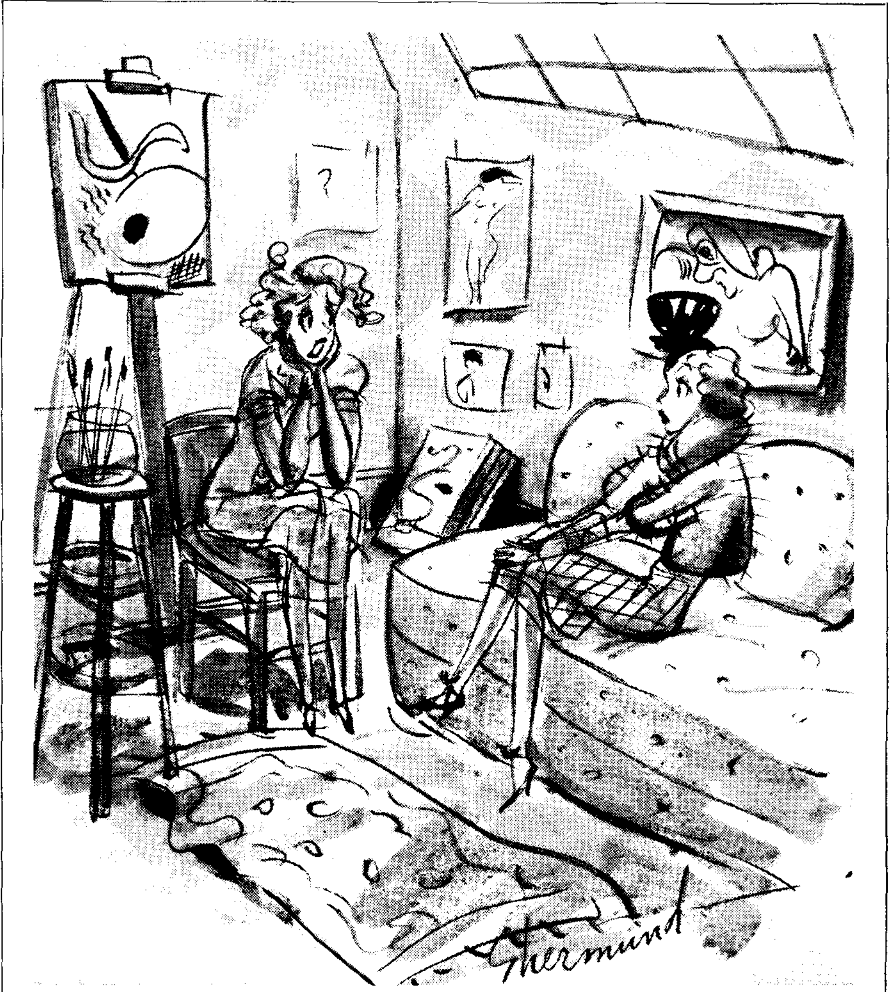
All good baseball teams have a utility infielder. I am going to add a utility swing man. Adrian Rollini is his name and he can fill in most anywhere. He plays, among other things, the bass sax, the vibraharp, the goofus and a little thing that he calls a fountain pen. It's a combination and he can make it talk.

Well, there's our team. How do you like it? Me, I love it. I'd like to take that band to Europe and show Europe swing that is swing. Yes, sir, in the language of the swing fan, that gang would make the squares and the corn blossoms blow their tops and the answer would be shredded carpet. It would be easy to lead this gang in a jam session. All you'd have to do would be to give the boys a key and the down beat, have someone call the choruses and they would really ride. They'd groove it. They'd get solid and they'd send you out of this world.

As an added attraction we have a couple of men on our team who can sing those choruses. Yeah, man, Jackson Teagarden and Louis Armstrong are a couple of vocalists of whom even the master of them all, Bing Crosby, the Groaner, would approve. Yes, if we ever took this gang on a world tour, I'd love to have the Groaner with us but meanwhile Teagarden and Armstrong could fill in all right.

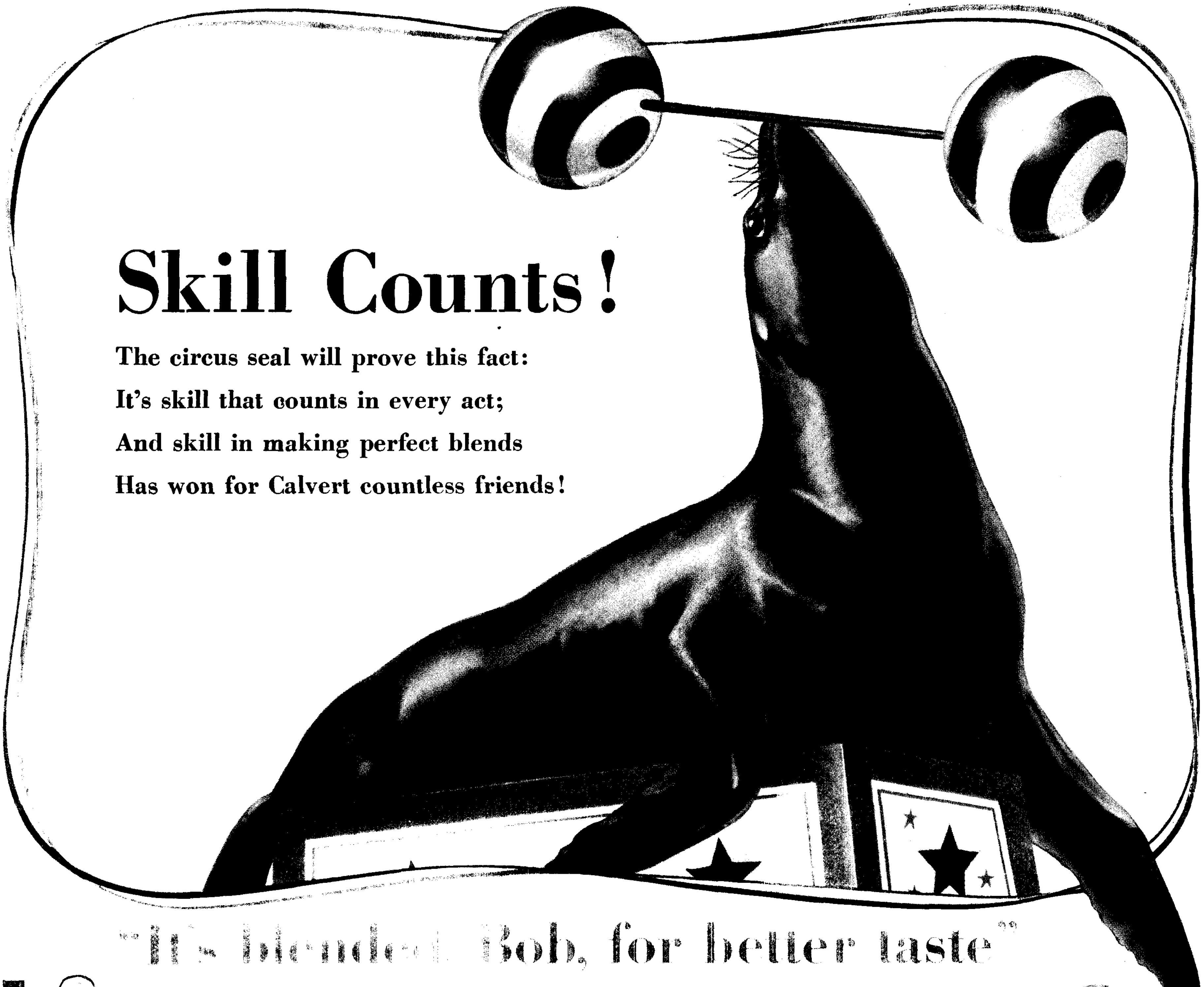
Yes, I know I've stuck my neck out for a walloping. I know that every swing fan and swing man in the country has different ideas on the makeup of the dream band. But I'll take this mob with no apologies.

And remember, swing fans, as the late Dick McDonough once said, "The corn is always taller in the other fellow's band."



"I can only work when I'm crazy about somebody. I do wish my husband would try to understand—"

BARBARA SHERMUND



Skill Counts!

The circus seal will prove this fact:
It's skill that counts in every act;
And skill in making perfect blends
Has won for Calvert countless friends!

"It's blended, Bob, for better taste"

BOB: "My compliments, Major—you certainly know how to pick a whiskey! What's your system?"

MAJOR: "Very simple, young fellow—I always trust my taste. You see, there's a whole lot more to good whiskey than the age and proof you see on the label. For one thing, there's the matter of blending. Take this Calvert, for instance...it's a *specially* fine blend."

BOB: "Blending, eh? Never knew *that* was so frightfully important, Major."

MAJOR: "Certainly is, Bob! When you get a whiskey that tastes as smooth as Calvert, you can be sure expert blending had a lot to do with it."

BOB: "Thanks for the tip, Major. From now on I'm trusting *my* taste, too!"

YOU WILL FIND Calvert a truly noble whiskey...blended by master craftsmen to give you the utmost in flavor and bouquet. That, we believe, is why Calvert is so overwhelmingly the choice of men who *trust their taste*—and buy better whiskey.

TRY CALVERT DISTILLED GIN
... for a marvelous Martini, a smoother rickey or Tom Collins!

Calvert
Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey
Calvert's Special

Call for Calvert *The Whiskey of Good Taste*

Copr. 1938 Calvert Distillers Corp., Distilleries: Baltimore, Md., and Louisville, Ky., Executive Offices: Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C. Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distilled Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from Grain Neutral Spirits.

"WE WANT YOUR CAR TO GIVE ITS BEST – *and so much depends on the gas you use"*

SO SAY scores of car service managers all over the country. They tell us that your car's performance depends on the grade of gasoline you use. What do they mean? Just this:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

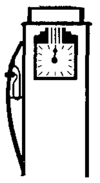
And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gasoline and spark setting, as shown in the 3-pump panel at the bottom of this page.

JIM POLAND, service manager for Gusweiler Sales and Service, Pontiac dealer in Cincinnati, O., says: "For about ten years I have been sold on the advisability of using Ethyl, not only as a means of getting top performance and dependability but also for better customer satisfaction. The use of Ethyl, we explain to our customers, allows us to 'tune up' a car so that owners will realize better performance and more carefree operation."

JACK H. HICKMAN, service manager for Hartwell Motors Co., Dodge and Plymouth distributor in Memphis, Tenn., says: "Tune-up adds performance and economy to any car's operation, but its real value can be spoiled by poor gasoline. I believe in setting engines for the best fuel—that's Ethyl!"

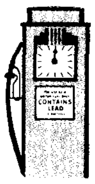
PEARCE H. SHANKS, service manager for Leyman Motor Co., Buick dealer in Louisville, Ky., says: "High compression motors require a correspondingly high anti-knock gasoline. From my eighteen years' experience with automobiles, I can truthfully say that Ethyl affords smoother and more efficient motor performance. We recommend to our customers that they use Ethyl. This permits us to tune their motors to give better performance."

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



Poor performance
with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance
with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

Best performance
with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

Troubled Star

Continued from page 15

one brother T O who looked like a page from a male fashion magazine. And had a mind like one.

"I had a girl there, didn't I?" Emery said. "Suppose the cops came and took her name? Would the dean of women like that? Or am I thinking too fast for you?"

"I had a girl there, too—my gosh, Emery, I had Julie there! I figure this way: if you can take a chance, your girl can, too!" Deep, too; Perry was a thinker.

"How much are you behind on Maxie's little game upstairs?"

"Couple of hundred." Perry looked sad, then his face cleared. "I'll get it all back. Right now I'm glad to be unlucky at cards. Who was the blonde with Cornish?"

"Who is Cornish?"

"Well," Perry said sagely, "if you don't know who he is, you probably wouldn't know the blonde either. I just wondered. He's on the faculty, and when the faculty starts muscling in you have to look for some new place."

THAT seemed to be today's best thought, and Perry strolled off toward Tate Hall. Oh, a fine witness, on his toes, never missed a thing! He had it clearly in mind that a brawl was a brawl. Emery went to a history lecture but didn't hear much of it. If Perry Henderson couldn't smell anything fishy, the Smith nostrils were working overtime. Why do you turn out the lights if it's just a couple of drunks getting the bum's rush? If it's a downstairs fight why do they break some glass upstairs—yes, and what glass? Why does the editor of the Morrison Daily, sprinting round in back, have to fight two different guys in the dark before he can get to his car? Why does somebody want to stop somebody else, and who is it wants to?

So, instead of going down to the Daily and bawling out the sophomore newsmen, Emery drove out to Tetlow Inn.

The inn was usually somnolent in the afternoon, and now there were only a few college boys drinking beer in the barroom. Emery sat at a table and ordered a cheese sandwich.

Maxie Blotz came into the bar and reproved a college boy who had got noisy, finally telling the bartender not to sell him any more beer. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Maxie said. Emery grinned. Till last night's disturbance was forgotten the place was going to be as moral as a convention of women's deans.

Maxie said, "Hello, Emery," and came over to his table. Emery shoved three dollars across the table, saying, "I left in a hurry last night." Maxie waved the bills away, explaining, "I run a place for nice people. I tell you, Emery, last night mortified me. Man to man, I make you an apology."

Maxie dressed in the nattiest clothes obtainable from the college shops, and the little Morrison seal in his lapel was a delicate touch. He had all athletic records by heart, kept abreast of college small talk, and made a point of calling people by their first names. . . . Lots of ways a good memory could be useful in Maxie's business.

"Maybe college boys get noisy sometimes," Maxie said, "but you know, always in a nice way. This pair comes into the bar. Well, what would you do if you was Pete? We got to serve them—you can't always choose your trade. So they have some drinks and pretty soon one thing leads to another and they're fighting."

"Who were they?" Emery asked.

"I wouldn't know if I seen them in church. So Pete runs them out. We'd ought to have give them to cops, but what the hell? Live and let live. They won't come back."

Emery finished his sandwich and went to his office in the journalism building.

"What do you do if somebody comes in and buys one?"

RICHARD DECKER

Pretty soon Bill Snelling, the correspondent of the Zimmerman chain, came in and said, "Heard there was some kind of ruction at the Tetlow Inn. Got anything on it?"

Here was a chronic headache. On his looks, this inconceivably tall and sallow reporter with the wild hair and the gleaming spectacles ought to be in a side show; on his performances, the stuff he sent out, he ought to be driving a garbage wagon. "Nothing you'd use," Emery said. "Just a couple of drunks arguing. They weren't even college drunks. I covered it myself."

"Oh?" Snelling said. "That where you got that mouse?"

"No, that was later, when I was talking to a kangaroo."

"Yeah. Well, who were the drunks? What you got for a story?"

"It just bored me. Why not run your regular dirt? Make it Dean Hannan on a tear."

"Oh, I like to work with you newspapermen." Snelling sniffed, peered at Emery and went away.

IT WAS about eight o'clock when Guy came in to argue about that picture page. Emery became the censorious editor and beefed about the limp-brains who took photographs for the Daily. Guy brought in an armful of stuff and it was all terrible. "Why don't you show the boys what kind of pictures a news photographer takes?" Emery inquired.

He went out to the big room that the Daily maintained for out-of-town correspondents. They had all gone home. There weren't any pictures on the Chicago Globe man's desk and the others were locked, except Snelling's. Emery found nothing on top of it, hesitated, sat down and began to go through the drawers. He whistled. In the first drawer was a loaded revolver. He picked it up: pocket-model .38, five shots, short barrel. Well, when you worked for the Zimmerman papers, it was probably good sense to keep a gun handy.

He went on to another drawer and sure enough here were a lot of pictures of the Foibles cast. Some of them had been printed, some not. And a moment later Emery put a selection of them under his coat, went through the negatives till he found the right ones, and got out. He went to the darkroom to see if any duplicates had been left around. No, not even in the wastebasket. He shut the door to his office.

Julie Lomax! . . . Nobody could say that these weren't very interesting snaps, nobody could say that examining the evidence wasn't well worth anyone's time—and such high jinks at Morrison as the moral Zimmerman press could show an enthralled public! One in particular held the eye. It had a couple of better-covered girls in the background, but Snelling had ruled lines on it leaving them out, and you had a nice study of Julie with very little on at a dressing table. With an airbrush you could reduce the very little to even less.

Emery grunted. That would just be having fun with the Foibles. But you could airbrush anything else you might want on the background. Or you could double-print this picture of Julie and some underwear with any other picture—a casual snap of Emery Smith or Maxie Blotz or Prexy Bradford. The little fool! Didn't she read the papers? Didn't she read the Zimmerman papers? Or could she read?

Emery burned the films in a spittoon and tore up all the prints but this one. Rehearsal would be going on, and he drove to the Ashton Memorial Theater. He sat in the dark auditorium and

"HURRY UP WITH THAT TEABERRY BEFORE THE BOSS RINGS"
REAL TEABERRY
ALWAYS PURE
LASTING FLAVOR
REFRESHING
TEABERRY
CLARKS TEABERRY GUM

Hours of dictation can't outlast that extra-tasty flavor of Clark's! It's genuine teaberry, fresh as sunshine after rain . . . and the smoothest-chewing gum you ever knew. ● Get to *know* Clark's Teaberry—reach for that familiar red package on the stands, *everywhere!*

Reach for the Bright Red Package!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM

I PREFER CANNED BEER—IT'S EASIER TO OPEN

When you want *good* beer just perform the easiest operation on record, with a Quick and Easy Opener.

watched Jumbo Maine, the coach, labor with a dozen chorus girls. Jumbo, working on a show, was always coming down with schizophrenia—and no wonder, when you saw this bunch of bathing suits, rompers and gym uniforms get hopelessly confused in a simple routine, and saw the strained faces of a dozen coeds trying to count straight. Jumbo raved and swore and wailed—and the coeds ate it up.

"One, two, three, four—cross. One, two, three—kick. . . . Look, nobody has to count to more than eight, and I know damn' well all of you can count that far. Again. . . . No. No! You in the red shorts—look, you have to know the right from the left. The right is the side your better knee is on. Pivot on that side. All right, again."

THEY strained and counted and kicked—and adored Jumbo. But pretty soon he gave it up. "Oh, go home and sleep lying down. Where's Stevens and Lomax?" Betty came out of the wings and Julie got up from the front row where she had been sitting with someone. They dropped their coats and Betty said, "Let's go, Jumbo, this barn is cold." Jumbo said, "Try your routine in that millinery-shop skit."

The tired youth with a cigarette dangling from his lip who played the piano got to work again and this dance went much better. This seemed to be what La Lomax was good for. An excellent job of streamlining, as Snelling's news sense had told him, and once she was dancing she had vitality, a kind of honest enjoyment that came over the footlights. . . . But practically invisible, with Betty Stevens beside her. Emery blinked—had he had astigmatism for four years? The lighting was just a flat glare and the bathing suit Betty wore was faded and she didn't have any stage-set to help out, or even any make-up. She didn't need help. She was wholly absorbed in the dance, and her flying hair did something to your pulse, and the whole picture struck you with great force. Very great force.

He went backstage when the dance was over and waited for her. Julie and Dr. Gilson came upstairs from the dressing rooms arm in arm, their heads close. He heard Julie say, "You're a darling to say so," and went out, and Betty came up. She said, "Hello—not in jail or tossing on a bed of pain, then." Emery jerked a thumb to the stage door, "Gilson's a darling to say something—I didn't get what." Betty said, "Julie thinks it's the first important passion since Romeo and Juliet. He took her to the Law Faculty dance last night but they had words and she ran out on him. She'd show him!—that's her new system. So she phoned Perry Henderson and that's how they happened to be at Tetlow Inn. Love is more *fun!*"

Outside in windy darkness, he said, "Keller's Cellar?"

"I have to be home by eleven. Oh, all right. If it doesn't end up with you shoving me through another window ahead of the police."

She was frankly hungry, and her sorrel hair was touseled, and the pink light from the table lamp was affectionate to her face. Emery stirred uncomfortably—in his fourth year at Morrison was he going to believe that a pretty girl was news? But he had to admit that, if you combed the campus twice over, that yellow sweater buttoned up the back, that pigskin belt, that small soft chin, would still remain noteworthy. "Coming back to your question of a couple of weeks ago," he said. "The committee can now bring in a report. You needn't shrink from competition with the Lomax legs."

Betty looked skeptical. "You're doing enough for me with this sandwich. What did you think of the ensemble business?"

"If I were Jumbo and had to glorify the Morrison girl, I'd put her on a diet."

"Drop in sometime when we're trying to sing. Julie's got a big edge on all of us. If she misses out as a *femme fatale* she can always go into the show business."

"Yeah, somebody else seems to have got that idea." He took the photograph out of his coat, laid it on the table, and said angrily, "Will you tell that goon-child the next time she wants to take her clothes off for a camera, to call in some local boy?"

Betty looked at the picture and laughed. "Maybe it will be Hollywood, not Broadway. Shucks, Emery, we'll all be pretty much open to the public view in the Foibles. Skin isn't sin any more. What are the marks for?"

"Interesting, huh?" Emery felt his pressure rise. "Those marks are for the engraver." He blocked off the rest of the picture with napkins. "Do that and what have you got? Morrison celebrity, Foibles lead—taking off clothes for any purpose you want to allege. Sure, skin's no sin, but on the other hand sin is just what kind of publicity happens to get out." He ripped the print to pieces. "Photo by W. Snelling, smut hound of the Zimmerman chain. I'll personally wallop Julie if she ever poses for him again."

Betty was studying him with amused eyes—deep gray eyes that changed and warmed and laughed. "Why, Emery, you're really outraged, aren't you! He's a worm but this is just one more leg picture. Nice legs, too—so why not?"

"Well," he said reluctantly, "maybe so. I just don't like any part of Snelling."

Susanna would remember these weeks of autumn drifting toward winter as the season when feeling reawoke in her. Whatever had blocked her veins, whatever scar of caution or distrust had withheld her from human emotion, had been blasted away. On the one hand, just beyond the fringe of her mind and waiting to get by her guard, were the storms and ecstasies of her marriage, long forced out of memory and now somehow always flooding back. That was what it had done for her; all she had missed, all she had failed to be, could be ascribed to that spring of six years ago. Charge the presence of Alec Cornish on the campus with the distress that brought old memories out of darkness, sometimes intolerably sharp.

And Carl Gilson? She had dinner with him one evening and spent another afternoon walking with him along the shore of Lake Maitland, and even if she had wanted to she could not have denied the strength of her response to him.

A WARM day hung haze over Shagbark Pond and she was glad when Carl phoned after his two-o'clock lecture. They went up the left bank of Shagbark Creek, along the yellow, frost-withered fields of the experimental farm, with the haze softening the experimental forest in the distance. Across the creek she saw the little shack where Alec Cornish was living—how intolerably ironical of Carl to suppose that she was incapable of folly!

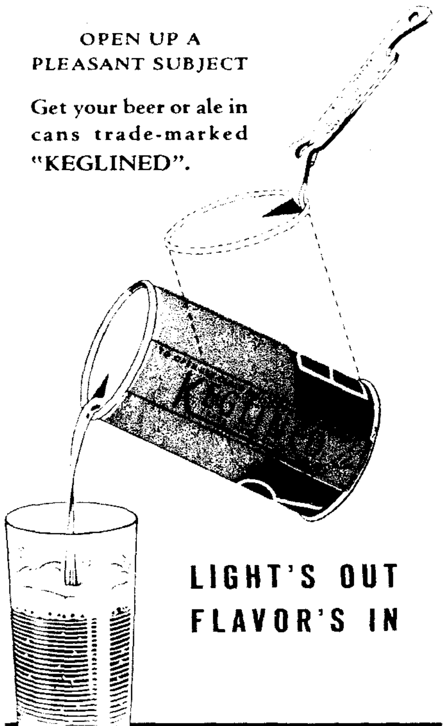
Carl's mood today was gay and mocking and intimate, a mood that delighted in exploring and explaining her, uncomfortably acute, excitingly impudent: "It's a fragile thing, this certainty of yours that you're above human weaknesses—it will dissolve away at a touch sometime." And, "It would be exciting to find out why you wrapped yourself in cotton wool, why a hint of feeling always terrifies you." And, "How you distrust yourself, Ann—your blood storms with rebellious impulses and you run from them." And so on, very deft, a subtle aggression, plain proof of a wide

—AND CANS ARE LIGHTER TO CARRY!
BEER

● Cans are the best all-round containers for beer. Cans not only keep beer in darkness as complete as that of a brewery vat, they are easier to carry, easy to stack in your refrigerator. Then, too, each can is your personal property. No one can use it before or after. When you buy beer always say: "IN CANS."

OPEN UP A PLEASANT SUBJECT

Get your beer or ale in cans trade-marked "KEGLINED".



LIGHT'S OUT
FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

and highly successful experience. It was impossible not to realize that a skillful campaigner was at work, and impossible not to enjoy the pursuit.

"But you sound so like a laboratory, Carl. You stand back with a pointer and lecture about the specimen. Clinic of hearts, and there you are looking at test tubes."

"Professors always lecture—it's our occupational disease. But whenever you'd care to bring it out of the classroom . . ."

She was grateful for frivolity. . . . The afternoon spun out and sunset colors were spread across the lawns when they got back. They reached the statue of Hezekiah Morrison, who had founded the college ninety-four years ago, that was set up where shrubbery made an arc a hundred yards in front of the president's house. They sat on a marble bench, and warmth died out of the air as a breeze stirred from Shagbark Pond, and Susanna buttoned her suède jacket at her throat.

Carl said softly, "Have you a mirror?"

"In my vanity."

"Let me have it."

She gave it to him and he held it up, saying, "Look!" A small scarlet leaf had lodged in her hair. She made to remove it but Carl caught her hand. "Leave it, my dear. . . . How lovely you are!" His voice was uneven. "Have dinner with me in Brookfield!"

INSTANTLY she was eager to and instantly caution said, not too fast! "Not tonight," she said.

"Tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. Let's not travel too fast. Don't—" she said, almost beseechingly, "don't frighten me . . . too great haste makes me afraid."

His hand fell away, assenting. "When you will, Ann. . . . That leaf—it would have disturbed any man. . . . You mustn't be frightened."

As she went alone across the lawn tears stung her eyes and a pulse was pounding in her throat. She sat in the library for a long time, staring at a distance made up of pain suffered long ago and this strange renewal. She went out into the hall. The last mail had been arranged in two neat piles on a little table, and she saw an unmistakable envelope. She fled upstairs with it. The same heavy paper, the same small, careful writing, and her fingers fumbled, opening it. Again no salutation, no signature, the few lines set neatly in the center of the single heavy sheet:

"No woman who respects herself or wants to be respected can afford to be seen with Carl Gilson. You are certainly not ignorant of his character and his past. Therefore you are foolishly disregarding what we have told you. Stop seeing him at once. This time we merely warn you. Have nothing more to do with Carl Gilson. Do not see him. Do not even talk to him. But if you continue to flout decent people and ignore our warning, you will have to be shown that the daughter of President Bradford has made a mistake that cannot be repaired. Have nothing more to do with Carl Gilson. Or take the consequences."

After her third reading every other consideration vanished in a searing rage. She was no longer frightened to think that someone was watching her and leering at her—it was enough that someone had dared to write to her in those terms. Such filthiness, such cowardice, was not to be endured. Improbable and grotesque suggestions whirled in her mind, then she reached a decision. She got the other letter from her strongbox, put on her hat and coat, and started out. But another impulse cut across this one and she went back to telephone Carl Gilson.

"Are you still free tomorrow evening?" she asked, when she got him. "Then—take me to dinner. But not in Brookfield. Here in Webster—at the Webster Arms—in the center of the biggest dining room—where everyone will see us."

She hung up while he was still rejoicing, got out her car, and drove headlong through the dusk, her mind ranging ahead of her. From a distance she could see that he was home, that there was a light in Alec Cornish's shack.

The door opened to her furious knocking. "Suzanne!" Alec Cornish said.

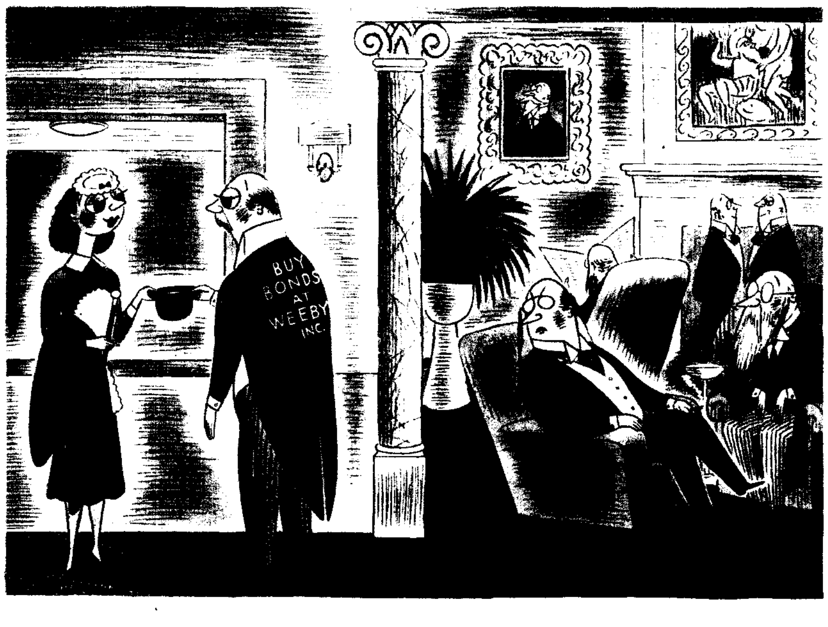
She pushed by him. Pipe smoke drifted past the desk lamp on his drawing table and there were glinting test tubes and sheets of paper covered with computations. He had followed her in. "What is it?" Then, seeing her agitation, "Suzanne! What's wrong?"

"I've come to tell you to stop writing to me!" Rage ran like flame along her nerves. "Leave me alone, do you hear? I won't stand for it!"

A too patient reasonableness had angered her often enough in the past, and his deliberation now quadrupled her tension. "That's twice," he said slowly. "You hinted something the other night. I haven't been writing to you, Suzanne."

Scornfully, "Do you think I'll believe you? Who else has any reason to write to me? At least have the decency not to lie about it." She scornfully laid the two letters on the drawing table. "Will you say you didn't write these?"

But if he destroyed them she would



"Heaven knows how he keeps his dignity!" R. TAYLOR

"UGH! SMOKE SIGNAL OF BIG CHIEF SAYS AMERICA'S LEADING AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS USE SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS"
SID HIX

Best in new cars! *Best in old cars!*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Here's a thought for every motorist: *You have invested hundreds of dollars in your car—to protect that investment, protect the heart of your car—its engine.* Cheap piston rings will wear out cylinder walls and cause untold trouble. For best results—insist on the piston rings approved by new-car engineers—Sealed Power. They end waste of gas as well as of oil—restore new-car power!

SEALED POWER CORPORATION
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be helpless! As he reached for them, she snatched them back. Alec looked at her. "I'll give them back to you," he said.

She felt his scorn and relinquished them. He held them under the green desk lamp and it seemed to take him hours to read them. He turned on her. "You think I wrote anonymous letters to you?" His voice was harsh, and it was true that his patience had always been liable to turn into an anger quite as violent as hers. They had said things to each other that had cut like swords. "Then you're a fool!"

"You're lying, Alec!"

"Why should I bother to lie to you?"

"No one else on earth has anything to threaten me with."

"Why should I care what you do? What does your reputation matter to me? Do I give a damn who you're seen with? How can anything that happens to you affect me?"

The denial in just those terms brought her up short. In all the million ideas she had had about him, she had never once confronted the possibility that she might be to him just what he was to her, an old hurt and humiliation to be forgotten. Why, indeed, should he care what she did or what happened to her? Her rage sank swiftly to despair. "If you didn't," she said slowly, "then I've made a fatal mistake in showing them to you. Must I always make mistakes with you?"

His anger, too, had faded out. He said, "Sit down, Suzanne." She sat down. He picked up the letters again, read them, compared them with the envelopes. "The shorter one came first. And you thought it was an allusion to our marriage. That's natural enough but it needn't have meant that. And this warning about Gilson—postmarked in Webster this morning. What did you suppose? That I was jealous of your seeing him?"

She could not meet that squarely; it was too exact and too uncomfortable. "I thought the other night that you'd met before."

"I did some work at Cornell three years ago. He was there. . . . Have you been seeing him?"

"Yes."

"Whoever wrote them knows that much about you, then. He doesn't necessarily know any more." He studied them again, while she gloomily denounced herself for telling him. He looked up. "It's only somebody's joke, Suzanne. These mysterious allusions would apply as well to anyone on earth. It's just someone amusing himself by scaring you a little."

"I TRIED to believe the first one was a joke, but even then I knew it couldn't be. They're a threat, Alec, not a joke, and they mean what they say."

"But they don't say anything." He was looking at her soberly, his eyes probing, and it was strange to realize, in just these circumstances, that Alec Cornish knew her better than anyone else could. She could feel him appraising her distress—and he had had practice at it, long and painful practice. Oh, both of them!—too well known to each other for either to wear disguise.

He said, "There's nothing behind these letters and no threat." He read them again and his lips relaxed a little. "We've got two facts. Two assurances, rather. He is well educated and he's left-handed."

"How do you know?"

"Up to now all my deductions have been in geology or railroad timetables. But—well, the English is good, and that's the way left-handed writing slants." He went to the drawing board to fill a pipe, stood looking at her till the match burned out in his fingers, and then said hesitantly, "Will you trust me with them for a while, Suzanne?"

"What do you want to do?"

"Study them. I think they're harmless or at worst malicious. But they scare you. I'd like to see if I can make anything of them."

"They do frighten me, Alec."

"I know they do."

There was a little scar on his right cheek, a semicolon white against the tan—how poignantly strange to be remembering it in such an alien little shack, with all the world changed forever. She could hear Shagbark Creek rippling against a pier just outside his windows, and Alec Cornish sat opposite her in this comfortless little room, and truly knew she was frightened, and was truly sorry. By what twisted paths they had come to this barbed, anxious moment! Dreary regret woke in her for the wasted and spent years, and the long snarl of their failures.

Alec was looking away from her. "I owe you more reparation than I can ever pay."

That touched her. He, too, writhing through sleepless nights, wretchedly damning first one of them, then the other, with an unreasonable blame. Neither of them was to blame but only . . . the drift of things.

"It was preposterous to come accusing you; to think you would!" she said.

"I'm glad you did. I'll see if I can learn anything. And—don't be afraid."

"But I've got to find out about them. Oh—" she said, with sudden pain, "I didn't mean for us ever to bother each other again. Why have we always brought trouble to each other?"

Alec Cornish nodded. "We've had a troubled star," he said.

IT HAD become a good year after all, and Betty was amused and absorbed. Rehearsing for the Foibles absolutely destroyed her leisure. She seemed to be writing economic papers on the way to class, and had to dig out history assignments after hours with a wastebasket inverted over a desk lamp, while waiting for Julie to creep up the back stairs. She practiced her dances in the shower room and at bedtime, she was always refitting her own costumes or other girls', she had a hundred things to do and not time enough for five. Emery had been right: this was Morrison's best season.

Even the clear cold days, with a new fad of tying a bandanna round your head, and the prairie wind hard to walk against, and the campus growing hysterical as the last football game approached. Even the insanities of the Gamma house, with the familiar rumors breaking out about entirely new people, and talks late at night in a roomful of girls in pajamas, and idiotic things developing like Georgine Roberts' crusade for permission to smoke upstairs.

Another sudden morality was Hortense Palmer's objection to Julie's regular evasion of the late permission rule. Everybody evaded it sometimes, of course, and convention held that chapter officers must be ignorant unless the housemother found out. Betty lied when questioned and went farther than that one night, when Hortense and the housemother solemnly hid in the basement airshaft, which was the accepted way of getting into the Gamma house when you didn't have permission to be out of it. Hortense was known to use that ventilator herself and since that seemed to soil her ethics, Betty crouched for an hour in the darkness by a dining-room window, whistled when Julie came down the alley, pulled her up over the sill, and raced her upstairs to undress in the dark, the two of them giggling hysterically. An hour later Hortense and the housemother woke them from sleep and were furious.

"Sure, madcap college days," Betty said, the next morning. "I suppose that's

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what you had in mind when you admired me so you simply had to room with me. Okay, the loyal Gammas lie for one another and I don't give a hoot what your morals are, but Jumbo was furious at your cutting rehearsal last night."

Julie yawned, drew up her knees, and kicked the bedclothes back. "You should have told him I was studying." She giggled. "Or maybe it would have been more plausible to say a lion swallowed me. What did he say?"

"Among other things, that he hoped he'd have a show sometime when the star would fall in love with him, so he could keep her on the job."

"Tell Jumbo he hasn't got a chance." Julie departed for the showers, singing.

ROOMING with her had proved pleasant. The girl was wholly incapable of having a grouch; nothing could dent her good humor or dull her impulsive generosity; she was spirited and trusting and companionable. Even the inexhaustible wardrobe that gave Betty such a pang seemed only right, since Julie took such a simple delight in adorning herself. If you could find plenty of garter runs in her intelligence, if you could educate her just about as much as you could educate a Persian kitten—well, what of it?

Then, quite without warning, came a staggering realization. The last football game was with Michigan and the town filled with thousands of people and it was supposed to be a great day. Betty refused both Frank Castine and Emery and stayed home, trying to catch up with things. It was pleasant to be alone in the quiet house, mending clothes and doing a little reading. Then at dusk the house was full of girls preparing for a big night, even though Morrison had lost, and Betty, too, changed her clothes, for probably Emery would show up. Julie hurried in and began the most exhaustive reconditioning process. Quick shower, careful work on the hair, a lacquer job on the fingernails, experimental renovations of cheeks and eyes and lips, the whiff of an atomizer behind the ears. New suit, new hat, new gloves, shoes, stockings and blouse. And through it all Julie's chatter about Carlo, and how she had been every kind of nut about men but this was a new kind of nut to be.

So, finished, she stretched out prone on the window seat and forgot to talk. Betty sat reading an economics text and it was quite by chance that, after an unfamiliar silence, she looked up. Julie had lapsed into reverie, looking through the wall at nothing, chin in her hands, feet elevated, fine calves vertical. She was completely absorbed, and something in that abandonment, in the eyes shadowed with an inconceivable solemnity, in the lips curved with a doubt and bitterness wholly alien to them, startled Betty into sudden comprehension.

Oh . . . oh! How had she been so blind, and how had the chapter's wisecracks so missed the truth? This was no simple flirtation, no college-girl love affair. Julie Lomax had gone farther than there could be any coming back from, had been plunged into more troubled waters than she could ever come out of unharmed. It had happened, it had been happening all fall, and here it was, and here was Julie no longer just a thoughtless coed but a woman passionately exalted, passionately terrified.

Julie came partly out of her reverie, and a kind of undefended, beseeching acknowledgment showed in the blue eyes before she hastily turned them away. She said, "Don't think the Lomax girl doesn't know what kind of a limb she's out on. Pretty far out. . . . I'm in love with him."

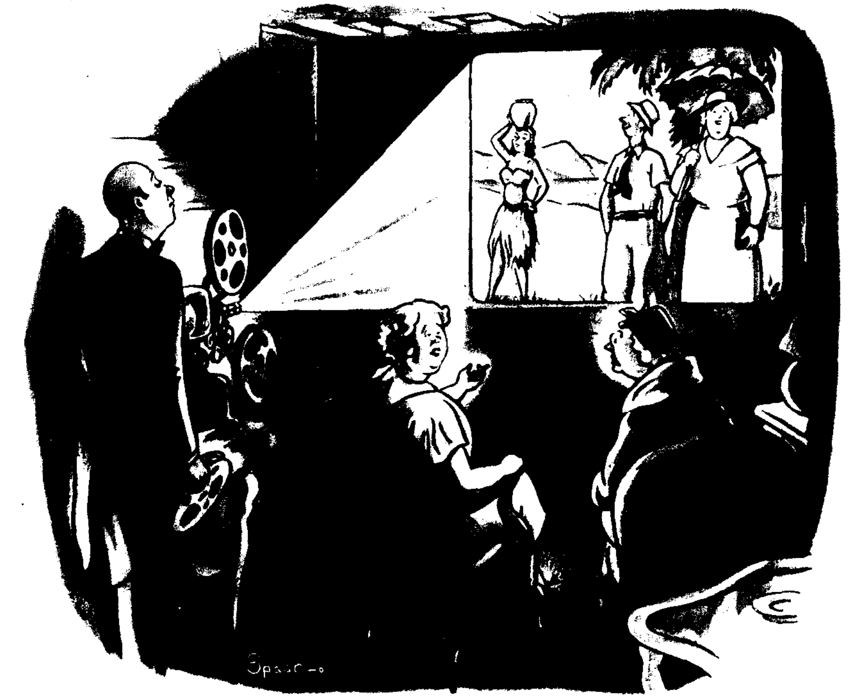
Her name was called up the stairs. The second floor gladly took it up. "Take him for champagne, dear." "Take him for a diamond." "Better hold out for a plain gold band." "Don't worry—Julie will be conservative when it counts."

JULIE craned over her shoulder to inspect her seams, pulled her girdle down, flashed a last glance at the mirror. "A girl never knows, does she?" she said. Then, more gravely, "It hasn't been going so well lately. It's all right, he **did** come—tonight."

She went out fast. To Dr. Gilson, to Carlo. And some shining quality that college had always had for Betty Stevens had been wiped out forever.. Dismay and depression were heavy on her when Emery at last showed up, about nine o'clock. But she wouldn't go dancing at any of the places where all Morrison was dancing tonight, no plan that he proposed attracted her, and in the car she just wanted to drive aimlessly and watch the headlights on the road and say nothing.

Finally Emery stopped on a side road, near Lake Maitland. "Well, let's get it in the open. Should I have brought a flower? Has love's sorrow come to you tonight? Or is this just your half hour for seeing how futile life is?"

"Nothing. . . . Except you broke your



"This was taken shortly before Nelson and I were divorced"

WILLIAM SPAAR, JR.

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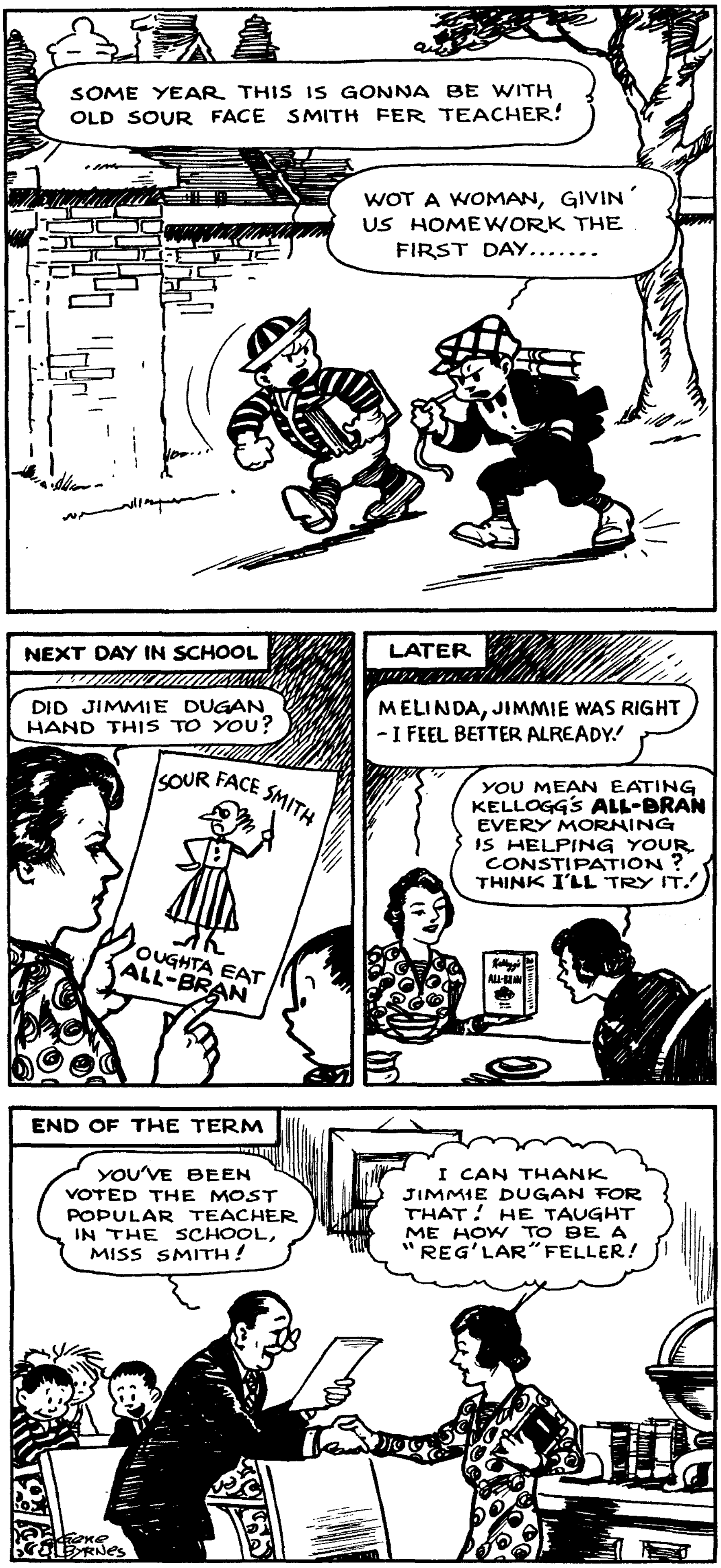
REG'LAR FELLERS —by Gene Byrnes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NEXT DAY IN SCHOOL
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promise. You said college was ever so gay and fascinating and just crammed tight with youthful spirits at the very peak of joy. It isn't. It's just some dirty grapefruit rind in a garbage can."

"I didn't! I said we were the wise guys who couldn't be impressed by grapefruit."

"I want to be impressed." She laid her cheek against his shoulder and felt thoroughly awful. "I want to think things are shallow and just swell."

"Listen," Emery said, "I can be pushed too far—what kind of perfume do you use?"

"White lilac—you know, sweet and girlish and temperate. That's me to the life." She sat up. "No, and you're not to give me some, and I'm not mooning because I want to be kissed. I guess I need to be fed."

So it was Keller's Cellar and when they at last got a booth she could barely stand the lights and laughter and music and cheerful noise. Looking back, she couldn't remember that she'd ever cried since the time a boy chased her with a snake when she was nine, but she was going to cry now. But Emery's bewildered concern made her smile instead, and she touched his cheek, saying, "It's not your fault—it's just stitch, stitch, stitch, how sad and spiritual us women are." Emery said, "Hey, don't do that, or my chest will start heaving." And then Mr. Cornish appeared out of that crowd of hilarious students and sat down by her. He said to Emery, "If you've found a girl who really likes beer, hang on to her, for a taste like that can mean more than beauty or fortune."

"But Emery thinks I am beautiful!" she said. She liked this big, solid man with the lined and rather melancholy face. "Now, if you'd brought Miss Bradford, we could drive down and yell 'boo' at the Tetlow Inn."

He said, oddly, that they'd have to do their yelling without Miss Bradford, and began to chaff Emery about something or other. Emery had been seeing him, then, and presently she made out that what they were talking about was Emery's suspicion that something dark and dangerous had been happening at the Tetlow Inn that night.

CORNISH was saying to Emery, "I think you're barking up the wrong tree, but if you're worried, why not tell the police what you suspect?"

"Yeah! Tell them I don't like the way Maxie Blotz cuts his hair? Tell them this Snelling ape gives me heartburn? The cops love a laugh."

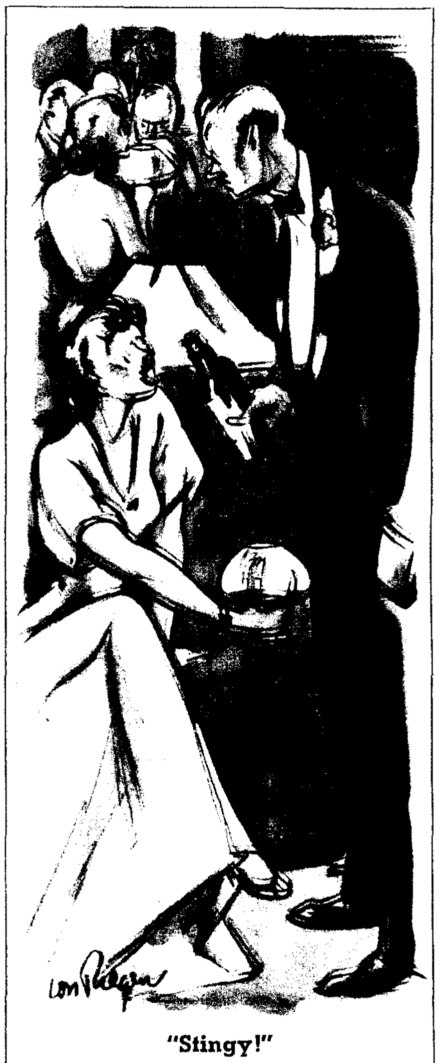
Cornish nodded. "That's how silly it is. Well, I'll tell you what I've found out. Your friend Snelling was city editor of the Zimmerman sheet in Benton before he came here."

Emery picked that up at once. "So they send a big shot from a big-time daily to watch what happens at Morrison, huh? Why? Maybe something's going to happen—maybe Snelling's job is to make something happen. How about it? . . . So now I'll tell you grown-up skeptics that don't believe in fairy tales—I'll tell you something."

Emery had pulled his hair till it was practically standing on end. "Big sports writer came to town today, Hobby Donham of the Kaybee syndicate. Wanted a look at Michigan's left end. So after he'd put his stuff on the wire he wanted a drink, and I took him out to Maxie's place for one. And he recognized Maxie. Maxie used to be tied up with a sports pool racket in New York, and took it on the lam when they got after the rackets. Donham said he wouldn't possibly be here unless he was getting protection from someone." Emery blazed, "Who is there here to give protection? What do they want from Maxie in return for it? It turns out Maxie's no petty racketeer—he's big-time. So what's he doing? And who's got protection except the Zimmerman chain?"

Betty was breathless at that, but Mr. Cornish wasn't. He said, "That doesn't impress me. And it doesn't say a word about our barroom brawl."

"Well, I got some words to say." Flushed, angry, argumentative, Emery took something from his pocket, a little gold watch charm, an owl with garnet eyes. "Where did I get this? Out of the rumble seat of my car, the first time I opened it after we'd had our quiet evening round the fire at Tetlow Inn. And who does it belong to? W. Snelling, Esquire, the Zimmerman snout. So when I drove away from the brawl, there was our Mr. Snelling hiding in the rumble seat. Maybe it was our Mr. Snelling who tried to start things—or maybe it was he who had to get out of there fast. Emery shoved the little gold owl across the table to Mr. Cornish. "Or have you got some other ideas, Reggie Fortune? Get bright! What's the answer?"



"Stingy!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Betty saw at once, with a shock of alarm, that he made quite a bit of it. For that terrible alertness had roused in him again and his eyes were sharp and his face had gone hard. He said slowly, "It's only a guess when you decide there's some tie-up between Snelling and the fight at the inn. But it seems fairly clear that he was at the inn, where none of us saw him, and that you drove him away from it. . . . Drove him right straight to my place." Mr. Cornish's voice got even slower and even harder. "Where he could take a long look through the window, even if he hadn't seen me at the inn with the daughter of the man his boss would most like to smear. As he unquestionably had."

Emery leaned forward, nonplused, trying to make something of that. Betty couldn't make anything of it. But Mr. Cornish's shoulder was touching hers and she felt a muscle in it grow hard as iron.

(To be continued next week)

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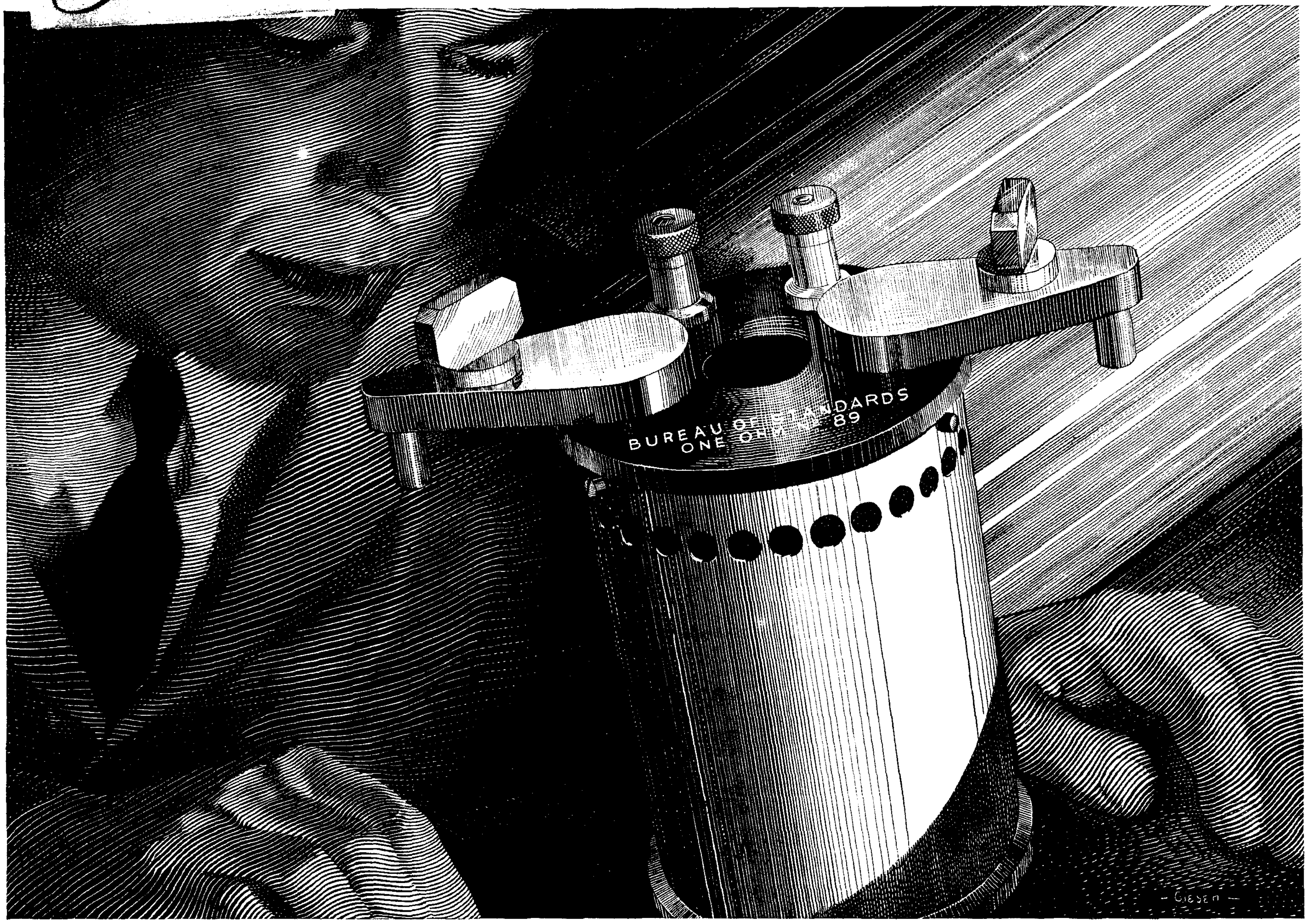

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WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

Pro Golf is a Sucker's Game

Continued from page 19

The pro golfer gets to the course a week or so ahead of time to learn something about it. We pros need practice and every golfer has his own methods of sharpening up his game in practice. But we can't follow our own inclinations in this. The club charges admissions to the practice rounds. We have to put on a show for the spectators who rightly demand a show for their $1.10. Three days before the Open began Guldahl went to the course to get in a couple of practice hours. To his amazement he found a couple of thousand spectators waiting for him and he saw handbills that told of the exhibition he and three others were going to put on that day. It was his first knowledge of it; instead of having an afternoon of practice, he had to go out and shoot golf. Any golfer knows that there is a great difference in the two ways of playing a course.

The next day he and three others had been invited to play an exhibition match at the Denver Country Club. Guldahl and each of the others were to receive a hundred dollars for the exhibition, which was fair enough. That would about square the hotel bill for the week. But they weren't allowed to do it. No, sir, the Cherry Hills Country Club was holding this Open and that was that. The boys had to play on the Cherry Hills course or not at all. If the golfers were broke, let 'em eat divots.

Just a Tournament Puppet

I'm not finding fault with the people who run the Cherry Hills Club. They treated us all fine. I'm finding fault with the system that makes a professional golfer a mere puppet. He is allowed to express his individuality only in drives and putts. Otherwise he must meekly take orders and we're all about fed up with it.

It is virtually impossible for a golfer to make a decent living out of tournament play. The three big blue-ribbon events are the National Open, the Metropolitan Open and the Western Open. The total prize money offered by these three tournaments is $11,500. A golfer winning all three (a feat comparable to a pitcher hurling three successive no-hit games) would win the magnificent sum of $2,400. Of course he would have to pay his way to all of these tourneys and his expenses would be considerable. Still if he won all three events he would clear about a thousand dollars.

Smart professionals stick to their home clubs and pass up the tournaments. Right after the Western Open last month the president of the Western Golf Association sent out a blast at the professionals because so few of them had entered the Western. The reason was of course that very few of the players could afford it. This year Johnny Farrell qualified for the National Open but decided to stay home at his Quaker Ridge Golf Club. He frankly admitted that he couldn't afford to take two weeks off from his regular job to chase a rainbow that had no pot of gold at its end.

It is pride that keeps us all bouncing around the tournament circuit. I was mighty proud that year I won both the British and American Open. This year I had intended to compete in the British classic. I had entered and had steamship reservations. After I came home from Denver I stayed around my farm watching my cows eat. I got to thinking that it would cost me about $2,000 to make the trip to compete in England. And for what? For a possible prize of $500 that the winner gets. So I passed up the British Open.

I might add that not one top-ranking American went to England this year to compete in the event. No one could afford it. When I won my British Open the cash prize was $500 but because of the rate of exchange I got only $318.

There was a time when you could cash in after you had won either the British or American Open. You could pick up some money playing exhibitions. You can't now. Today Lawson Little, Jimmy Thomson, Harry Cooper and Horton Smith form a team that puts on the greatest golf exhibition ever staged. They have a sound truck and they give talks on how a man can improve his game and then they demonstrate what they've been talking about. A golf manufacturer finances them and no admission is charged. If golfing fans can see that they aren't going to pay $2.20 just to see an Open champion hitting the ball around. Exhibition golf is dead today.

"He made it from a picture of one in the funny papers"

GERALD GREEN

As a matter of fact most professional golfers are dead too, if they only had sense enough to know it. The manufacturers of golfing equipment are keeping the professionals alive. It wasn't long ago that Ralph Guldahl was selling secondhand cars in California. He didn't have enough money to get to the Open. He tried to borrow it but couldn't. Finally he put the touch on a manufacturer of golf balls, and he was loaned the necessary two hundred dollars. If that golf manufacturer hadn't come through Ralph would still be selling cars.

The smart professionals are men like Jock Hutchinson, Jim Barnes, Henry Picard, Johnny Farrell—they stay at home most of the time plying their trade of teaching. Another reason why the career of a golfing professional is one to be avoided is the fact that country clubs become very fond of the professionals they have. A golf pro seldom is discharged. The club members, having grown fond of them, keep them on. That's great, but it's tough on the young professionals looking for pro jobs. There just aren't any jobs to be had so the youngsters have to depend upon tournament play.

What I am trying to say is that any man is crazy to take up golf as a profession just as he's crazy not to take it up as a pastime. So far all of my criticism has been destructive. Here's a little constructive criticism.

We should have a golfing czar just as baseball does. If a ballplayer has been pushed around he can always get an audience with Judge Landis to state his case. We should have some man in supreme charge of golf whom both players and club officials respect and whose fairness, judgment and honesty would be above question. He should fight the battles for the golfer that the golfer can't fight himself. Such a man as Walter Hagen would be superb for the job.

Prize money in an important tournament should be made to conform with the importance of the event. Our National Open is actually the world's championship of golf. Why isn't the first prize $20,000 instead of $1,000? Why isn't there a substantial prize offered for the Western Open, the Metropolitan Open and the P. G. A. It takes a great champion to win any of these. Where would the money come from?

A Possible Solution

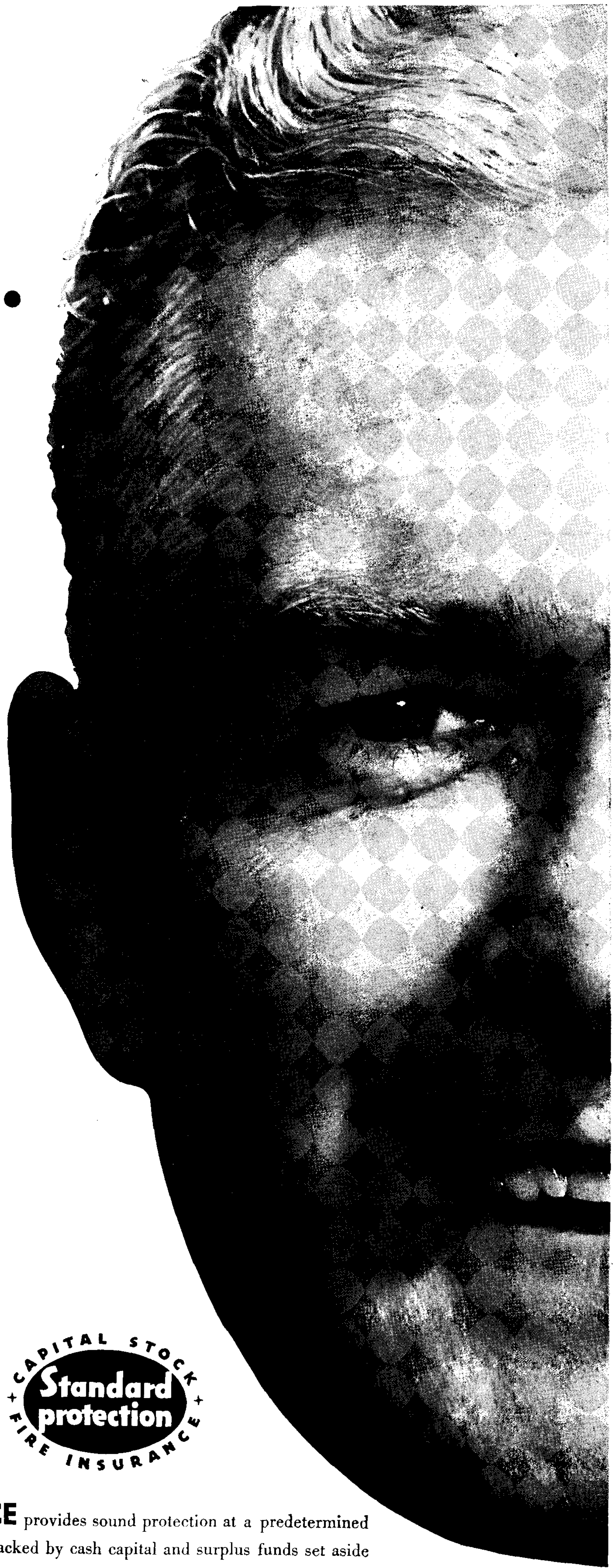
It couldn't all come from gate receipts because no course is big enough to accommodate more than the crowds that now flock to see important tournaments. I have an idea and if it sounds fantastic give it a second thought. I believe that the golfers of America would be glad to subscribe to a fund that could be used as prize money in important open tournaments.

Do you know that there are four million golfers in this country who play regularly? Suppose each of those four million golfers were to be taxed ten cents a year and that money put into a fund for tournament purses. That would amount to $400,000 a year. That fund could be earmarked, put in charge of a golfing czar and his committee, and used as prize money. Even the caddies would be glad to give ten cents a year.

What advantage besides the financial ones for professionals would be derived from this? To begin with, thousands of youngsters now just fooling around with golf clubs would take up the game seriously. Other thousands who don't play would be lured into the game by the promise of rich rewards if they should achieve golfing greatness. Thousands of new courses would have to be built. Golf supply manufacturers (and the thousands of stockholders in their corporations) would enjoy a new and permanent prosperity. The really great professionals could win a couple of tournaments and then, released from financial worries, could concentrate on the real job of the professional—teaching. We are a great country of golfers now. Within two or three years we'd spread-eagle the world in golf.

It's an idea.

Meet the other half...



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It Seems there were Two Irishmen

Continued from page 14

discuss such matters publicly; but it is no longer a mere rumor that Mr. Farley has cherished wishes that certain members of Mr. Roosevelt's general staff would keep their political activities confined to their own offices and let him mind his own business—if he's supposed to have any. On several occasions such thoughts have focused upon Mr. Corcoran. After that backfiring Iowa purge, for example. And Mr. Farley would be quite as well pleased, too, if Mr. James Roosevelt would find his White House secretarial duties all-absorbing.

Who's Running the Party?

We were discussing this with one of Mr. Farley's closer associates. We remarked that we felt sure that the Honorable Jim would gladly concede that both these young men were smart, alert, energetic and—and—well, something else. We're always forgetting some detail. Said Jim's associate, glancing somewhat tenderly at a picture of his chief, Stars and Stripes in hand, reviewing a parade of little girls cheering a new post office:

"Well, their heads seem okay, but I dunno about their feet and stomachs. You gotta do a lotta Main Street trouping and eat a lotta crow to be a Jim Farley."

We don't know how many times we've been asked by tired Democrats as we've wandered about the country: "Who's running the party these days, Jim or Tommy Corcoran?" And not that it matters, but a number of Democratic sergeants closed their office doors and whispered that they'd feel better "if somebody in Washington was the last word." The farther one searched the situation the more weighty was the evidence that when a Democratic victory is to be celebrated Mr. Farley is merely an incidental guest, but when there is crow to be consumed Jim's expected to eat it.

Perhaps nobody—no, not even Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton nor Dr. Glenn Frank, who is unwarrantedly referred to by some of his undeserving associates as Doctor Thistledown—could be more unlike Mr. Farley than his current annoyance, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. Roosevelt's Tommy the Cork. Mr. Corcoran's unofficial duties are not radically unlike Doctor Frank's in that he is something of a program writer for the New Deal, whereas it is Doctor Frank's job to rustle up something to keep Republicans from walking out on the party. And, like Doctor Frank, he must bear up under a variety of ill-mannered nicknames—the White House Putzi, for example, and Tommy Gun.

As a matter of truth, Mr. Corcoran, except when he is intent upon demonstrating his political sagacity, invading Mr. Farley's premises, is an exceedingly valuable person. His principal trouble is that he has too much energy for any one job. As a result, any and all jobs in his vicinity are in danger. Officially he is an attorney for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a $10,000 job that he tossed off with his left hand while writing death warrants for mutinous Democratic senators with his right. And having, alas, but two hands, he is not always equipped to notify Mr. Farley of his decisions. For example, Mr. Farley was among the last to know that Senator Guy M. Gillette of Iowa was marked for political execution. And while it is not for us to say that the Honorable Jim enjoyed one of his few recent laughs when Mr. Corcoran almost brained himself with his own ax, it is not on record that Mr. Farley wrote him a note of condolence. In fact, Mr. Farley was rooting hard for Senator Gillette, alertly aware that the senator was the Iowa machine's choice and that it is somewhat easier to carry a state in the national elections if the dominant machine is sympathetic.

But Mr. Corcoran, being a gallant loser, shook hands with defeat and returned to his office to plan the obsequies of other seditious Democratic senators—Tydings of Maryland, George of Georgia, Smith of South Carolina, Van Nuys of Indiana, Adams of Colorado, McCarran of Nevada, Clark of Missouri and Lonergan of Connecticut. It was Mr. Farley's opinion that it was no time to knock off Democrats. Being utterly loyal to Mr. Roosevelt, he found himself wishing that these contumacious senators might share some of his personal fealty, but his practical soul could not follow the Corcoran spirit. No one remembered quite so clearly as he that a large bloc of Mr. Roosevelt's vote had come from broken Republican ranks. Too, there were high portents that large numbers of these Pied-Pipered votes were straggling back home—some almost precipitately. And it followed that the moment was less than a propitious one wherein to split state organizations and irritate independents.

Therefore, Mr. Corcoran's plan to pursue the purge lacked the enthusiastic advocacy of Mr. Farley. With the assistance of several others he was able to convince Mr. Corcoran of the high unlikelihood of removing Messrs. Clark and Lonergan from the senatorial scene, both gentlemen appearing to be unbeatable in their states, having no opposition worth looking at twice. And to Mr. Farley it seemed scarcely worth while to worry about Mr. Van Nuys until they knew whether he would have the backing of the Indiana machine. As for Mr. Adams, Mr. Roosevelt's advisers were not as one in opposing him. For example, Mr. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, was prepared to mount the stump for Mr. Adams and defy the anger of Mr. Corcoran.

One might suspect too that Mr. Farley would not be at all displeased if even the abandoned Mr. Van Nuys returned to the Senate. And not because he loved Mr. Van Nuys above the others.

A Political Triangle

Mr. Van Nuys heartily dislikes the Honorable Paul V. McNutt, governor general of the Philippines. Mr. McNutt used to be governor of Indiana. He is still the head man in the Indiana Democratic machine. He is also an avowed candidate for the Presidential nomination. And Mr. Farley has not cared for Mr. McNutt for a long time—not since 1932 when almost singlehanded the Honorable Jim accomplished the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. McNutt, desiring the nomination for himself and realizing presently that he had only the remotest of chances, left nothing undone to make Mr. Farley's job the harder. And Mr. Farley, applying to Mr. McNutt a term which we may not, alas, set down here, contracted a durable dislike for Mr. McNutt. This establishes something of a bond between Mr. Van Nuys and the Honorable Jim. But being first and last a practical politician, Mr. Farley was all for leaving Indiana to her own devices.

It is this essential nature of Mr. Farley, the politician, that occasionally pains the rarer souls known in Washington as Mr. Roosevelt's general staff

PLAY SAFE

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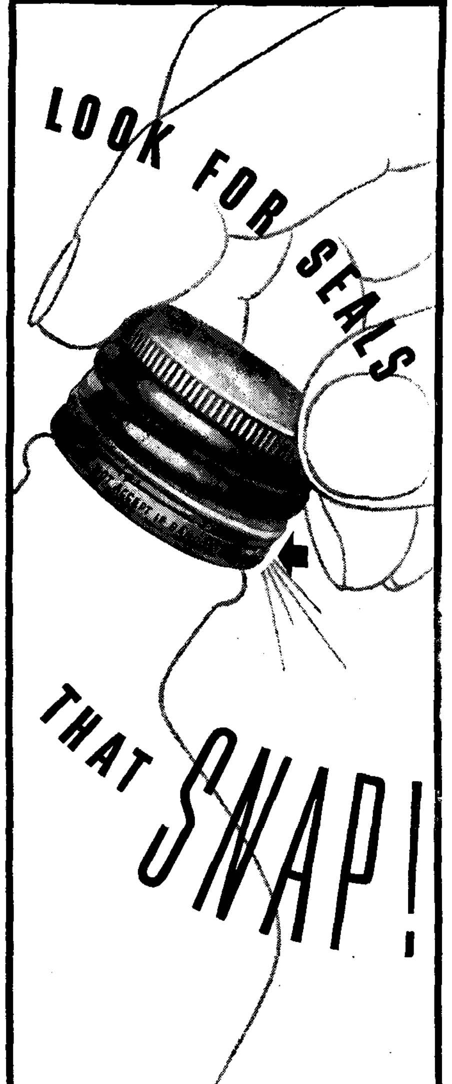

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See pages 59, 71 and 79

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

—Mr. Corcoran being chief thereof. In fact, Mr. Corcoran is regarded by many as the general staff. For example, there was the time when the fate of the government reorganization bill was pending. In the House of Representatives there was a bloc of about thirty-five advanced liberals whose New Deal batting averages up to the moment were perfect. They could prove that by Mr. Corcoran's score cards, for Mr. Corcoran and his staff watch the batting averages of each Democratic member of Congress.

Anyway this bloc of thirty-five or so were batting a thousand. The Senate had passed the reorganization bill, forty-nine to forty-two. And while the House didn't look like a setup, there was no reason to regard the future darkly. Pressure had been applied to the tepid and the foot-draggers. Promises were made that pork-barrel bridges would soon span forgotten creeks. Everything seemed set.

But several members of the liberal bloc had turned anxious. Several of these gentlemen, reading uneasily through their suddenly increased mail, began to suffer the first sharp pangs of doubt, like college valedictorians after the first day of job hunting. It was decided therefore by their stouter brethren to have Mr. Farley pour a few concrete words into their spines.

Mr. Farley regarded the passage of the bill as good politics. It would make for a more closely knit organization. With additional power and firmer control concentrated in one place, loose ends were less likely to be flying about. So he did a commendable job of advocating it.

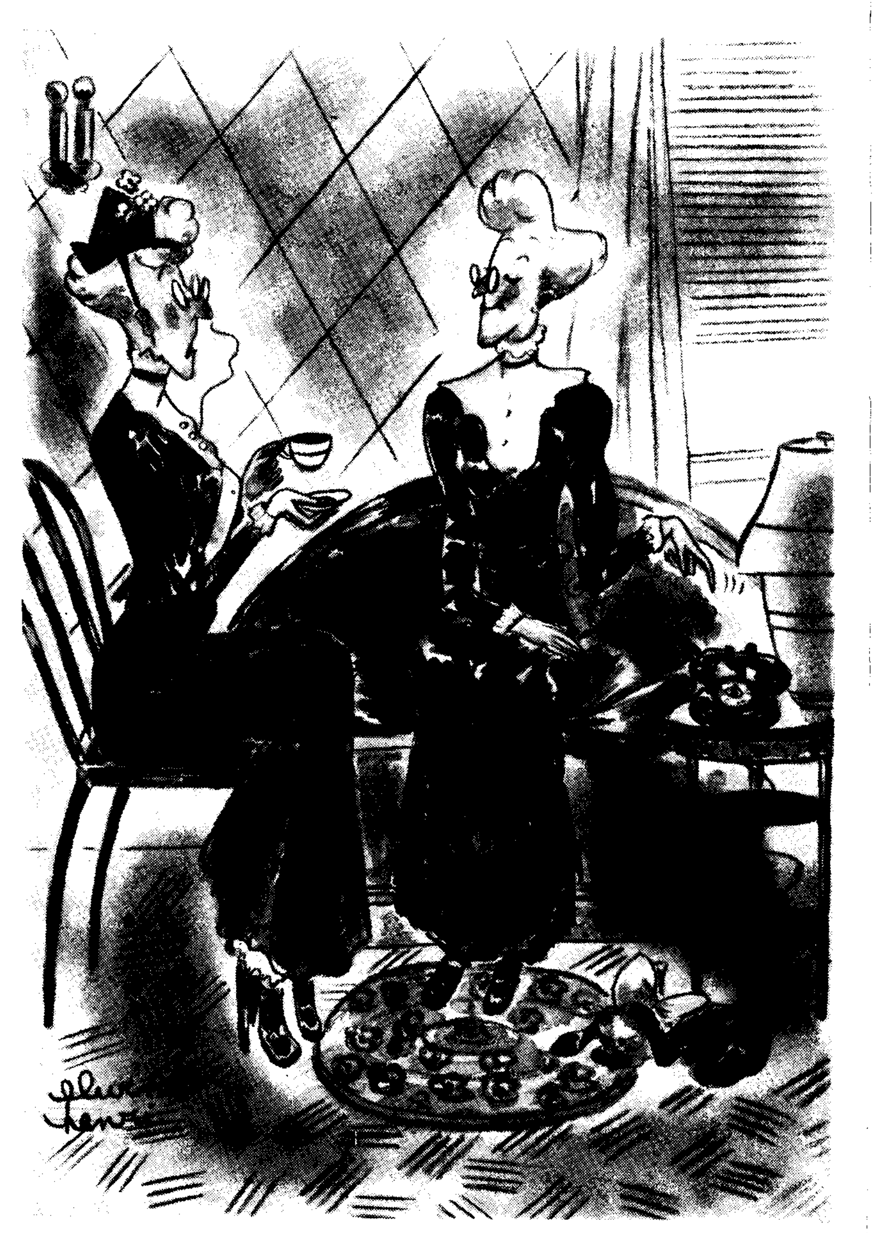
However, when he had finished and had restored his notes to his pocket, a member from Ohio arose and somewhat tremulously said that he liked the job and hoped to be re-elected. Nevertheless, said he, there were certain signs that his constituency was not very enthusiastic for the bill. So what should he do —be loyal to the New Deal or look out for his political future?

Mr. Farley smiled indulgently upon the frightened patriot and said that it was, and had always been, his personal preference to look out for his own political future. Through loyalty to the party he had been doing just that. He felt quite sure, too, that the gentleman's constituency was not as opposed to the bill as the gentleman seemed to think. The meeting disbanded.

Out of all the thoughtful words and invigorating phrases uttered by Mr. Farley, just one lived. And that one began to spread through the House. Mr. Farley had said "If it were me I'd think first of my political future." To be sure, Mr. Farley's words were being given a sinister twist. But before the day was done he was being misquoted with magnificent abandon. What did Jim say? Why, listen (in whispers) Jim said if you've got any doubts about what the folks back home think you'd better dodge or vote No. And before cocktail hour Mr. Farley's words had become a dire warning. Listen, Jim says a lot of us ain't coming back if we vote for it.

Whereupon the House, daring courageously neither to pass the bill nor defeat it, returned it to committee, 204 to 196.

Some time later, a group of heavy-hit-



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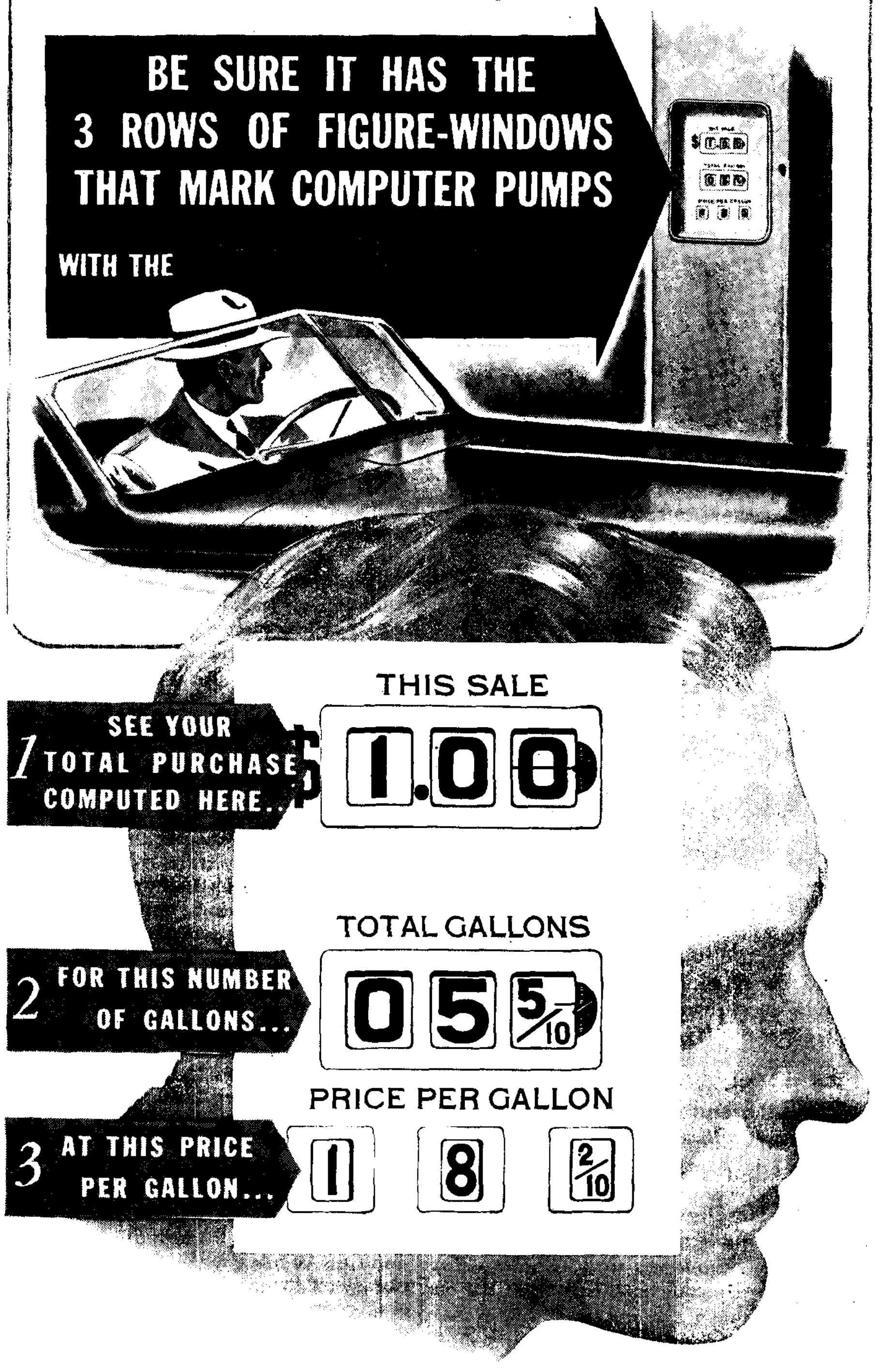

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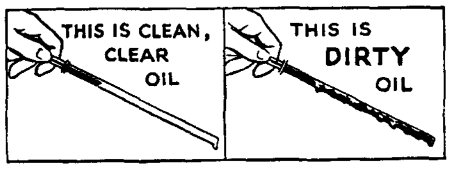
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ting New Dealers sought Mr. Farley's assistance in Virginia. As you know, Senator Harry Flood Byrd is not one of those upon whom Mr. Corcoran depends when support is sought for Administration legislation. Mr. Corcoran regards Mr. Byrd as a melancholy political stylite and in Senator Byrd's opinion, Mr. Corcoran is a campus gadfly badly in need of a good nose-wiping. They don't care for each other.

So when a militant anti-Byrd group was about to be weaned in Virginia, led by Congressman John W. Flannagan, Jr., the general staff rejoiced. And the day came when these Virginians were holding a caucus. Mr. Farley was asked to address them. Mr. Farley did his best to ignore the invitation. By this means and that he dodged. But eventually the prompters cornered him. Would he or would he not address the anti-Byrds? Whereupon Mr. Farley told them.

The Opposite Poles

He was, said he, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It was his job to be a Democrat, not a factionalist. Virginia's fight was Virginia's. He had troubles of his own and didn't have to travel to Virginia to pick up another bagful. No, he would not address the Byrd haters. The last time he got messed up in a factional brawl look what happened. His answer was No.

There is more than a suggestion of truth in what Mr. Corcoran's side tells you when it says that "the only difference between Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Farley is that Jim is of the old school of political procedure, a creature of habit, whereas Mr. Corcoran is young, versatile and has nothing to unlearn."

Temperamentally the two men are as unlike as it is possible to be and still live in the same political house. Contrary to a prevalent opinion, Mr. Farley was never a member of Tammany Hall although he learned his trade under the Tammany influence. And when the Honorable Jim was learning the art of winning elections, Tammany knew all the answers. Had Mr. Farley cared for the job, had he not been farsighted (or maybe just lucky), he might have moved his voting address to New York City and become the leader of Tammany Hall. It would have been a fine thing for Tammany but perhaps too bad for Mr. Farley.

The Corcoran side is pretty well convinced that the sun has set permanently on the old-fashioned political racket. They may be a bit optimistic. But they seem convinced that the control of municipal government has slipped from the hands of ballot-box hoodlums and that the reign of The Boss is done. They believe in centralized federal control and tell you that it is inevitable. They will not agree with you that the collapse of the New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles juggernaut cars is temporary and traceable directly to the federal government's relief programs and appropriations. And they'll assure you that the few remaining relics of a dead day—the Jersey City, Memphis and Kansas City machines—will be retired to the junk yard the moment that Messrs. Hague, Crump and Pendergast relinquish the controls.

They've even told Mr. Farley all this, such intelligence being the material for many of the liberalizing lectures they have wasted on him. The Honorable Jim persists in living in and for the moment, in dealing with things as they are, neither eye roving toward Utopia. Local machines are still with us. Jim believes that oil will get one farther than monkey wrenches.

Of course the Administration's camp is not as badly split as all this might indicate to those to whom the wish is father to the thought. Much, too much, has been said about the factional fights in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Georgia, Kentucky, Oregon and New York. As usual these internal party fights were primary battles. There is no irreparable dissension between Mr. Farley and Mr. Roosevelt's general staff—merely a sharp difference of procedural opinion. It is much closer to fact that, representing almost diametrically opposed views but both idolatrously loyal to the President, Mr. Farley and the Glamor Boys will work together smoothly enough in November. They can, in emergencies, complement each other neatly—the Honorable Jim working the Old Guard side of the street and Mr. Corcoran and his chorus holding the other side spellbound.

Mr. Corcoran is thirty-eight years old and is apparently a Democrat although he appeared first in official Washington wearing Mr. Herbert Hoover's livery. While Mr. Farley was racing back and forth across the country, making as many as thirty calls a day and shaking innumerable honest hands in the interests of Governor Roosevelt's bid for the Democratic nomination, Mr. Corcoran was invited to Washington by Mr. Hoover to fight the Republican depression from an office in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Little did either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Corcoran know. Mr. Hoover thought Mr. Corcoran a very nice young man.

Mr. Corcoran runs through jobs the way your high-school daughter runs through drugstore stockings. After Brown University and Harvard Law School he spent a year being secretary to Mr. Justice Holmes who is said to have described Mr. Corcoran as "quite noisy, quite satisfactory and quite noisy." Then he labored capitalistically in Wall Street and piled up a neat sum to lose in the disaster of 1929—and lost it. He spent a season with an important corporation law firm that had virtually none but Republicans for clients and was doing so nicely that Mr. Hoover presented him to Mr. Eugene Meyer, Chairman of the RFC. And there he was, bright-eyed and eager, when Mr. Roosevelt became President.

Enter Mr. Charm

He met Mr. Roosevelt late in 1934 and we are told that the attachment was virtually immediate. And this is wholly understandable. Mr. Corcoran has a large measure of the Roosevelt charm. Too he has a rapidly flashing, insatiable mind and a huge store of bubbling enthusiasm and animal spirits. The fellow actually likes to work. If he had no other characteristic this alone would render him highly visible in this manna-raining era. Nor has it worked to Mr. Corcoran's disadvantage that he plays the piano and the accordion satisfactorily and can croon sea chanties all night without repeating a heave-ho hearty. He demonstrated this virtuosity upon his first meeting with Mr. Roosevelt and to his sailor-President he became at once Tommy the Cork. It is because of this fine talent of Mr. Corcoran that his bilious enemies refer to him as Putzi—after the unspeakable Mr. Hitler's late favorite, Mr. Hanftstaengl. Anyway, when Mr. Corcoran departed to his bachelor flat after his first meeting with Mr. Roosevelt he had no cause to feel downcast.

In collaboration with his deeply intellectual buddy, Mr. Benjamin V. Cohen, Mr. Corcoran wrote and rewrote the Utility Holding Company act, thereby instigating one of the numerous bellyaches this country has survived since 1933. The government-mending firm of Corcoran and Cohen also produced the Securities and Exchange Act and has done innumerable important chores such as the analysis of the Supreme

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Court's decision on the Washington minimum-wage case for Attorney General Cummings.

Justly or otherwise, Mr. Corcoran is charged by conservative Democrats with the responsibility for the White House's recent activities in local politics, thereby invading Mr. Farley's field. They'll tell you that Mr. Corcoran's keyhole operators compiled daily reports of what Mr. Farley was saying in private and what he was reputed to be saying—chiefly the latter. The Honorable Jim, said they, was disgruntled. He had ambitions. He would like to be governor of New York. He would like to be President of the United States. And he found no one with a sympathetic ear. Anyway Jim was not pleased to be ignored. And pretty soon everybody in Washington was eager to assure anyone who would listen that Mr. Farley was sick and tired of being treated like a messenger or like a nice fat old faithful retainer.

Glamor-Boy Indigestion

And it all added up to somebody's decision that Mr. Farley was much too powerful to be trusted with a grouch. What if Mr. Farley should arrogate to his own ends the power of his influence with local politicians—county and state chairmen, postmasters and similar convention controllers? What if he should embrace the cause of some conservative aspirant for the Presidential nomination—Senator Bennett Champ Clark for example, the reputed favorite of Vice-President Garner? What if Jim decided to continue his successful role of President-maker and hog the spotlight in 1940? And so on and on.

We're compelled to pause long enough to agree with you that such fears are more than ninety-eight per cent nonsense. The next candidate of the Democratic party will be designated by Mr. Roosevelt. No Democrat aspirant would have a threadbare chance without his blessing. And while Mr. Farley is just a bit fed up with the scintillations of the Glamor Boys and would be more than mildly receptive to a healthy salary as some large corporation's sales manager, he proposes now to see his job through and continue to take orders from his beloved boss. But from nobody else.

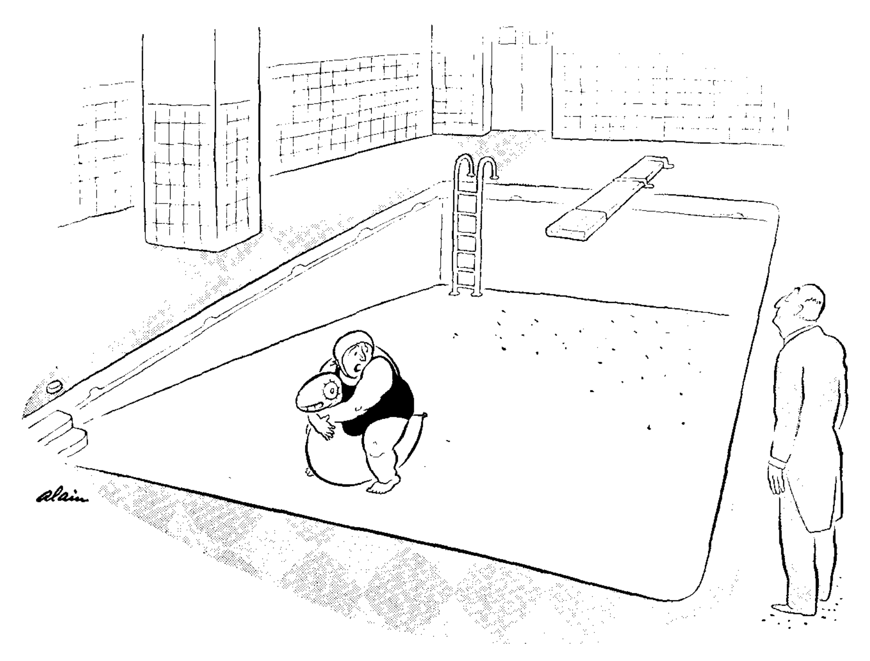
But not everybody agrees that Mr. Farley has no plans to devote his powers to vengeance. Mr. Corcoran and others in Washington still were convinced that Mr. Farley has much too much personal influence with the local politicians who will decide who is to sit in at the national convention. And anyway his job looked like lots of fun—so why not get in it? Perhaps it amounts to jealousy and that Mr. Farley too is that monster's victim. At any rate that's the situation. And the situation has its silly side. Not even the irrepressible Mr. Corcoran, among all the Roosevelt advisers who are quite sure they could discharge the Honorable Jim's duties with unlimited credit, could fill his capacious boots. The job calls for a tireless plodder, not a stunt flier, pole vaulter or professional nimblewit.

If Mr. Farley had his way, he would now be traipsing up and down the country lining up the lads for somebody. There is still the undenied story that more than a year ago he suggested at a Cabinet meeting that it was high time he began. Mr. Roosevelt is said to have agreed readily, if not seriously, and devoted quite a little time to discussing there and then the chances of Mr. Henry Wallace and Mr. Harold Ickes as well as other members of the Cabinet—omitting Mr. Farley. We've never been able to verify this yarn. Neither has it been denied. Anyway Mr. Farley found out that he wasn't the fellow to start working for. And the knowledge added nothing to his morale. Not that he'd have much more chance than Mr. Ickes. But it's always nice to be mentioned. But, then, neither was Mr. Corcoran.

Mr. Corcoran disavows more or less vigorously that he has any aspirations to an elective office. Rather he is looked upon as having ambitions to be a President-maker—like the Honorable Jim. He is credited with having a candidate too—Mr. Robert H. Jackson, Solicitor General of the United States and one of the truly great minds in the Administration. However, the chances are excellent that a silent nothing will come of this. It is much more likely that both Mr. Farley and Mr. Corcoran will fade out of the Washington pictures together—Jim to occupy an office in industry and Tommy coming to the surface again in a tastefully decorated, air-conditioned, soundproof law office where he and Mr. Cohen will proceed to be deservedly successful in keeping affluent clients out of jail and other nasty predicaments.

When asked what he'd prefer to do if feasible, Mr. Corcoran will tell you—boss the federal civil service system and introduce into the government's service trained careerists much as the British do. Or reorganize and co-ordinate federal conservation work—with lots of authority. Or be head of the Boy Scouts of America.

Mr. Farley's friends say he wouldn't like that last job. They say he's had it.



"Very well, Bentley. You may let in the water" ALAIN

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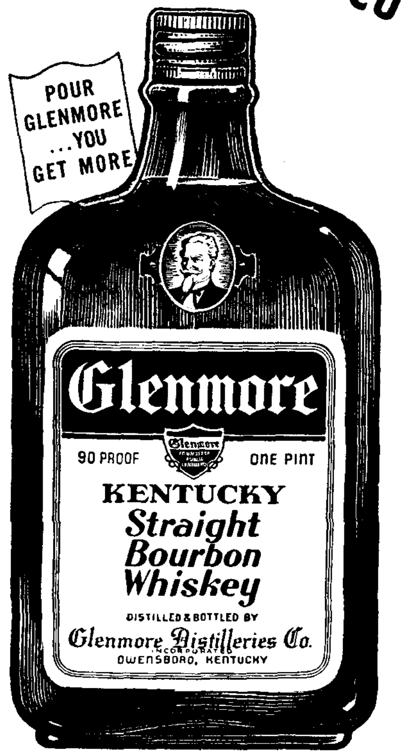
During the BOER WAR (1899-1902) the British soldiers started the custom of avoiding three lights from one match. They found it dangerous enough to light ONE cigarette at a time, foolhardy to light TWO, and to light THREE was sheer suicide. THREE lights gave the Boer sharp-shooters time to set their sights and fire. Today this custom still persists. The reason for many of these strange customs

HERE'S ANOTHER CUSTOM BASED ON FACT:



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KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

Predatory Debutante

Continued from page 21

on: "I'm a model in their Sports Show. It's a kind of Sporting Gallery stunt. You may know that Gent in Ratcatcher print?" His host's head bobbed affirmation. "Well," said Sam, "that's me."

Mr. Borden's face was a study in bafflement. He silently mixed two more drinks; these made the last ones taste like water. Then, reflectively, he said: "Well, my daughter meets some interesting people. That is, out of the ordinary, I mean." Sam rubbed the grin off his face and Mr. Borden shot at him: "D'you ride?"

"Yes, sir. I haven't had much chance lately but I used to do quite a lot of it. You ride, I suppose."

"Always have. Down in Virginia when I was a boy I used to get up with my father at four in the morning to hunt. And we didn't get our pictures taken in fancy clothes for the sports magazines!" Here he made a vulgar, derisive noise.

THIS time Sam could not help laughing, and when Mr. Borden looked at him in surprise Sam vainly tried to choke it off. He was caught that way, confused and off guard when Rachel burst into the room and flung herself at her father. She didn't see Sam at once and he was glad, for it gave him pause to recover, to watch her while she was natural and untroubled by a strange presence. . . . Yes, it's still there, he thought, and it hurts like being kicked in the stomach.

"Hello, O. G." She was laughing. "Give us a kiss, quick!"

Her father kissed her. "That's not a nice thing to call your father in front of a guest." He turned to Sam. "O. G. That means Old Guy. This is my daughter Rachel, Mr.—"

She smiled warmly. "We have met, Father. By the way, what *was* your name?"

Mr. Borden stared in frank astonishment, but Sam took it straight, answering levelly: "Marbury. M-a-r-b-u-r-y. Riding gear. Third floor. Ablewhite & Finch. Remember? You took me on consignment."

"But I don't get the drift," her father complained.

Rachel spoke swiftly: "I'm sorry, Mr. Marbury, it was stupid of me to forget."

"Extremely," Sam agreed. "Rude, too."

The color was high in her cheeks. "Really—I suppose you think I owe you an apology?"

He tried to keep the smile away from his mouth. "Yes," he said, "but I don't expect to get it."

Rachel was laughing at him. "Then I must disappoint you, because I admit I behaved very badly. I'm even properly penitent."

"I don't believe you for a minute," he matched her.

She said, "That's unkind of you."

"I just want it made clear," Sam told her. "It was all right to have me shipped out here like a piece of luggage, but I have a job to do and it will save us both grief if you can stop being the princess royal while I'm doing it."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Borden, waving his glass. "You tell 'em." But he took a reproachful glance from Rachel and said defensively: "Excuse me, dear. But no one tells me anything. I can't understand how you could invite him here and not even know his name. Seems strange . . . well, he looks all right to me. But it just seems kind of"—he shrugged and gave it up "—kind of funny. Let's have a short one, Sam."

Rachel left the room in a rage.

They were separated at the formal dinner table and Sam spoke seldom. He was neither awed nor confused by the muted magnificence of heavy white damask and glittering crystal and silver, soft and rich in the candle glow—he was hungry.

Afterward, with coffee and cognac in the drawing room, his eyes followed her graceful passage among guests, an enchanting Rachel, slim and beautiful in green velvet and gold, her shining hair in long rolling waves. He knew then, with a sense of desperation, that this was it at last.

She seemed to avoid him and when the women retired upstairs to rest or dress before the dance, Sam, wanting no company, took a book to his room and stared blindly at it until it was ten o'clock. Then he walked down the hall to the opposite wing and went into the ballroom to find Mr. Borden sitting alone at a small table beside the half-filled dance floor. Moodily Sam sat down beside him, hearing from his host that this modern pussyfooting was sissy stuff compared to square dancing, that he had eaten too fast and wished everyone would go home so Rachel would let him go to bed.

She was dancing, her dinner gown changed for white satin; she wore no jewelry. Staring at her rose-petal skin and glinting hair against the white made him lightheaded and confident, but when he came up she smiled and said: "I'm saving you the waltz."

None of the pieces were waltzes and thirty minutes later he was still waiting and fast losing patience. Mr. Borden said knowingly, "Have some brandy, son. You shouldn't have fallen in love with her, but you're no weaker than the rest."

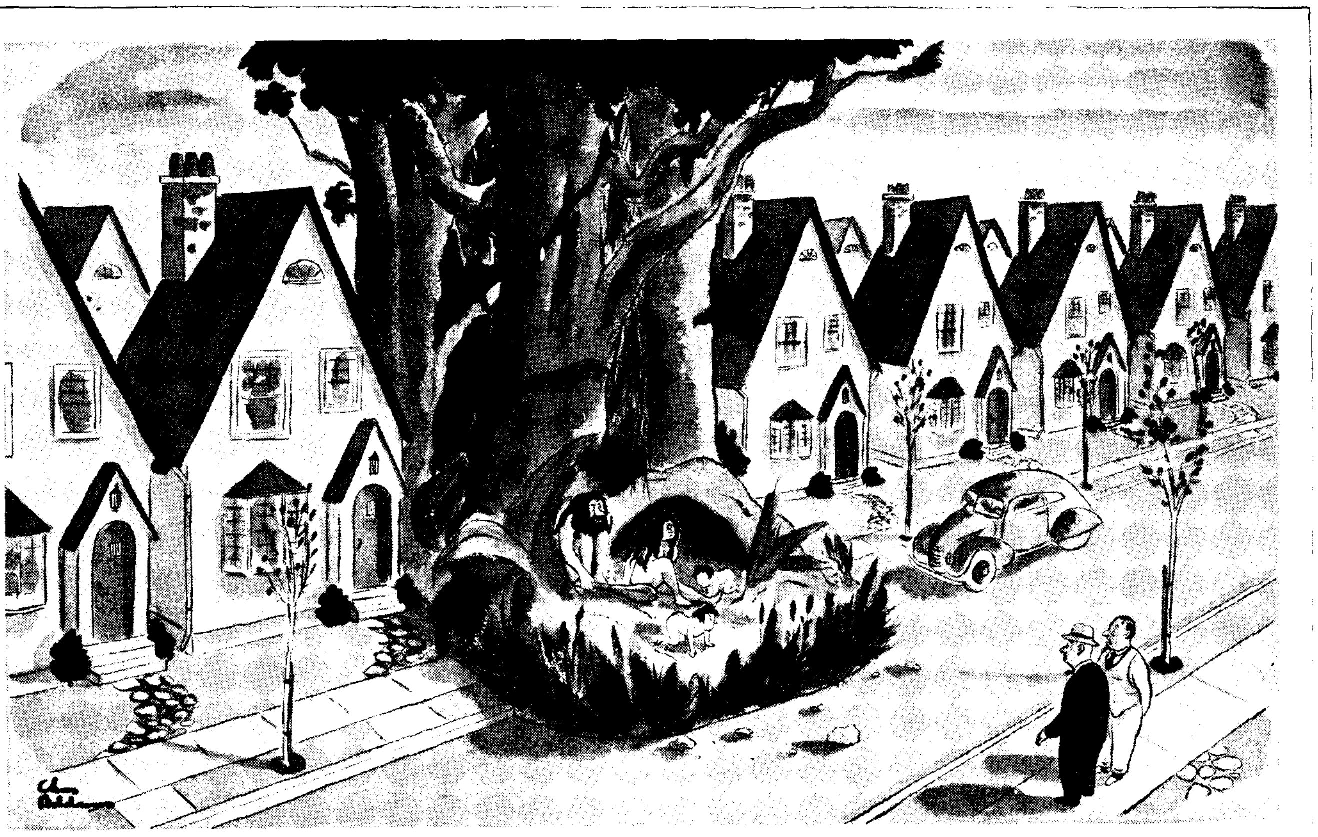
"*What!*" Sam was outraged. "Me? In love with your daughter? I should say not!"

"Have it your own way, Sam. But you shouldn't've, just the same."

SAM waited grimly, disgusted with his transparency. The intermission came and went with Rachel laughing among a group across the floor. The music started again. It was not a waltz. Mr. Borden was interested. "Are you going to let her get away with it?" he wanted to know. But when Sam came to his feet, his mouth set, Mr. Borden hastily suggested: "You can tie her to a tree and beat her later. Now's the time for subtlety."

While Sam hesitated, his host flagged the band leader over and handed him a large bill.

"Look here, play a waltz. Play several waltzes. Keep on playing waltzes



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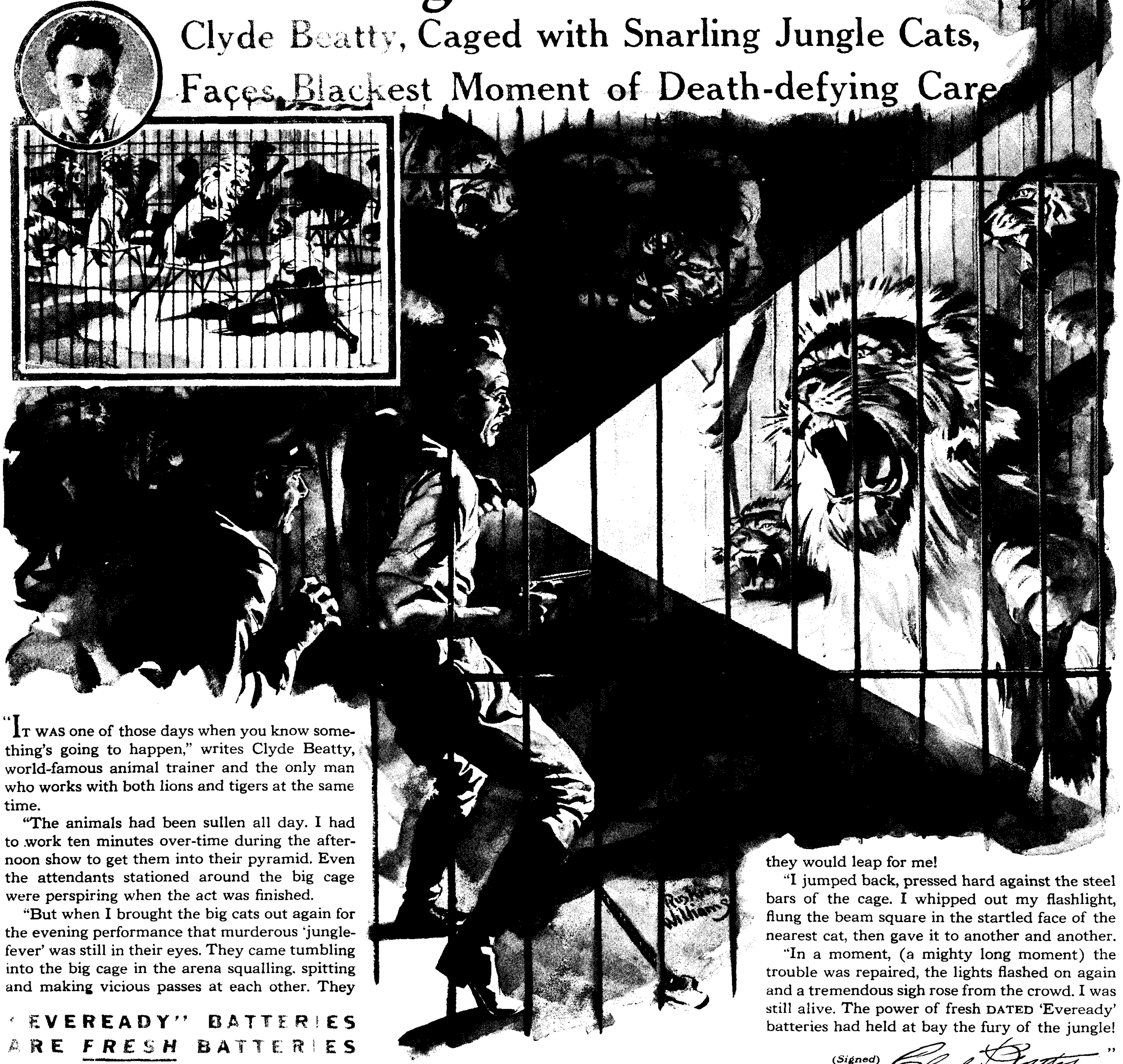
"Murderous 'Jungle Fever' was in their Eyes"

Clyde Beatty, Caged with Snarling Jungle Cats, Faces Blackest Moment of Death-defying Career



"IT WAS one of those days when you know something's going to happen," writes Clyde Beatty, world-famous animal trainer and the only man who works with both lions and tigers at the same time.

"The animals had been sullen all day. I had to work ten minutes over-time during the afternoon show to get them into their pyramid. Even the attendants stationed around the big cage were perspiring when the act was finished.

"But when I brought the big cats out again for the evening performance that murderous 'jungle-fever' was still in their eyes. They came tumbling into the big cage in the arena squalling, spitting and making vicious passes at each other. They weren't fooling, and if one of them drew blood it would be just too bad!

"It was plain they didn't want to be ordered around, but their private spats with one another prevented an organized mutiny. Time and again I would get three of them into position only to have them leave their posts while I worked on the fourth and kept the others from sneaking behind me.

"And then, with that cage full of mixed cats raging at me and each other . . . the lights went out!

"In the flicker of an eyelash the huge glaring big top went dead black!

"In the dark the snarls of the beasts sounded twice as loud. Green eyes glowed. In an instant they would leap for me!

"I jumped back, pressed hard against the steel bars of the cage. I whipped out my flashlight, flung the beam square in the startled face of the nearest cat, then gave it to another and another.

"In a moment, (a mighty long moment) the trouble was repaired, the lights flashed on again and a tremendous sigh rose from the crowd. I was still alive. The power of fresh DATED 'Eveready' batteries had held at bay the fury of the jungle!

(Signed) Clyde Beatty"

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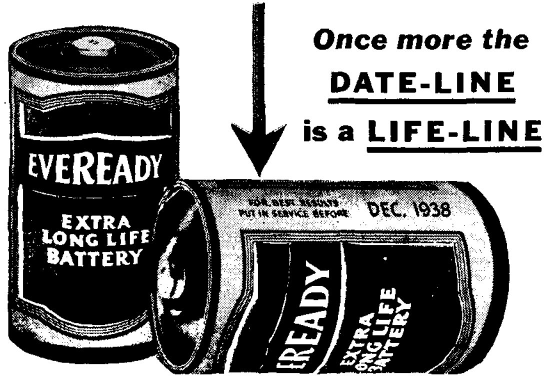
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until I tell you to stop. I'm in a waltzing mood," said Mr. Borden.

Blue Danube, and Rachel looking up in surprise and pleasure, dancing as he had known she would, light and close and knowing as well as he what he was going to do next; and they were silent, content, and when the music paused he led her without protest to the frosty terrace outside the ballroom. She shivered, gazing at the moon, and he hung his dinner coat about her slim white shoulders, careful not to touch her.

Gravely she spoke: "I haven't liked being rude to you."

"Well, I haven't liked it very much either."

They were leaning against the railing. She touched his hand, "Sam—"

"Yes, Rachel?"

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right," he said, prepared to forgive anything if they could stay this way.

"No, it isn't." She was watching the moon, almost talking to herself. "I think I just realized what made me be that way: Sherman was so awful and made me so ashamed of him. And I hated being ashamed in front of you. I wouldn't have minded so much if you *hadn't behaved so well.* You just *stood* up there in the booth and looked down at us—*on* us—"

"How did I look?"

"Terribly superior, Sam. Dignified. The only one of us who was. That was what I resented, because you were right. That was what made me want to hurt you." She shuddered. "I was awful."

"I had a job to keep, which more or less accounted for my restraint," he pointed out.

"Let's dance," she said and moved into his arms as the music started. Slowly they circled about the stone terrace and then she said suddenly: "I've known him a long time."

"Childhood sweethearts."

"Yes. . . . He married June Daly. She hurt him deeply, and he—well, sort of lost his head."

"So he takes it out on you."

"I haven't minded much, until recently."

THEY stopped dancing. He lifted her face. "How recently?"

But she seemed troubled and did not answer. She looked at him, his eyes and his nose and his mouth, for a long moment, and then she dropped her gaze and said, "Dance, Sam, please." Briefly they were silent in the bright cold night. Her voice came first, "Have you decided to forgive me? You understand—June taking it out on Sherman, Sherman taking it out on me, and you getting the accumulation. . . . I know it's no excuse."

"Don't think about it." His voice was strange to him.

"Thank you," softly; and after a moment: "I can't imagine why you put up with it."

"You're leading with your chin!" he warned.

"Am I? You make it sound like a great lantern jaw."

"Oh, no, it's a standard chin," he said, enjoying himself. "I suppose you'd be considered good-looking enough. But you have that expensive look, not meant to be wasted on—clerks. Slightly post-debutante, if you know what I mean, and still unmarried because independence is fashionable."

SHE faced him, still with the disturbed expression in her shadowed eyes. "What a lot you know about women like me—for a clerk."

"We live. I learned one good thing. Do you want to hear it?"

"No," she contradicted herself. "You have to listen"—they were dancing slowly, scarcely moving—"so you might as well be graceful about it. I learned that women with red hair make the very finest wives—"

She stopped dancing. They weren't being funny any more.

He said, "You see?"

"I'd like it," Rachel said simply, "if you kissed me quickly and then went away."

When he released her she sighed a little, her head on his shirt front. But Sam said deliriously:

"Like this! From now on!"

Only then she understood him. "Oh, Sam," she cried, "you're joking!"

"Why? Is it funny?" he asked.

"You really don't know? No, you don't. I thought everyone who could read knew that I—"

"I can't read," Sam said tonelessly. "Tell me."

She twisted away and her voice was muffled. "I don't know. I thought I did, but now I'm all mixed up. . . . It got to be an understanding. Sherman and I. . . . June's going to go to Reno." She whirled out of his coat and fled inside. Following, Sam saw a servant speak to her. "Forgive me, Sam," her voice was normal again, sure and aloof, as to a *stranger or a clerk. She went hurriedly* from the room.

At Mr. Borden's table Sam sat in a dream, unthinking, conscious only of the passage of time without Rachel's return. She had made him overconfident; she gave him a lot of rope to see what he would do with it . . . but he didn't really believe that. For one brief moment she had been without pose or mockery; unmasked, she was in his arms a palpable, sincere and dreamless vision.

Mr. Borden interrupted his reverie. "You're a goner, Sam. She's got you. Dangerous. Like to see someone hobble her, sometime. Needs taming. Be a treat—" Sam saw that he suddenly looked unhappy. "Can't see what she wants to run around with that Sherman French for, can you?"

"No," Sam admitted grimly.

"I don't like him. Known him ten years now and never did trust him. He's no good and I'm afraid for Rachel. . . . Made the mistake of telling her so once. Might've known she'd get protective about it." He pounded Sam twice, gently, on the shoulder and they fell into silence.

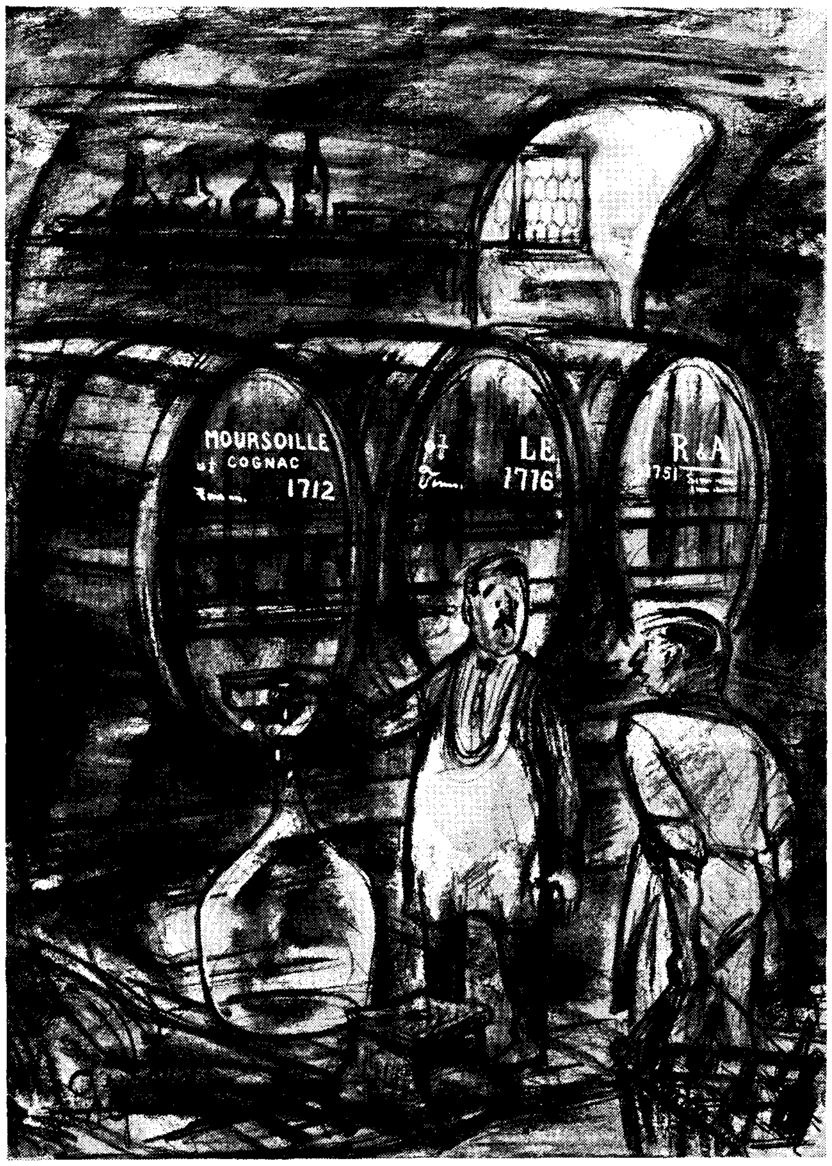
And then Mr. Borden was speaking again but Sam didn't hear because Rachel had just come onto the floor with Sherman French. Sam stood up, rage flowing through him. He went directly to Rachel, ignoring Sherman, and said: "I thought you were *never* coming back to finish our dance."

"You seem to specialize," Sherman said, "in butting into my affairs."

"Will you dance?" He looked at Rachel, trying to read the meaning of her indecision, but Sherman broke in with a contemptuous "I didn't know you went on duty till tomorrow."

FEELING the sweat on his clenched hands, with an effort Sam straightened his fingers, holding them against his trouser seams. Other couples dancing near by were openly curious, watching the byplay. Then she said it: "Please, Sherman, Mr. Marbury is my guest."

Sam's stomach twisted slowly. He took a deep breath, the blood rushing to his face. She's sorry for me, he thought in inward amazement; if he'd been rude



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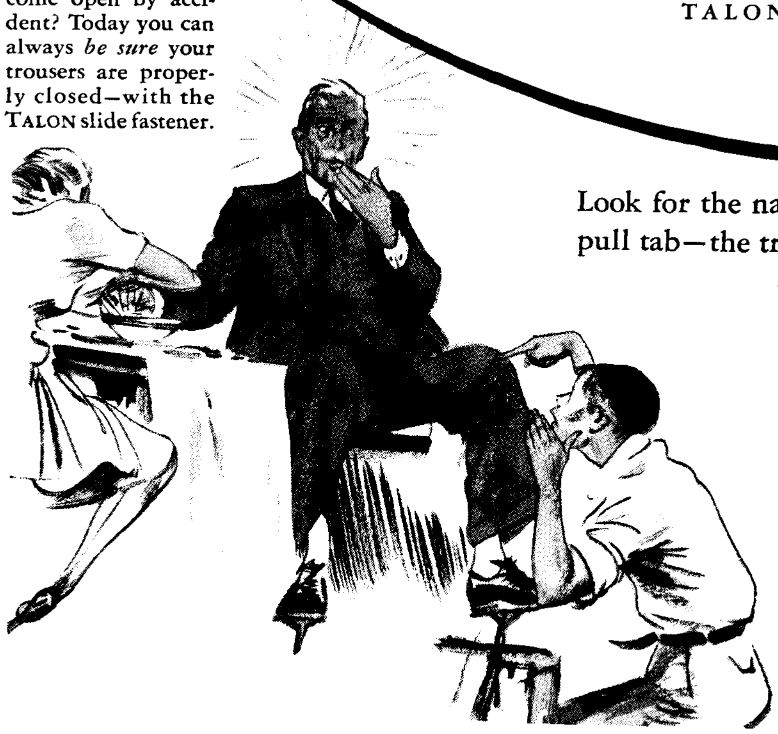

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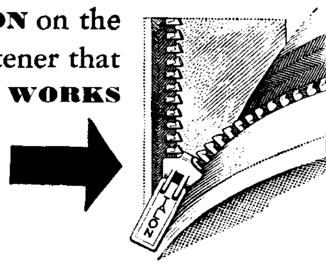

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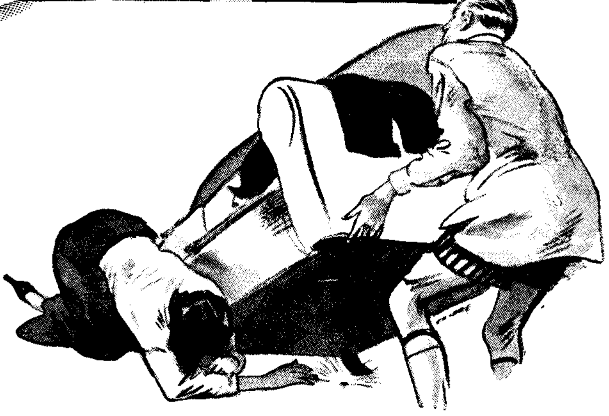

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to a tramp she would have censured him this way! He bowed shortly and left the ballroom.

It was clear and crisply cool in the morning and he felt better because he knew where he stood and the fever was controlled. But he was not too confident of his resistance, so he avoided a meeting until it was two o'clock and the stable yard was filled and overflowing with the members of the hunt and their guests. It was a picturesque crowd, garbed in the fashion of the late 1800's. Society photographers scurried and photo-flashed their precarious way through the milling colorful confusion; and Sam sat astride a big gray, watching Rachel ride toward him, a Gainsborough lady in a flowing French habit of green, her copper curls neatly clinging beneath the brim of a tricorne.

"I missed you last night," she said. "It wasn't very nice of you to run off that way."

"You seemed well taken care of." Because he loved her his voice was cold and sharp and she cried out in protest: "Must you always misunderstand me?"

He stared at her but she did not drop her eyes. "You didn't really bring me out here as a demonstrator, did you, Rachel?" She did not answer; there was no need. "Good old Sam," he said, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice, "the fiancé jacker-upper—if your man gets out of hand, just send for Sam."

Rudely he turned his horse and moved a little apart, but she spurred after him in a burst of impatience. "Sam, I'm sorry for everything!"

"Look here," he demanded angrily, "what do you want from me?" She drew back, her eyes shocked and hurt. She opened her mouth to speak. Then she seemed to think better of it. Without a word she turned and rode back to the crowd.

THE scent quickly proved to be poor and the afternoon wore on with many brief chases, but more time spent in casting the hounds at one covert after another. By five the sun was low and the general sentiment for heading home, but Mr. Borden called a group of the younger men to him on a hilltop. "Where I come from it takes longer than this to get horse and man properly warmed up." He suggested a pounding race, a hell-for-leather point-to-point; follow the leader and you take everything the first horse takes or you go down in the try. It caught on. A church, two thirds of the way home, whose steeple showed above the tree-filled valley, was made the goal. An even dozen accepted the challenge.

Sherman said, "I'll lead off," staring at Sam. Rachel dismounted and walked toward the starting point. Sam looked away. He was surprised when she spoke at his elbow.

"Good luck," she said.

Unsmiling, he asked: "A gage, my lady?"

She flushed and gave him a small handkerchief. "Be careful!"

"Go!" yelled Mr. Borden and Sherman's chestnut plunged down the hill, slipping, sliding, going fast. Sam went quickly after him, the others stringing out behind. They came out of the woods and jumped a high panel set in a barbed-wire fence; they fled across a field where ditches lay treacherous beneath long grass . . . there was thunder behind and that lone horseman ahead. On and on, over board fence, post and rail, and stone. The wind howled in his ears as he pressed on, overtaking the leader. Together they plunged into a copse, neck and neck they fought for lead. A stiff jump loomed, the gray flew it first and Sherman fell behind. Over and away now . . . the thrill was in his blood and in the gray's. From a rise he saw the steeple, and along the road the hunt racing to keep up.

He came off the rise, took the in and out of the road and rocketed down a ravine, only to check his mount so sharply she almost fell. "'Ware Glass!" he yelled the warning and the others turned aside. It cost him the lead and the steeple was only half a mile away with Sherman well ahead. The gray went smoothly along the disused wagon track, passing the others in long, easy strides. Sherman disappeared around a bend and was briefly hidden by the hillside. A moment later Sam had rounded—

Across the wagon track was a fence, the highest yet and not meant for jumping. There was a cattle gate in the center and as Sam rounded the curve he saw Sherman pulled up on the other side of the gate, which was just clicking shut.

SAM sharply reined the gray to a halt; if Sam had little concern for his own neck, he at least had consideration for another man's horseflesh. To take that jump would have been vicious bravado, almost inevitably ending in a shambles . . . the next second was a welter of confused impression with the hunt sweeping in on them and crying congratulations to Sherman, who had apparently taken an obstacle refused by the others. It finished the race and then in the gathering dusk they rode slowly homeward, with all but Sam riding to the van to say, "Great race!" to Sherman. He was controlled and detached, so that when Rachel slacked to let him catch up, and said, "My handkerchief, please," he gave it to her without a sign, aware that her coolness was the symbol of her contempt toward a poor loser.

And back in the great-beamed drawing room, where a huge fire roared and servants passed steaming toddies, Sam knew he could not expose the fraud, discredit a cheat, now or ever. But he went to Rachel and said flatly, "I want to talk to you."

"We're drinking a toast to the winner," she said.

"I want to talk to you," he stubbornly repeated.

"You won't drink to Sherman?" her eyes were angry. "Then I'm not interested."

He swung her around by the wrist. "Let go!" she ordered.

"Come along," he told her. "Out of here. Anywhere."

Sherman pushed across to them. "Take your hands off her!"

Sam did. He took his hands off just long enough to chop a short right to Sherman's jaw. Like a dying wind all the sound in the room straggled off into silence as Sherman slowly fell forward, onto his face. He was out cold.

Rachel made no further resistance as Sam drew her out of the room. But when they faced each other in the library she was white with fury. "How dare you!"

"Listen," he said, "I'm leaving, but I've got a few things to tell you and I'm not going to waste time repeating myself. I don't care who you are or where you came from, I think you're probably the most acute case of arrested development I've ever had the bad luck to run up against. You're rotten spoiled and you live by more false standards than I ever thought existed. You rate everything by money, which means nothing to you personally because you've got too much of it—"

"I won't listen to another word!" she stormed, but he held her wrist.

"Shut up," he said. "I haven't finished. You'd lose some of that arrogance if you found out you couldn't buy everything you look at. Well, you can't buy me—you can't even rent me—"

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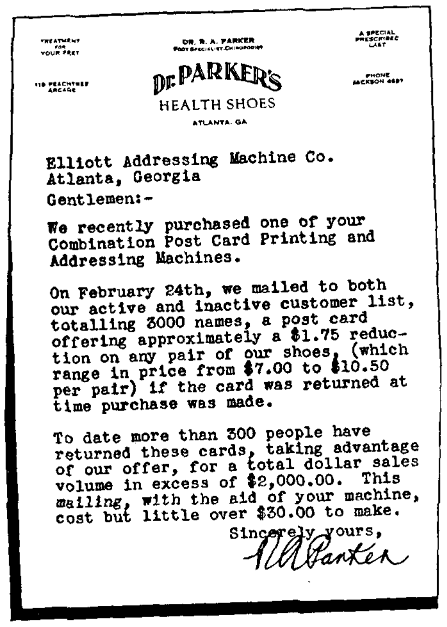

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DR. R. A. PARKER
FOOT SPECIALIST CHIROPODIST
A SPECIAL PRESCRIBED LAST
119 PEACHTREE ARCADE
Dr. PARKER'S
HEALTH SHOES
ATLANTA, GA
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Elliott Addressing Machine Co.
Atlanta, Georgia

Gentlemen:-

We recently purchased one of your Combination Post Card Printing and Addressing Machines.

On February 24th, we mailed to both our active and inactive customer list, totalling 3000 names, a post card offering approximately a $1.75 reduction on any pair of our shoes, (which range in price from $7.00 to $10.50 per pair) if the card was returned at time purchase was made.

To date more than 300 people have returned these cards, taking advantage of our offer, for a total dollar sales volume in excess of $2,000.00. This mailing, with the aid of your machine, cost but little over $30.00 to make.

Sincerely yours,
R A Parker

Anyone can afford to advertise with the Cardvertiser. With this little $65 machine you can easily, quickly produce fully printed, illustrated and addressed sales messages on ordinary penny postal cards—*at a cost of little more than one cent apiece!* Thousands of companies, stores, churches, clubs, etc., now use "POSTALGRAMS" with remarkable results.

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ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO. C-9-10-38
161 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
☐ Send me your booklet about Cardvertising.
☐ Give me a demonstration of the Cardvertiser.
Name__________
Business__________
Business Address__________
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The Daily Ne
FINAL
THE NEW QUICK-KILL PULVEX FLEA POWDER
CAN BE APPLIED ON A SINGLE SPOT
NEW QUICK-KILLING
PULVEX
Kills FLEAS
Dog Ticks and Lice

. . . A FLEA POWDER WORTH BARKING FOR

- *Kills fleas 100% faster*
- *None revive to reinfest*
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LIKE the old Pulvex, this new Pulvex not only kills all the fleas but KILLS THEM 100% FASTER. None revive—no flea can survive Pulvex. Can be applied on single spot to kill fleas, but when dusted all over, it *also* kills lice, dog ticks, and protects against fresh reinfestation of fleas for several days. For quickness, certainty, completeness of kill, the new Pulvex is supreme. At pet, drug and department stores, 50c.

PULVEX 6-USE DOG SOAP kills fleas, oils, tones, deodorizes, grooms, cleans, 50c. Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c

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Memo to Stenographers

YOU may earn plenty of extra dollars in spare time without interfering with your regular occupation! How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. Write to:

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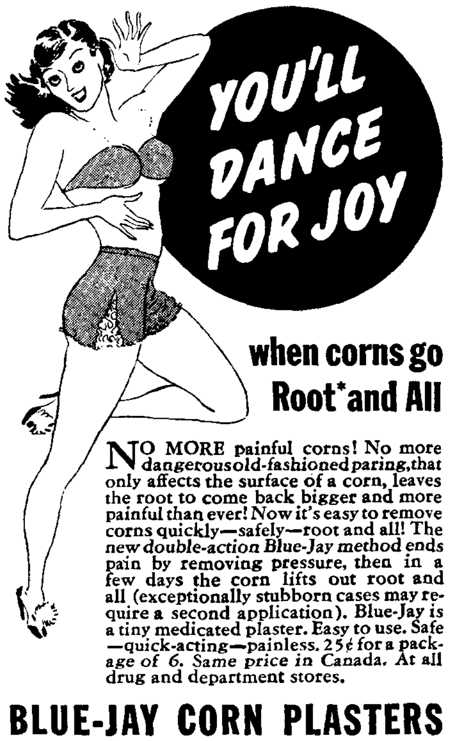


when corns go Root*and All

NO MORE painful corns! No more dangerous old-fashioned paring, that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the root to come back bigger and more painful than ever! Now it's easy to remove corns quickly—safely—root and all! The *new double-action Blue-Jay method* ends pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use. Safe—quick-acting—painless. 25¢ for a package of 6. *Same price in Canada.* At all drug and department stores.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

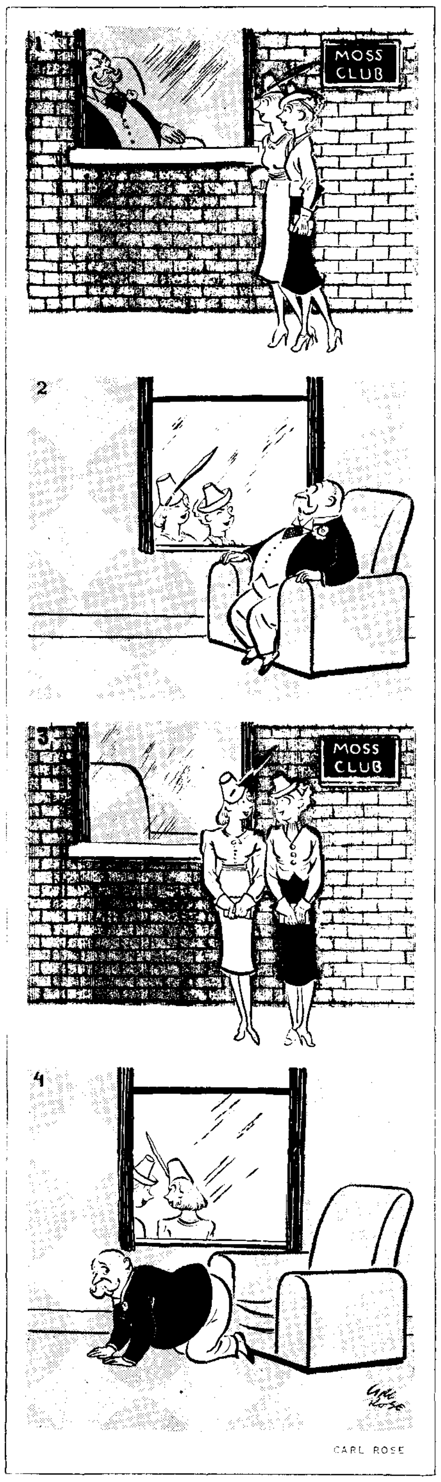
* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Get out of here!" she raged.

"But you can probably lose me my job. Okay, I'll get another where I won't be exposed to predatory debutantes." She turned her back on him and from the door he said: "Don't think I can't get over this. I must have been soft in the head to fall in love with you!"

He had come out of that with the ashy taste of a triumph that costs too much, and in the morning, back on the job, the triumph was gone and the ashes alone remained—until the special delivery letter came. It was from United Motors: "Our research department developed the same idea six months ago and found it impractical for the following reasons: Cost of . . ." Sam's heart stopped beating but he took a deep breath and went on. It was in the last paragraph and he could hardly believe his imagination was not making it up: "However we believe that young men of your training and inventive inclinations are valuable to us. If you will consider seventy-five dollars weekly to start. . . ."

AT FIRST Sam felt a fierce resurgence of confidence that naturally turned his mind to Rachel; true, he felt useful again, but somehow she had killed the great exhilaration owed to success. He could not dwell on it, for the store was full and the old ladies were back again in force. Gone now the Gent in Ratcatcher. Sam regarded himself with wry humor, for under the label, The Badminton Expert, they had him in the briefest of white shorts. At noon he was lecturing to his fans when he was interrupted: "Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Borden. "Hello, Dempsey," he said to Sam.



CARL ROSE

"I'm sorry about that scene," said Sam.

"What a beaut that was," Mr. Borden said happily. "Sorry you ran off last night. Wanted to tell you so. Anyway, you've got Rachel eating out of your hand. Didn't think she could buffalo you for good."

Remembering, Sam said, "Eating my head off is nearer to it."

"Come to lunch, boy. Want to tell you about next week end. Too bad you two hate each other so much; but Rachel won't be there and there'll just be a bunch of old-timers. Real hunting. Early morning—"

He stopped abruptly, looking trapped. Rachel was coming across the room to them. "So this is why you were in such a hurry to beat me to town!" she said to her father. To Sam she said: "I'm sorry I was rude yesterday. . . . We seem to spend all our time apologizing. I just had to tell you that the race didn't make any difference. I wouldn't have taken that fence either."

Mr. Borden swallowed hard. "I knew there was something I wanted to tell Sam," he said meekly. "Sherman didn't take that jump. He rode through it. I found his tracks this morning."

Shocked, Rachel stared at Sam. Then she said: "Did you know that?" He nodded, and she broke out in shame and anger: "Well! Nature's nobleman! Why didn't you say so instead of playing the martyr and letting me make a fool of myself. There's such a thing as being too sporting—"

Sharply he interrupted: "I suppose I should apologize and then we could be all friendly and I'd be invited to the wedding and everything would be just fine—"

"Will you stop being so unreasonable?"

"Look here," he said, "I'm busy. Come back some other time."

She clenched her hands. "You'll talk to me if I have to get Dad to buy this place and throw all the customers out!"

"There! That beautiful arrogance again."

SHE ignored that, demanding: "When you said you loved me what did you mean by it?"

Sam's grip on his temper was slipping. This whole affair had died a miserable enough death without having her resuscitate it for the benefit of a score of spectators—"What do you think?"

Tenaciously she went on, "Did you mean all those things you said to me last night?"

Sam leaned down to her from his booth. Clearly he said:

"Every one of them. Doubled."

She reached up and slapped him hard. "I don't love Sherman—I'm not arrogant—I'm not selfish—I'm not retarded—and don't you ever dare call me a predatory debutante again!"

Sam caught her by the sides of the head and kissed her loudly. He felt sudden tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, Sam," she sighed. "Again?"

This time he jumped down from the booth and caught her in his arms, as an utterly demoralized Mr. Plummer whizzed across the floor; the manager pulled up, gasped and put out a feeble hand, feeling the hallowed firm of Ablewhite & Finch tremble on its respectable foundations. But Mr. Borden firmly stayed him.

"Keep out of this, Plummer," he advised. "It's strictly a family affair."

My brother Johnny—
he drives the hook an' ladder

We got a fire department in our town and what I mean—there's an outfit. It's volunteer—two minutes after the alarm goes off every pool hall in town is empty.

My brother Johnny—he's Chief an' drives the hook an' ladder. No matter how bad the fire, they always pull into my place on the way—Johnny sees to that.

I give 'em gas an' oil an' a short, snappy talk on how Golden Shell Oil is made *fast-flowin'* for stop-and-go drivin'—how it goes to work the instant they step on the starter, no matter how long the engine's been cold. An' I remind 'em that it's the best buy on the market at 25¢. They *listen,* too—my brother Johnny is Chief.

Never forget the day the I.O.O.F. Hall caught fire. I hear the boys comin' down the street wide open—siren screamin'—an' I'm out to meet 'em.

But what happens? Johnny turns into my place all right, but the guy steerin' the back end of the hook an' ladder—*he* turns into the fillin' station *across the street!*

What a mess! My brother Johnny is screamin' bloody blue murder.

"That rat," he yells, "I been crossed! That fillin' station across the street belongs to *his* brother!"

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

P.S. We got a nice new I.O.O.F. Hall now. An' we got a new driver on the back end of the hook an' ladder.

℞—Hands Off

OF ALL the many activities of our government, the suggestion by the Department of Justice that the American Medical Association is fair game under the antitrust laws is quite the maddest.

Not that we are taking the part of the doctors in their quarrels with some of the brain trusters in Washington. Our belief is that the doctors are well able to fend for themselves.

But the long attack of Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold on the doctors is just too extreme. The antitrust laws seem to be against anything except trusts. As Thurman Arnold himself said somewhat extravagantly in his book, The Folklore of Capitalism, "the actual result of the antitrust laws was to promote the growth of great industrial corporations by deflecting the attack on them into purely moral and ceremonial channels." Yet years ago the Danbury Hatters' Union was prosecuted under the antitrust law.

The Sherman Act had not done much toward breaking up trusts but it was a sixteen-inch gun where the hatmakers were concerned. The small Danbury union felt the full force of the governmental fury. Poor little men lost their homes and savings. The hatters were crushed.

Or, at any rate, such was the general impression thirty years ago. Perhaps that conclusion was wrong. Maybe there is some connection between blind partisanship exhibited in the prosecution of a small local labor union under the antitrust law and the subsequent adoption of the frankly partisan Wagner Labor Act. Injustice breeds injustice and partisanship gives rise to more partisanship as in time the wheel of fortune turns.

It is tragic to see important matters so mishandled. It is also too bad to see the bright young idealists at Washington getting slick in the application of statutes. It is possible to be just too smart. Arnold's scheme to fight an imaginary medical trust is much too cunning.

Very plainly there is a medical problem with which the government sooner or later will have to deal. The problem is as simple—and as complicated—as poverty. The poor do not have enough, or good enough, medical service.

By many tests this is shown. Death and sickness rates are too high among those whose incomes are small. People with more money are able to pay for better medical service. So they tend to avoid sickness.

The doctors and hospitals have provided much free service for those unable to pay. Most good doctors give generously of their time and skill to patients unable to pay. The generosity of doctors with the poor is proverbial. Still, better arrangements can be made.

The most pressing needs exist among the vast number of families unable to pay for competent medical service but unwilling to accept charity. Different methods have been tried to meet their requirements. Corporations, voluntary co-operative associations and other organizations have been formed to provide medical service.

The present controversy arose over the creation of a co-operative medical agency in one of the governmental bureaus at Washington. By paying a small sum monthly the government employee was given medical care for himself and family. Regular physicians opposed this scheme.

Doctors who worked for the co-operative were not favored by the medical associations nor received by the hospitals. So the Department of Justice's Thurman Arnold decided that the medical associations could be brought to terms by using the antitrust laws against them.

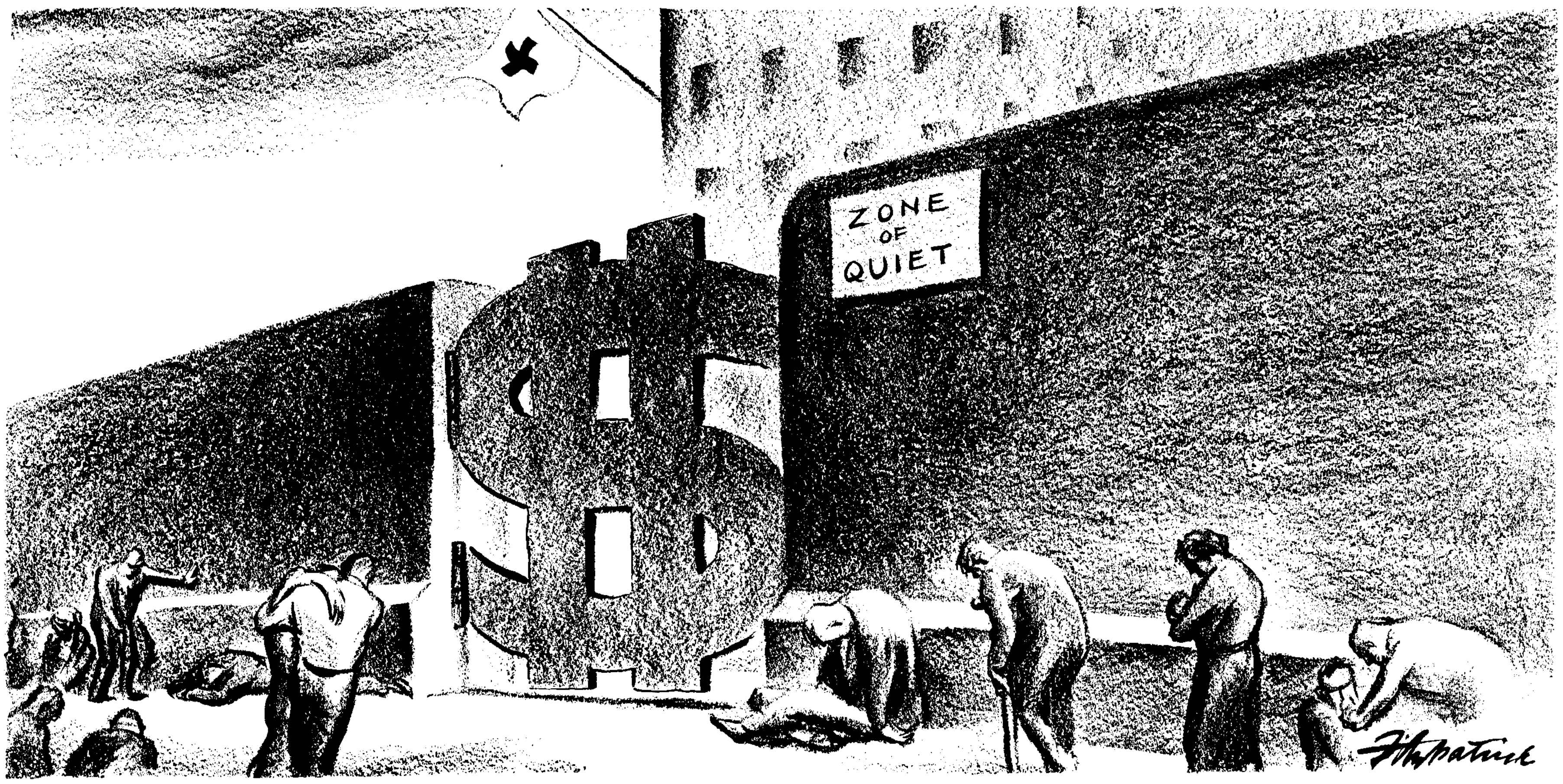
Maybe so. The Danbury hatters certainly took a beating. On the other hand, maybe the doctors are not quite so vulnerable. They at least can hire plenty of counsel to argue the point. Perhaps, also, in the struggle public opinion will support the doctors. They have many friends and, as individuals, they have rendered valiant service.

But it won't be wise for the doctors to get too technical or too self-satisfied. The Department of Justice would not be sticking its nose into the policies of medical associations if it were not persuaded of the public interest. Somebody, somehow, must devise a way of making good medical service available to the entire population under reasonable conditions. The doctors themselves would be wise to take the leadership in this effort.

Many promising experiments are already being conducted. The mutual insurance plan of providing for hospital expenses is being widely adopted with the approval of both doctors and hospitals. Other ways of adapting the insurance principle to medical care are being tried and some doubtless will work.

Meanwhile, the doctors will do well not to be too much annoyed at being denounced as a medical trust.

The courts or Congress can take care of the farfetched accusation of a medical monopoly. Only the doctors themselves, however, have the information necessary to evolve a comprehensive policy under which the best possible medical care may be available to the largest number of people. If the doctors do their part, they will have little to fear from Washington or elsewhere.



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